Jack Ashor

JACK ASHORE.



CHAPTER I.

Some account of the Old Glory, beginning with her stern; and of her captain beginning with his head—Britannia, Fame, Old Ocean, and many more offenders, brought before a cabin council—It seems to go hard with them, but a timely interruption interposes between them and the sentence.

"Hearts of oak are our ships; hearts of oak are our men."
OLD SONG.

DID any person yet hear tell of what became of the figure-head of the jolly Old Glory? We think that we may safely take it upon ourselves to say that that mystery has never been—ay, and never will be, unravelled. The Glory was, in '97, one of our old ninety-eights, with her three decks, over which was her quarter-deck, over which was her poop, upon which she had a top-gallant-poop; so that her stern had the appearance of the gable-end of a lofty house run to seed; for all these decks that we have mentioned diminished in width as they gained in height. Much and very elaborate was the carver's work upon this lofty stern, and many were the stories that it hinted at, if it did not exactly tell. But the unanimity of these wooden allegories was wonderful; the Twelve Apostles were very sociably intermixed with nine not very decent Muses; and there were the three fire-proof Jews, Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego, very merry in the flames of the furnace, at the mouth of which old Neptune sate quite composedly with his shouldered trident, the prongs of which had transfixed a very goodly fish; indeed, it seemed as if the old

gentleman seeing that the roast had failed, was very desirous of trying his hand at a fry, or a toast at least. If we were to attempt to describe the cornucopias, the targes and weapons, the baskets of fruits and flowers, and the images of other things that the plastic artist fancied existed, we should be so long occupied with the Old Glory's stern that we should never get ahead; and just now it will be found that there ahead, exists the principal interest of our tale. We must now return to the very sentence with which we began this all-important history. "Did any one ever hear tell what became of the figure-head of the Old Glory?" As we suppose no one has, we will tell all we know about it. It was the pride and the wonder of the navy. It was a grand family group, and each figure being a good deal larger than life, it formed, as a whole, a very imposing affair. It consisted of an Adamite Fame, with a long trumpet in one hand and a wreath of laurel in the other, crowning a very matronly dressed Britannia, with a huge grim lion at her feet. On the right of this lady was an old man *in naturalibus*, very hirsute, and with his lower extremities immersed in sedges. His right arm encircled something closely resembling a Smyrna fig-jar, out of which rushed a wooden stream of water. Whom this venerable old man was meant to represent, it was never satisfactorily decided. Some said he was Old Ocean himself, and Neptune's own father, whilst others maintained that he was only Father Thames. However, he looked very dignified with his copper nose; for having lost his wooden one by a discharge of grape (this grape has always been inimical to the human nose) in Lord Howe's action, he was fitted with a copper substitute, and it was as goodly a nasality as ever yet was gathered in the promontory of noses.

These three figures, Britannia, Fame, and the dubious old man, occupied the front row, for the lion was, though couchant, a little advanced; but behind these, Graces, and hand-maidens, and little boys and girls, blended together in most amicable confusion. What they were doing, or were supposed to be doing, was as great a mystery as what became of them all. True, as no possible occupation could be assigned for them, either on the face of the earth beneath, or the waters upon or under

the earth, they must have had their apotheosis, and gone off straight to the heavens above.

In a word, this figure-head was so large and so numerous, that it was as much the annoyance as it was the pride of the crew of the Glory; for the group occupied so much room in the space circumscribed by the head-rails, that there was barely room enough left to wash a shirt in the middle watch, or to decide a point of honour pugilistically between any two jolly tars who might happen to have some little affair of the sort upon their fists.

There is no doubt at all in this world, and a great deal less in any other, but that Admiral Lord Gambroon was a good and worthy man; that is to say, if we take him at his own estimation, and at that of his admirers. But he was one of those good men who do a great deal of mischief; and we are inclined to believe that the disappearance of the figure-head of the Glory might be very fairly traceable to his lordship, though we do not venture to speak positively as to that matter.

But, positively, and very positively indeed, we will speak to this—that the captain of the old Glory was one of the most irascible of all the sea-captains that ever strove to swear down a storm, or to out-hurricane a hurricane. Fie upon you, Captain Firebrass! do you think that men's eyes and limbs, bodies and souls, were only created for you to damn into all manner of heaps, masses, infinities, infernalities, parts, and particles? We are ashamed of you, Captain Firebrass, and seriously ask you if you ever expect to go to the glory above, if you make such a swearing ship of your Glory below?

Not that Firebrass was a cruel man—far, very far from it; he punished less than any captain in the fleet—he loved his men—he was their friend in health, and their very father in sickness. But though he kept them at once in love and fear of him, he could not keep his temper; a burst of passion was to him nothing more than a gentle excitement—a rage was a relief.

Now, when Firebrass first took the command of the Glory, he rather disliked her elaborate figure-head. He snuffed his nose up at it in a regular Cambrian rage, d--d it through all his rich variations of commination, as being in execrable taste, as holding too much wind, and by its

weight straining the head timbers. But his hate was soon changed to love, his contempt to admiration, and his wish to destroy to an anxiety to preserve it, as he would his own good name, or the honour of his country.

But, before we tell you how this love on the part of Captain Firebrass for his figure-head was begotten, cherished, and how it grew to such a pitch of enthusiasm, we will tell you a little about the captain himself. He was a small, compactly-built man of fifty—a man who had certainly been handsome, but now his wiry and curling grey hair, and the eager restlessness of his features, made him appear certainly old, and constructively ugly. We say constructively, for the features were, in themselves, regular, his eye was sharp and black, and his teeth perfect. Perhaps the colour of his countenance was its most offending quality: it was of a lively universal red. Nothing but his head-rail (*vulgòe*, teeth) was white, or approaching to white, about it. Even the parts of the eye that are called its whites, were in him so reticulated by bloodshotten veins, that they were nearly as red as the lips of a lady who has just used a cosmetic. You fancied, as you looked upon him, that by some strange process, chemical or magical, he had been made red-hot, and that he intended so to remain whilst he lived. The phenomenon of Bardolph's nose was that of Firebrass's whole man. He could always heat his own bath, and that is something in so chilly a climate as ours.

Irritable men are, in general, honest. We do not, by this, mean to say that it is a universal axiom—very far from it: but people of the irritable temperament seldom give themselves time enough to enable them to deceive. Firebrass was the plainest speaking man in the whole Channel fleet; and in such an aggregate of plain speakers, that is saying a great deal, though it is not saying more than was actually the truth. He hated hypocrisy, and was too eager to attribute that vice to all who laid claim to anything more than the current religion and morality of the day, or of the class in which he mingled. Our friend the reader may depend upon it, that the anecdote we are going to relate belongs to Firebrass, and to none other, though it has been attributed to several very gallant officers. It is as follows:—

After the memorable and very brilliant victory of the first of June, when the captains who had so bravely assisted to gain it, had assembled on board the commander-in-chief's ship, to congratulate that gallant admiral, and to felicitate each other, Rear-admiral Lord Gambroon, of course, took the lead. Upturning his eyes, as if to make a shrewd guess as to the height of the mizen-top, and folding his hands very demurely before him, he snuffled out, in a tone more suitable to the conventicle than the quarter-deck:

"We have gained a glorious victory, and I prayed for it."

At this very commendable observation, the impatience of our Firebrass burst forth; so, thrusting his inflammable visage close to the pale features of the saintly admiral, he said, very improperly, and, we must remark, very impiously:

"You prayed for it, did you, my lord? Then you got it damned easily, for I fought for it!"

We are sorry to record that this observation was received with more mirth, and even approbation, than it ought to have been; and we only record it at all, in order the more fully to elucidate this profane captain's character. However, as meek and right-minded Christians, we have the consolation of knowing, that if Captain Firebrass did not repent and reform in his latter days, he will certainly not go to the same place as Lord Gambroon.

The admiral did not relish this repartee, so he reproved Firebrass for making it; and, as it may be easily judged how acceptable a thing reproof was to a man of the captain of the Glory's character, it is not to be wondered at that this very nearly proved a court-martial business. It neither increased the offender's love for the person nor the principles of his lordship, though it proved the abounding cause of love for the once undervalued figure-head.

Captain Firebrass was in the very act of holding a council of condemnation upon the renowned group that we have taken so much trouble to describe. In this jury of destruction he was assisted by his first lieutenant, the master, the boatswain, and the carpenter. They said all manner of scandalous things about the ladies and gentlemen who occupied a station so prominent. The first lieutenant had vilified it as a matter of taste; Britannia

herself was not half so handsome as Molly Tearaway, of the Halfway-houses; the Graces were mere trollops, and no decent Jack would pick the best of them up in High Street, unless he had just come off a long cruise; and, as to Madam Fame, she was a disgrace to the sex; to say nothing of the false nose of the man with the fig-jar.

The master was rather favourable to the company than otherwise, seeing that he did not think the undressed ladies quite so ugly as the first lieutenant wished to make them appear. Comparisons were odious; but, as a married man, he had some right to speak on these matters; this, however, he would say, that if Mrs. Trestletree, the good lady his wife, had but half so quiet a tongue in her head as the worst of them, all he could say was, that perhaps he might not be so anxious to go foreign. The little boys and girls, and some of the ladies, were stark-naked, it was true; but a dab of paint, or a few feet of half inch, and that would be remedied; besides, he must confess, that, being a family man, he had no objection to the children; and, as they neither asked for bread-and-butter, nor cried, besides getting their faces washed for nothing whenever there was anything of a head sea, which made them very cleanly, he thought that they might remain a little longer where they were—unless the captain wished them removed.

The boatswain confessed that they ran him pretty rigs with the running rigging. Though their faces were so fair, something was always getting foul among them;—in fact, cleanly as Mr. Trestletree said they were, they were always fouling the sheets—the fore-staysail and jib-sheets especially. Yet, after all, he bore them no enmity, and he should be sorry to see them condemned without a hearing. What the good boatswain meant by his last observation was never fully explained.

The carpenter was for their destruction wholly and totally. They always required more paint than they were worth, and were continually losing their features and their members. When these losses were replaced, they never gave satisfaction. It took more time to make a little finger for Fame than to make a new maintop-mast; then she was continually losing the head of her trumpet; and the children were always in want of something. The only difficulty with the carpenter was, how

to occupy the space when the group should be removed.

At this precise moment, the discussion took another turn.

CHAPTER II.

The Court of Condemnation interrupted—A mission arrives that proves mischievous—Captain Firebrass grows more furious, but out of fury mercy is born—The family figure-head of the Old Glory saved—for a time.

"Hearts of oak are our ships; jolly tars are our men."

We left our five worthies in deep debate, in which it was very apparent that, as their minds were made up before the debating commenced, their unanimity of opinion would be wonderful when the form of the debating should cease. Not one of the parties so engaged, but, up to the very last moment, would have maintained stoutly that the Old Glory would shortly be deprived of that worst of all encumbrances—a numerous family.

Captain Firebrass was at a loss only as to the manner of getting rid of them—whether he should enter it upon his log-book that they were washed overboard in a gale of wind, or endeavour to remove them more legally and fairly by signing a certificate that their weight caused the ship to labour, or to compass their destruction by the means of favouritism and solicitation. Never had a family so innocent, enemies so numerous and so implacable. But their hour of triumph was at hand—their day of renovation was dawning: they were about to commence a new existence of honour, of magnificence; and pride was to bow down before them, and to be humbled. But this course of glory was to last neither for years nor months—they were to blaze forth like a comet, and to depart for ever and for ever!

The Glory was, at this time, lying at anchor with the rest of the Channel fleet, at Spithead. The court-martial on the figure-head was proceeding in the cabin, when an officer entered, with a letter from the Rear-admiral Lord Gambroon. This was sufficient to disturb all Captain Firebrass's calmness. He danced about with the

letter in his hand, nearly choked by the multiplicity of oaths that were crowding up his throat for utterance; at length, twenty seemed to rush forth simultaneously, which afforded him so much relief that he was enabled to break the seal, and he then commenced reading aloud.

"'Dear sir!'—how dare he dear me! dear devil! The canting, psalm-singing, hymn-chanting, hypocritical, old stave-spoiling, brimstone-singed sinner!"

"Who, sir?" said the first lieutenant, half tremblingly, half soothingly.

"Who, sir?" replied the irate man; "who, sir? What 's that to you, sir?—damn you, sir! 'Dear sir;' oh! I'd dear him. Tarred and feathered. Cocks and hens! J— —n! hencoops! Zounds! blood and 'uns!" And with volleys of such amiable interruptions, he at length finished the missive. Yes, missive; we use the word advisedly, and with no possible disrespect to the dogmas of the school of fashionable novel writers. On any other occasion, we should have called it plainly a letter; but, just as Firebrass had finished perusing it, he discovered something like an equivocal grin upon the boatswain's ample and tobacco-stained jaws; at which testimony of ill-timed mirth, the fire-hot captain, rolling the said missive into a pellet, sent it, point blank, accompanied by a whole battery of oaths, full into the offender's mouth.

"Take that, you ill-conditioned spawn of a foul hawse!" roared out Firebrass.

"Ay, ay, sir," said the boatswain, respectfully, tugging at the few grey hairs that wandered over his forehead. "What shall I do with it, your honour?"

The apparent innocence of the answer seemed a little to have controlled the skipper's passion.

"Do with it?" said he; "do with the dirty thing the very dirtiest thing you wot of."

At this moment, "a still small voice," but a little louder than that of conscience, exclaimed: "If you please, Captain Firebrass, shall I first of all enter it in the order-book?"

Now this query emanated from a pale, Jew's-harp-playing captain's clerk, who was quill-driving at the rate of twelve knots an hour, in a remote and dark corner of the

cabin. In the mean time, the gruff old boatswain had smoothed out the paper, until it bore something of its original shape, and held it up daintily by one corner. Whilst this was doing, the captain went to pull his clerk's ear—a very vicious habit he had fallen into, having long ago case-hardened that humble official against the impression of all manner of oaths.

Now when Captain Firebrass had seized the delinquent's ear, his first lieutenant also seized something more to the purpose, and that was the opportunity of telling his brother officers of the council of condemnation on the figure-head, that the skipper was in a towering passion, and that they should, to prevent everything from turning blue, condemn the whole group at once, cut it up for fire-wood, and expend in the ship's log by blowing it overboard in the first Channel breeze that crossed the ship's bows.

After the ear-pulling, with the operator's grin, and the patient's squeak, had been duly performed, the captain strode again towards the table; and, staring his officers full in the face, roared out, "Well, gentlemen, demmee!"

"Sir," said the first lieutenant, very humbly, "with all due submission, we are agreed. The first night we are out at sea, we 'll unship the whole squad, expend them in a gale, and cut them up for firewood. We 're all agreed, sir—we 'll do it.—Bless my heart!"

And well might the first lieutenant beg a blessing on his heart; for, as he spoke that which he considered to be words of satisfaction and pleasure to his commanding officer, that very irrational person was growing blue and livid with rage. He had extended his arms, and viciously grasping with either hand one side of the table, and thus stooping over it, he brought his head well forward, and rolled his eyes furiously at his startled officers. They retreated, each two paces, in alarm. At first, a suffocating and gurgling noise only was to be heard in the captain's throat. The oaths, in the boatswain's language, "were tumbling up." The explosion at length took place; but the commencement consisted only of a mass of almost inarticulate and disjointed interjections; when these had a little subsided, the words were something in this fashion:—

"Dare ye? Dare ye? D—n ye! Would you dare tweak *me*—Firebrass—by the nose? Would you spit upon me—would ye kick me, ye mutineers—would ye? Don't speak—I know you would sooner be eternally and intensely d——d first: touch a single joint—a hair of the head—or a toe-nail of that glorious group! Sooner than any man shall do such a thing, my nose shall be tweaked, my seat of honour kicked, and I, Captain Firebrass, will become the walking spittoon for the loblolly-boy. There is not now a person in that figure-head that I do not love, honour, and adore! The purser shall victual them every man jack—lion and all! They shall all be rated A B on the ship's books; and I 'll make petty officers of the little boys and girls. You grin, do you? but the money shall come out of my own pocket. Zounds! blood and fury! I know as well as you, ye lubbers, that they can neither eat nor drink, grog it or prog it; but they can spend their pay in paint; shan't they look fine to-morrow!—prankt up like May morning. Oh! the incarnate, canting hypocrite! Don't speak yet, Tauthause—don't—I can't bear it, and I 'm not mad either; but only read that, and say, as an honest sailor ought to speak, if it is not enough to make one so?"

Mr. Tauthause, the first lieutenant, having duly received the missive from the tarry-fisted boatswain, put on as much of a parson's face as he could assume, and prepared to read, whilst Captain Firebrass prepared to listen. This preparation was no easy affair to the latter. He went to it as loathingly as would a man who is told to take the easiest position possible, in order that he may be comfortably hung. He did, however, the best that he could. He sat himself down on one of the chairs, and placing his right leg over the left, he passed round the former, just above the knee, a silk handkerchief, after the manner of a tourniquet, and thus, the angrier he grew, as his lieutenant read on, the tighter he drew his voluntary instrument of torture, thus making, as much as it was possible, physical neutralize mental irritation. The offending document was to the following effect:—

(Private.)

'H.M.S.——, at anchor off Spithead, June 7, 1797.

"Dear Sir,—I would most gladly, on this occasion, address you as a brother Christian, and attempt to awaken in your bosom a sense of that future state which awaits sinners, where there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth. I do not mean anything offensive to you as an officer and as a man of honour, but speak out of the dear love that I bear to a soul in a state of reprobation, when I tell you, that unless you repent, and that speedily, you will soon find yourself so far gone on the broad path that leads to eternal damnation, that you will be a castaway, and expiate your sins in a manner to which I will but barely allude.

"But all this is only matter for your private consideration. I wish to communicate with you on what may be justly called public grounds; and I hope that I may have to congratulate you on something like a glimpse of the true light having dawned upon your darkened understanding. It has been reported to me, by several persons, that you have spoken as being much dissatisfied with the cumbrous, the heathen, and the wicked group of idolatry, that is a scandal to a religious mind, and which is so conspicuous on the head of the ship now under your command. I will not now say anything of the indecency of continually exposing images of nakedness to the eyes of the tender youth and innocence on board of the Glory. What I most complain of is, that a sort of altar should thus be raised, as it were, to the false gods of the heathen mythology. There is a great scope for doing true religion a service now in your power. By a judicious use of paint, the three principal figures may be turned into personifications of Faith, Hope, and Charity, which are a Christian's true glory. The lion, according to the spirit of the holy word, may be, by the assistance of the carver, turned into a lamb; and with the addition of six or seven pair of wings, which will not cost more than three-and-fourpence a pair, the naked little boys and girls may be made to represent cherubim and seraphim.

"As these alterations will, I know, put you to some expense, and as I, humble sinner as I am, would willingly have a hand in the good work, I gladly make over to you all my interest in a debt owing to me by one Phineas

Mordecai, who resides at Portsea; and although he resists payment, yet the law, judiciously and actively employed, will doubtless enforce it.

"Enclosed you will find a sketch of the Christian alterations that you will make in the group, and also my order on the said Phineas Mordecai.

"As this communication must be considered as non-official, you will act up to the well-meant suggestions it contains, according to the light and grace that are in you: but sooner than that heap of idolatry should remain, should you be disinclined to alter it conformably to gospel views, I would join you by using my interest with the authorities to get the abomination removed entirely, substituting instead a plain bust, or a scroll, or a fiddle-head.—Yours, in the covenant,

"GAMBROON."

Now, the latter proposition in his lordship's kindly intentioned missive was, two hours before Captain Firebrass received it, the thing the latter most desired to see effected: but now he would as soon have parted with his right arm as with the least fragment of the group. They had become precious to him in their totality.

When the reading of this epistle had concluded, the captain had so much tightened his tourniquet, that he had stopped the circulation in the leg below it; and when he attempted to advance to give his orders, he first stumbled, and then was obliged to hop; and this he continued to do for some time, for his rage had not permitted him to remember the cause of his self-imposed suffering.

But all things must have an end; and such passions as our friend fell into, could not, from their very intensity, endure without destroying the individual who gave way to them. The sense of the ridiculous came to his relief; he sat down again in his chair, and whilst he relaxed his handkerchief, himself relaxed into good humour. So, rubbing, and tenderly cherishing his still benumbed leg, he looked merrily round him, and everything in the cabin was sunshine.

"Come here, Mr. Sneep," said he to his cadaverous-looking clerk; "we shall sail in a day or so; you had better go home till the blue Peter is flying, and comfort your poor mother. By-the-bye, I think I owe her som

ten or twelve pounds. Here, take it, my good boy; never mind what she says about the debt; she is old, and her memory not so good as it used to be. There—make sail."

The youth tottered away, and without uttering a syllable, whilst a large tear trembled in each eye, standing like two bright sentinels over his feelings—for thus only were they expressed.

"A good lad in the main," resumed the captain, "but too apt to shove his oar into the wrong boat. Now, gentlemen; now Mr. Tauthause, the old Glory shall be young again; we will—I say we will—be the gayest ship in the fleet. Don't think that I am fickle, but I have really fallen in love with my glorious family forwards, and we will not chasten those we love; let us go forward directly, and see in what state our *protégés* are."

So forward they all tumbled; the warrant-officers much wondering what should have induced the captain to call them by such a terribly hard word, or words, the only part of which they thought they understood was, that they were some kind of "jays."

Now, we must confess that this glorious group of the Old Glory had been hitherto shamefully neglected, the amendment of the copper-nose notwithstanding. They were just then painted universally of a dirty lead colour. Many parts of their precious bodies that had been united by means of iron, or copper clamps, had become rusty, and now appeared as so many open and unsightly wounds. The surface of their skins was by no means smooth, and their interesting hands and faces were chapped in a manner that defied all the healing powers of goose-grease The story of King Log and the Frogs had been repeated upon them. At first, the jolly tars had treated them with respect and even reverence, but familiarity, that breeding mother of contempt, had at length put them to very vile uses indeed. Sometimes, when a foretopman had scoured his trousers, he would, without the least remorse, hang them over Fame's trumpet to dry; whilst you would see half-a-dozen pairs of well-worn worsted stockings dangling round the immortal wreath with which she was crowning Britannia.

Britannia, the empress of the seas, was not more worthily used. Many a child's napkin was hung over

her redoubtable arm when the ship was in port, and the seamen's wives and children were on board; and, like Hecuba, she sometimes wore a dishclout over her diadem. When Jack was merry, he would clap a pipe into any of the immortal mouths that happened to be nearest, and the prongs of Old Ocean's trident offered a very convenient means to plat sinnet by. Sometimes you would see them dressed in jackets and trousers, with straw-hats placed jauntily on their heads, and sometimes they were outrageously gay in all the red, blue, and scarlet finery with which the Lucretias that may be found on the Point of Portsmouth are so ambitious to decorate their chaste persons.

All these indignities were put upon these worthies only when the ship was in ordinary, or before eight bells in the morning, at sea. These contumelies, like insults and neglects inflicted upon humanity, left their marks behind. The figures were not what they used to be; and had the carver seen them in their state of dilapidation, if he had been a carver of the least feeling, he would have been terribly cut up—that 's all.

All this, as it should be, was going to be speedily reformed.

CHAPTER III.

Captain Firebrass grows quite parental in his care for his family—Buys cosmetics for them, and paints their faces—The glory of the said family—The honours paid to them—They mysteriously disappear—The consternation of the officers, and the agony of the Captain—Job was not the only man in affliction who found comforters.

Britannia, Fame, and the Water-god, had been neglected much more than it could have been thought possible; and, upon a close inspection, were found to be not presentable in any decent company of gods and goddesses of any decent mythology. Captain Firebrass, as he contemplated their very filthy state, looked remarkably grave, and it was supposed that he sighed once or twice in a manner the most affecting. There may be some doubt as to this; but it is very certain, that as he handled the copper-nose of Old Ocean, he shook his

head thrice, in a manner so rueful, that you might have supposed that he was in some state of concern for the well-doing of his own.

But Firebrass was not, on an emergency of this nature, a man to consume his energies and waste his time in idle regrets. He ordered a sentry to be placed immediately over these now cherished objects of his affection, not only as a body guard, but to prevent the least indignity being offered to them, either by day or by night. The next thing done, was the immediate repair of the greater dilapidations; and when all the skill that he could command on board was exhausted, the fiery skipper went to Portsmouth and engaged the best sculptors of whom the place could boast, and, in the course of two days, the whole company, not excepting the lion, were again in a state of pristine youth and beauty, the ugly old man with the urn particularly.

Then came Sculpture's sister art, Painting, to crown the whole. "To the life, the very life," was the captain's continual cry. Such carnations! Sir Thomas Lawrence was a young man then; but he might have profited by them! This operation Captain Firebrass watched with the most intense anxiety and solicitude, spending whole hours under the bows in his gig.

"A little more red to Fame's larboard cheek, if you please, Mr. Varnish! Very well, that will do for the present. Britannia's starboard cat-head might be a blush more rosy; and place me a dimple right amidships on the lady's chin. Give those little boys' sterns a touch more of colour, if you please; and, for variety's sake, give the brat nearest the lion a carroty poll!"

Thus he passed the live-long day in making the figure-head of the Glory the most resplendent assemblage of every striking and glaring colour that the paint-pot could produce.

When finished, it was the admiration of the fleet, and the fame thereof travelled on shore. Gilding had not been spared; for wherever a patch of gold leaf could be stuck on, there would two patches be found. The fame thereof, as we have just stated, reached the shore, and virtuosi tailors, and contemplative butchers and shoemakers, made parties of pleasure to come off in wherries to regard this stupendous and happy effort of art. It is

true, that the very serious part of the civil community at Portsmouth eschewed this exhibition, and forbade it to their wives and daughters, on account, as they averred, of its indecency and profligacy; but, as this tended only the more violently to excite the female curiosity of the place, there was not one of the sex, between seven and seventy, belonging either to Portsmouth, Gosport, Portsea, or the Halfway-houses, who could not have given a minute description of all the parts of this extraordinary sculpture.

It nearly drove Lord Gambroon mad; but, at the same time, it produced so good an effect on Firebrass, that for the space of seven days he was in a heaven of a temper.

We are now approaching our first catastrophe. The Glory had been paid off the day before, and when morning broke, she was found riding at single anchor, well to the seaward, the outermost ship of the fleet. Every one knows that pay-day is the Saturnalia of a man-o'-war's man. The ship is one scene of riot, fore and aft. On that day drunkenness is not punishable, and everything short of actual mutiny is winked at. As almost every one is supposed to go to bed drunk, it is barely possible that a good look-out can be kept. However, it is always presumed that a sufficient number of marines are in a state to mount guard at the different posts throughout the ship. The officers, of course, do not take a part in this general departure from discipline and sobriety.

We are now going to record one of those astounding facts which the world would deem impossible, if they had not really happened to have occurred. When day broke, the whole group, lion and all, had disappeared from the head of the Old Glory; her glory had departed from her; and what made the mystery the more inscrutable, the marine who was appointed sentry over it had gone with it. The whole had been removed in a most artist-like manner. The copper-bolts by which it had been bound to the stem and cutwater, and the iron guys and braces that had steadied and secured it to the different parts of the head, had all been severed with the proper instruments, and in a most workmanlike style. When once in the water, this disconsolate family would soon have floated down Channel with the tide, if it had not

been, which was most likely the case, towed on shore by some wicked and waggish thief.

The carrying off and robbing, not Britannia of glory, but the Glory of Britannia, with Fame also, her trumpet, and the newly painted lion, was generally known throughout the ship a little after four o'clock in the morning. People were growing sober, and yet, when told of this awful and incredible desertion, they fancied themselves drunk still, or that their informants were not themselves sober. Then came up men from below in fives, tens, and twenties, to convince themselves of what, even when seen, they could hardly believe. All the officers were dismayed and astounded. They felt the ridiculous light in which they would appear to the whole fleet, even if nothing in the shape of punishment befel them for having kept a look-out so miserable and unseamanlike, even though the ship had been paid off the day before.

The first lieutenant was frantic, and the captain of the marines wringing his hands in despair—now for the loss of the figure head—now for the loss of his jolly. Now this jolly, or private marine, who had thus mysteriously disappeared with his charge, was the most sedate, steady, and sober man on board. Indeed, he was looked upon as something superior in his class. That he could have been surprised by force was all but impossible, and that he was not drunk when he went on guard was equally certain. Since he had been in the ship, he had never been known to commit any violation of temperance.

But who was to be the conveyor of the abhorred tidings to the unsuspecting captain? He, good, easy man, (for such he was—when he was asleep,) was in the happiest of all morning slumbers. His pets, his darlings, were dancing lovingly around him in all manner of fantastic and endearing attitudes. He was devising new honours and fresh glories for them, his dear pets, his loved darlings, now, alas! lost to him for ever. Innocent man! never again shall a sleep so sweet close your eyes, or offer to your senses incense in dreams so pleasant, and imaginations so attractive.

But all this while Captain Firebrass dreams on. Who shall dare to awake him to his misery? What voice is there that can unfold the dismal tale, so as to convey with the baleful tidings something soothing and depreca-

tory? It is a desperate service, and the first lieutenant looked round upon the assembled officers, and vainly, for volunteers. Men who would have eagerly sprung forward to seek

"The bubble reputation, eve. in the cannon's mouth,"

now hung back like whipped dogs convicted of pudding-stealing. Happily for all parties, there was on board a third lieutenant of marines, a milky-faced youth, with a marvellous paucity of intellect. He was the son of the valet's wife of Lord Fitzharding Fitzalbert, who was one of the Lords of the Admiralty. This young gentleman obtained his commission as some slight reward for the painful services that his father had rendered his country, in dressing the hair of his lordship, and in permitting his handsome wife to take charge of his lordship's wardrobe. Some people are but miserably rewarded by an ungrateful country: but we can't help that. Young Sepet, this marine officer, was told that it was his duty to report the loss of the marine to the captain, as it was his turn on guard, if any guard had been kept, when the accident occurred; and "Mr. Sepet," said the first lieutenant, "you may just mention that the whole figure-head, stock and fluke, have deserted with the marine, and that the cutwater is as bare as the palm of my hand; you may just mention that, and see how the captain takes it."

"But what have I got to do with the figure-head?" said young Sepet, who had just brains enough in his own to perceive that it was a service of some danger.

"Got to do with it? titty vally—everything, man! The ladies were, constructively, under your especial protection. The man who had the care of them was under your care. If you had gone your rounds with your guard according to the written orders, I dare say this would not have happened. However, it 's a mere trifle—the loss of the man is the chief—come, no time is to be lost—march!"

Into the cabin under the poop the poor wretch stole, and his brother officers, expecting a speedy explosion, ranged themselves in two lines opposite the door. They were not long in anxious expectancy. In the space of two minutes, there was heard a horrible clattering of

oaths, and then the door flew open, and Mr. Sepet came flying through the doorway, his hair standing on end; and the captain's foot in close contact behind him, though very innocuously. If the pursued was horror-stricken, there was some excuse for his panic, for his pursuer was in his shirt, his white night-cap on one side of his fiery face, a boot-jack in one hand and a water-bottle in the other—the latter pouring out its cold stream upon his body unnoticed; and with these weapons he was vainly striving to do execution on the head of the young marine officer. Unconscious of his all but nudity, the exasperated captain gave chase to the maindeck, down which his victim jumped and disappeared, but not before the boot-jack and the water-bottle were discharged at his unlucky head.

Seeing that the object of his vengeance had eluded him for the present, Captain Firebrass seemed to come suddenly to a sense of his ridiculous situation, and seizing a watch-coat that some considerate hand held out to him, he enveloped himself therein, and turning piteously to the group of officers, he exclaimed, "What is this I hear?"

Up stepped the captain of marines ceremoniously, and endeavouring to speak and act as officially as possible; lifting his hat three inches from his head, he said, "Captain Firebrass, it is my painful duty to acquaint you that Josiah Gripplethwaite, one rank and file of Lieutenant Sepet's subdivision of marines, whilst sentry over the figure-head, has disappeared."

"And the figure-head?" roared out the great-coated impatience.

"Has disappeared with him."

"Impossible! bitterly, damnably, incredibly impossible! The man could not have run off with Fame, Britannia, Old Ocean, the lion, and little children, each of them as big again as himself."

"Probably, sir, they ran off with him, for they are certainly gone," said the surgeon, in his blandest tone. It was well for him, just then, that he was a privileged person.

Mr. Tauthause, Mr. Tauthause, for God's sake explain all this! if there be any truth in it, it will cost some of

you your commissions;" and Firebrass looked wicked enough to hang every third man on the spot.

"The night," said the first lieutenant, "was foggy and dark, all the seamen drunk, and the marine on guard either overpowered or confederate with the thieves. There must have been several employed, for all the figures have been removed, in a manner that could not have been excelled by officers from the dock-yard."

"I am utterly astounded! The thing appears to be physically impossible. Was no alarm given; was no noise heard? Where are all the officers of the watch?"

They all appeared in succession, and gave, of course, the most satisfactory account of their watches and themselves, and all sang to the same chorus as to the darkness and the fog. It was hinted that the depredators must have come on board the day before, with some of the tradesmen and slopsellers who were admitted on the pay-day, and that, after they had performed their work, a shore-boat must have been waiting to tow away the group when it had been lowered down into the sea. As this was the only probable conjecture that could be offered on the occasion, Captain Firebrass was forced to receive it for as much as it was worth, and then forming a melancholy procession, of which the captain took the lead, they marched slowly to the scene of desolation.

As Firebrass went forward, every one gave him a wide berth. He seemed now to be more cast down than angry, and never spoke until he had placed himself on the exact spot in front of the ship's head, on the cut-water, where yesterday had stood in all her gold and glory the highly-rouged goddess. The exchange was a pitiful one. We have before said that Firebrass was a small man, and the great-coat that he had hastily snatched up to cover himself with, did not at all add to the dignity of his appearance.

He stood disconsolately in this position for some time, now looking into the water wistfully, as if desirous there to end his intolerable misery at once, and now fiercely around him, as seeking for some victim to sacrifice to the memory of the departed. The scene was too acutely miserable to last long, for suddenly casting his eyes on the flag of the pious rear-admiral, he doubled his fist and shook it menacingly in that hated direction; then,

slowly leaving his prominent situation, he walked like one deprived of all that was dear to him to his cabin, now leaning heavily on the shoulder of his first lieutenant, and now muttering unintelligible and scarcely audible curses.

When he had reached his cabin door, he paused, and grasping the hand of his first lieutenant quite affectionately, he spoke thus: "My dear fellow, I feel this more than I ought; I shall be the laughing-stock of the fleet. Go on board the admiral as soon as you think that he is stirring, and make the best report you can of it. And hark ye, Tauthause, I am going to do you a favour—a great favour; I am going to call that canticle chanting son of a dog's lady out—and, if there is strength in gunpowder, I 'll shoot him; and you, my boy, shall be my second. Send me the doctor. A precious rear-admiral! Send me the doctor."

But the measure of poor Firebrass's misery was not yet full. The admiral was very angry and very merry at the same time. In the forenoon of the same day, every captain of the fleet had sent our violent friend mocking letters of condolence, with offers of assistance at once ridiculous and tantalizing. Firebrass bore all this with tolerable equanimity—that is to say, for him. He felt very well disposed to do natural justice upon his tormentors, but the laugh had set so strongly against him, that at present he was determined to give way to a current of ridicule that he could not, without exposing himself to more annoyance, resist.

About noon, a twelve-oared yawl, with a sanctified-looking lieutenant in the stern-sheets, pulled up alongside, and gaining the quarter-deck, he begged to speak to Captain Firebrass, who, stepping forward with enough of vinegar in his countenance to have pickled a firkin of cucumbers, was thus addressed:—

"Rear-admiral Lord Gambroon having heard by common report, which report he has verified by his own observation, that the ship under your command having gained a loss, in the absence of the heathen figure-head that you had so tawdrily painted, has sent you, out of christian charity, a very good apostle Paul, which I have now towed alongside. His lordship also bids me say, that he, the apostle, was the '*true Glory*,' and that the

admiral has not the least objection to his being a substitute for the scandal that formerly was to be seen as the figure-head of the Glory."

"Give my compliments to Rear-admiral Lord Gambroon, towing him back his apostle Paul, and tell him that I cannot possibly receive him, as I am certain the apostle has not yet preached to his lordship, from his first epistle to Timothy, the second verse of the fourth chapter; and therefore that his ministry will be more serviceable to his lordship than to myself. So out of my ship, you canting—"

"This behaviour—"

"Away with you, sir! and hark ye, a word in your ear—I have a small account still unsettled with his lordship; but I know the service."

CHAPTER IV.

Consists only of a few necessary introductions, and a little dissertation upon character—the perusal of which ought not to be omitted, though the author has attempted to be sensible.

JACK, whom we have not yet introduced to the reader, is not yet ashore, but still afloat in the Old Glory. We are sorry to say that our first mention of him must be to the purport, that on pay-day he got tremendously drunk, quarrelled with his messmates, fought with his girl, got robbed by his Jew, and, on the morning of the abduction of the figure-head, was so really and wretchedly ill, that he was too confused fully to understand the astounding events that had so recently afflicted the captain, and bewildered the ship's company.

Afloat we must still leave him, and, for a time, indulge in the contemplation of scenes by far more pleasant, and describe beings far more refined, than those that we have lately portrayed.

At six-and-twenty, Sir Edward Fortintower seemed to have obtained that *ne plus ultra*, that exquisite perfection of human happiness, which makes the thoughtful

man tremble for its possessor. Every incident that conjecture could fasten upon his destiny, as it must necessarily involve change, seemed also, as a natural consequence, to carry with it some taint, some deterioration of the excessive happiness which was evidently his lot. In perfect health, possessed of a manly and vigorous form, and some beauty of countenance, he stood, amongst the generality of men, as a creation superior to, though not distinct from, his race. Gifted with a powerful mind, a great deal of wit, and considerable industry, he had attained a degree of mental excellence, though not equal to the mere accidents of his physical beauty, yet such as to enable him gracefully to play his part in whatever society chance might happen to throw him.

But, of all his talents, that of an impassioned and natural eloquence was the most striking. He was fully conscious of this distinction, and was naturally proud of it. Scarcely had the law allowed him to write himself man, than he had taken his place among the senators of the first empire of the world; and though as yet without much personal influence, he was a general object of admiration, and, in the anticipation of all parties, was destined one day to become the wielder of the destinies of the greater part of the civilized world.. This was a high and valued distinction. The rising young men of the day paid him universal court; and wherever he appeared, there was evidently that sensation excited, which is at once so flattering and so dangerous to the object.

Owing to some ill-requited services of his ancestors, on the day of his majority Edward Fortintower was created an English baronet. His inheritance was large, and, being derived from a usurious and distant relative, was unencumbered. Under Sir Edward's care so it still remained. He fully participated in all the enjoyments, luxuries, and even in some of the extravagances of the day, but with that unobtrusive discretion that gave a double zest to his pleasures, and preserved him from the humiliation of debt, and the miseries of remorse. Though decidedly a man of fashion, he was still naturally a man of business; loved active and beneficial employment for its own sake, and whether in affairs of moment, or in trifles, in the wild excursion of pleasure, or in the

studious retirement of his library, he was essentially methodical.

As no young man of the day appeared to possess the means of greater happiness than Sir Edward Fortintower, so also there was none who appeared to possess more sterling qualities to make these means conducive to the great ends of life, and of preserving them when they were attained.

And he was blessed in that sweetest of all bliss—his love. It was a true love, and yet the current of it had not only run smoothly, but delightfully, ecstatically. In one month—but how tediously long did the contemplation of that month appear!—in one little month, and the tremulous but delightful sensations of hope were to be absorbed, and for ever, into the solid fruition of certain happiness.

The betrothed of Sir Edward Fortintower was an heiress of great beauty. She had been well educated, and bore all her talents and acquirements like a lady. It would not be true to say, that in the dance she was more graceful than the Elsler, in the song more inspired than Grisi, that she painted landscapes better than Stanfield, or portraits with more skill than Sir Thomas Lawrence. Even in that very general accomplishment—music, we must confess that very many professional ladies and gentlemen were her superiors. We do not know whether she could have equalled Miss Landon in poetry, or have excelled Mrs. Hemans. We will not say that she could not have done so, because she never tried. Once, and only once, being overpowered by moonlight, and a sense of the excess of her own happiness, she did commence an ode—of course it was about love and her lover; and as she was most desirous that each stanza should conclude with the word "Edward," the poverty of the English language, and not her want of genius, was the cause of her failure; the only rhyme that offered itself she rejected with a blush, and then hastily —perhaps too hastily—came to the conclusion that the "gods had not made her poetical." Happy and thrice happy would it have been for this nauseated world, if nineteen twentieth part of its poets had commenced and terminated their labours in the same exemplary manner.

Indeed we do not know for what particular excellence

this lady was famed; she was not even remarkable for a romantic name, having been christened Ann, and inheriting from her father the certainly not very aristocratic surname of Truepenny. Yet, with these glaring deficience upon every individual part, taking her altogether, a more ladylike, excellent young woman London could not boast of, at least during one season.

Her grandfather was still living,—old Truepenny It seemed, he was so very old that, as no one could exactly tell when he had begun to live, so no one dared to fix a probable period for his death.

Ann had never known the love and care of either father or mother. She had no recollection of them—they were to her as if they had never been. No one had ever spoken to her of them, and she had always called her grandfather "Pa," in her childhood, and "Father," in her more advanced years. Truepenny was her paternal ancestor, and she was the only surviving child of his, or of her own mother's family. As nobody knew how old was very old Truepenny, so did no one know how rich was very rich old Truepenny. He must have numbered nearly a hundred years; and though he bore their impress plainly upon his wrinkled countenance, he yet looked hale and hearty. His sight was extremely good, though his hearing was very much impaired: but his voice was still strong, though his step was feeble.

He had long ceased to care for the fashion of his habiliments. He clothed himself with what best suited his age and his infirmities. He seldom suffered himself to be shaved, and yet that operation was performed upon him too frequently to permit his beard, white as the unsunned snow, from being characterized as a descending one. The head was bald, with the exception of a few long and blanched locks that flowed down his shoulders. In his usual apparel, he seemed, in his robes and his shawls, more like an inhabitant of Constantinople than of London. In his diet, he was not only temperate but abstemious. Without appearing to fear death, he took every precaution for prolonging a life that seemed to afford him so little gratification.

At the time of the commencement of our narrative, Mr. Truepenny occupied the house that looks upon the Green-park, now the residence of Lord ——. It was

then a magnificent temple, dedicated to silence and splendid decorum. The establishment of servants was full, and yet there were few to serve. Mr. Truepenny received no company, and sought none; yet all the parade of the olden time was preserved of first and second table. The servants fattened in the halls; the horses fattened in the stables; and the coachman, seldom conscious of whip or coach-box, fattened with them. The only thing that Mr. Truepenny seemed to require of his vast establishment was, that they should keep silence, and out of his sight.

Being, for so rich a man, very considerate, he did not desire his granddaughter to live with him; but he placed her with a distant female relation living in Harley-street, whose income not being equal to her own estimate of her deserts, or to command the luxuries and distinction to which she deemed herself rightfully entitled, the accession of the heiress, with a most ample annuity, was exceedingly acceptable to her establishment.

The mass of society is made up of common characters; yet, when nearly examined, the most common of these common characters has his or her peculiarities. Thus, the variety of characters in detail is infinite, whilst its sameness in the aggregate is the true *tedium vitæ* of existence. This is a paradox, but full of truth. It was especially true of Ann Truepenny. Regarding her as one among the mass, there seemed, in no one point of view, anything to distinguish her by its peculiar excellence. Though very beautiful, there were others more beautiful; though witty, wittier; though accomplished, more accomplished. If you asked her herself in what she was distinguished from other young ladies of her own age and station in society, she would laughingly tell you, that she could not make verses, which everybody else could; and if the same question were asked of Sir Edward, he would look unutterable things, and with perhaps a tear in each eye, and a stare of astonishment, ask you if you did not perceive "that she was superior to her whole sex." But if, not being satisfied with the generality of this answer, you required him to state in what particular, he would be puzzled, and say, after some pause, that she had no faults, and, above all, that she had not the greatest of all faults, that of being pre-eminent in anything. Yet he

was deceived, and she also. Her characteristic was devotion—an abandonment of self, and all that concerned self, for one cherished object. She was created a secondary being—but a being how glorious! She was born a worshipper; she was by nature a servant and a slave—but a very exalted one; and aboundingly worthy must that object be, that she could thus faithfully serve, for whom she could thus willingly slave, and whom she could enthusiastically worship. As yet, she was unaware of this idiosyncrasy. Her heart had, however, already found its object.

We may seem tedious in thus introducing our characters before we call upon them to speak and to act. Yet, with all submission, we consider it to be the best plan. We hope it has created an interest for them in the mind of our reader, so that that very important personage will watch their sayings and doings, and be really anxious to know in what manner they will conduct themselves in the peculiar and difficult situations in which they most likely will be found.

With this apology for the course that we are pursuing, yet one more description, and then the "puppets shall speak for themselves." The mistress of No. — Harley-street, a distant cousin of Miss Truepennys, was named Miss Matilda Morison. She was a superbly handsome lady. However great the number in the party might be, she was ever the most striking. She was, though on the verge of fifty, a grand and a redundant beauty. When well rouged and properly made up she was almost enchanting; when viewed at the proper distance majestic; unwrinkled, with a clear and unstained complexion, excepting where the carmine more than emulated in delicacy, and equalled in intensity, the glow of health. Finally, she had a firm step, and a most graceful deportment.

How was it that, with all these fascinations about her, you discovered at once that Miss Matilda Morison had passed her meridian? There was no tale of years in the brilliancy of her laughing blue eyes; no indication of age in the round whiteness of her arm, the elastic firmness of her bust shamed the lax figure of many young maidens still wanting years from their womanhood. But age will speak out—the not to be silenced—the

intolerable monitor! As you gazed upon Miss Morison you exclaimed, or at least thought, "What a splendid creature!—but she must be nearly fifty: she is decidedly *passée*;"—and then you would be exceedingly puzzled to say in what.

You perhaps add, "If thus gorgeous and bewitching at her time of life, how superhumanly beautiful she must have been when young!" But you would be wrong. She never was more perfect in her charms—the wane of other women was to her the reign of her beauty. As she matured, she perfected. She had always been remarkable for her attractions, but never more so when you might expect that, at least in person, she would cease to attract.

When we add, that she was complete mistress of all the arts of dress and the varieties of adornment, we have completed her character, so far as it appeared to the public.

Such a woman must naturally be fond of admiration; but she courted power still more than praise or adulation. She was a tyrant, though a graceful one. She was most pleased to rule, not by the mere brute weight of authority, but by finesse and exquisitely refined stratagem. Her principles were children born of the hour and of the occasion, and their parent destroyed them without hesitation, and without remorse, the very moment that their existence proved a trouble. In her youth she had outlived many a love-passion; she had now, in her age, no sentiment remaining strong enough to be called a passion—save one—an imperishable, an implacable hate for Sir Edward Fortintower.

The easter recess had given Sir Edward a respite from those duties called parliamentary; though no duties, in the whole duty of man, are ever treated more cavalierly, or are shuffled off and on with more *insouciance*. Sir Edward had not yet come to look upon this as does the old tactician; and thus he really enjoyed the relaxation that the holidays afforded him.

At three in the afternoon, a well-appointed cab was at Miss Morison's door. It was a bland and sunshiny day in the latter part of April. The scrupulously dressed boy-groom had slowly driven the vehicle a few times up and down the quiet street, and had already

begun to feel the lulling influence of the scene, as he again brought up before the door of the house that contained his master, and commenced, with half-closed eyes, a philosophical contemplation of the horse's ears. Why these apes are called tigers, the monkeys from whom they derived the title only can tell—and, if told, would perhaps be found to be not worth the telling.

As this lad was between reverie and sleep, now trying to calculate his wages for nine months, now to remove, with the end of the lash of his whip, a troublesome fly from the horse's right ear, the door of the house opposite to which the cabriolet stood, opened, and Sir Edward hastily sprang into the vehicle, and drove off with much more speed than was usual with him. His destination was a large, heavy-looking house, a corner one, that abutted upon one of the squares situated in the north-eastern department of the metropolis.

In the front drawing-room of this house sate a young lady at the pianoforte, trying over and over again a very difficult passage of a new overture. Watching her with anxiety and impatience, which were fast becoming vexation, a sharp-looking, genteel, but not gentlemanly man, about fifty, stood over her. The keys were again rattled, the hands crossed and re-crossed rapidly, but nothing was produced but loud dissonance. The young lady flung herself back, let her hands fall vapidly in her lap, and looking up pleadingly and listlessly, exclaimed, "I cannot do it, father."

"Try again, Elfrida—try again, my love; you certainly are not perfect, but you improve—you do, indeed."

These were kind words, but they were spoken with an enforced kindness; they carried in their tone more of reproach than of encouragement. The poor girl felt it, and again resumed, to her, the unconquerable task. This last crash was more tuneless than any of its predecessors. An oath, a loud and a harsh one, burst forth from the lips of the angry parent, which was followed by the exclamation, "The girl's a fool—incontrovertably—absolutely."

The daughter's tears gushed forth plenteously. "Am I a fool, father, truly and indeed? I am sorry that it is so, yet, believe me, I am glad to hear you acknowledge

it. You will now treat me more kindly, as an unoffending simpleton who loves you, than you would did you think me a refractory daughter who wilfully disobeyed you. I have often felt my inferiority—not so much in these things, these tiresome accomplishments, as in the play of conversation. Yes, I long suspected I was a fool. It is a harsh word; do not use it often, my dear, dear father, and in time I shall come to be used to it."

"What will the girl say next?" said the father, much surprised.

"I will say that as there are but us two left in this world to love each other, you will hide my failing, and we will be so happy. Even fools can love wisely when they love their own father so well—and you, papa, have wit and sense enough for both of us. I am always obedient—you know I am. Come, I will be your fond little fool; so do let me put by this very, very odious music."

"Elfrida, do not tease me. You are a very good and sensible child—in your way. When I called you fool, I meant only that you were slow in learning what others profess to acquire quickly—that is all, Elfrida—nothing more, I assure you—though it disappoints me much."

"Well, father, to please you, I'll try again. But do you really like this difficult music? When, an hour ago, my master played it over so brilliantly and so exquisitely, you did nothing but yawn—O father, how you did yawn! I should have laughed outright, had it not been for fear. You don't like it, really?"

"I detest it—that is, it would delight me beyond measure to hear *you* play it brilliantly and exquisitely; but from all others it would seem detestable to me."

"Thank you, thank you, dearest father."

"Ah! Elfrida, you do not understand me. Bless me! what an outrageous uproar! that is either the roar of a tiger at my door, or the bluster of some pretender of fashion. How can you go to the window?—it is so vulgar!"

"La! papa, it 's the handsome Sir Edward Fortintower, in his handsome cab; and there's his pretty tiger going to knock at the door again. There he goes; bless his little hands! though, for the matter of that, I can't see them for his nice white gloves!"

"Simpleton! come away from the window. Fie for shame, Elfrida—if Sir Edward were to look up!"

"Well, he couldn't see me. There he goes, and here goes I."

"Goes I! and the money that I have spent upon her! goes I! Miss 'goes I,' go you to your room, and do not come until I send for you."

As the young lady departed at one door, Sir Edward entered at the other.

CHAPTER V.

Sir Edward, in search of bad news, finds a wife may be had for the asking—Bandies compliments with a lawyer—Gets the worst of it, and a little fright into the bargain—If the spoon must be long for the man who eats soup with the dark one, how should he be furnished when he goes to dine with an attorney?—A few secrets in paragraph-writing.

AH, Sir Edward! I am glad, most glad, to see you," said Mr. Scrivener, with that eagerness of joy with which the wolf would welcome the lamb that might innocently have strayed into his den. There was a ferocity of pleasure about the host, that would have made hospitality almost hideous. He perceived, by the coldness of Sir Edward's demeanour, that he had betrayed too much, and then changed his manner into an appearance hearty enough, but more careless. Never did two persons, with subjects the most momentous to each labouring in their breasts, seem so determined to converse more discursively and vapidly. They dreaded to approach the abyss into which each was desirous to plunge, and see its difficulties and its dangers But if Mr. Scrivener was the more wily, Sir Edward was the more courageous; and the latter, at length springing up from his chair, and folding his arms, not arrogantly, but with an air almost melancholy, said, gazing intently upon Mr. Scrivener's smooth but ambiguous countenance,—

"Have you heard anything concerning this most annoying rumour respecting the long-lost next of kin to old Mortimer Fortintower of Fortintower-hall?"

"Most annoying—it is most annoying," was the inapplicable answer.

"But have you heard anything of it—of the parti-

culars—of its chances of being founded in truth? I am naturally anxious and inpatient on this subject."

"Anxious and impatient!—no more, Sir Edward? Are you not fearful—tortured—wretched?"

"These, Sir, are searching and impertinent questions. But I will answer you frankly, for myself I am not—for others, much. You know, Mr. Scrivener, that I have formed friendships—made connexions; and there is among them one, the dearest tie, the noblest feeling that can mingle with, and give a colour to, a man's best and purest thoughts. It is for all this, that, if I feel as much as a man ought, I should not be accused of either weakness or selfishness. Miss Truepenny—"

"Hi, hi, ha! A thousand pardons, Sir Edward, but the name—the singular name—always makes me smile. I have the profoundest respect and admiration for the lady, Sir Edward—believe me that I have. Do, my good sir, relax the severity of your look. You know what Chaucer says in his Wife of Bath—'What's in a name? A rose by any other name would cost as much.' You smile again, You see, though I have been all my life a lawyer, I can aptly quote an apt quotation. But to return to this unpleasant subject. Believe me, Sir Edward, Miss Truepenny will be Miss Truepenny until the end of her days, if there be any foundation in this rumour. Her grandfather—well do I know the rigid old man—if he finds you but even five hundred pounds a year less than he has supposed you to be worth, will at once put an end to this ill-assorted match!"

"Ill-assorted, Mr. Scrivener! You are more than legally offensive this morning."

"Always presuming, Sir Edward, that there is foundation for this rumour."

"You seem determined to turn from insolence to presumption. Pray what do *you* know about this matter?"

"No more than all the world, may choose to know, who may choose to read the public papers; but I, from my knowledge of your family concerns, am perhaps alone enabled to read them rightly. Sir Edward Fortintower, I think highly of you; all who know you, the world at large, think so too; and I am, at the same time, sorry and proud to say that there is one in this house, who, to

the ruin of her peace of mind, highly as the world, highly as your friends, highly as I think of you, far surpasses in her admiration and love of you the accumulated affection of all these. I do not blush for her, or for myself, when I confess this, for you are worthy of it. Exert, then, that courage and that manliness for which the world gives you so much credit, and bear it with fortitude, when I tell you there is a great, a very great probability, that there is *truth* in these rumours."

"When any one sees me bear basely whatever reverse God may have in reserve for me, let him taunt me with it with impunity. I will do justice. If I hold not my estates rightfully, I will not hold them a moment. If you know to whom they fairly belong, assist me in restoring them at once."

"Well, well, that is very nobly said: but you must not be in such a hurry. It may be right for the rightful owner to have his rightful estates, as you say. Rightful is a good word, though scarcely, in this sense, legal. I like the word rightful, and therefore—mark me, Sir Edward—therefore it would not be rightful in me to assist in making my friend a titled beggar!"

"Mr. Scrivener, you have now added insult to presumption and insolence."

"I beg your pardon—I humbly beg your pardon, Sir Edward; I should have said pauper—I correct myself—titled pauper. Believe me, great, very great, would be, must be, the inducements to make me assist in reducing my friend, and one whom Miss Scrivener so absolutely admires, to a titled pauper."

"But there are inducements," said Sir Edward; and he smiled scornfully.

"Professionally, Sir Edward, professionally; then what could I do? You were pleased, some two years ago, to withdraw your affairs from our office; consequently, however great mine and my daughter's friendship may be for you, there is no legal tie between us. I am open to give advice to any one who may give himself to me as my client. I only say this, Sir Edward—beware! for by the wording of those newspaper paragraphs I am certain there is mischief in them."

"I will do no wrong, nor suffer any. I have a dark suspicion, Mr. Scrivener. I enjoy my estates both

lineally and by the will of my late relative. It seems to me all but an impossibility that any claimant should arise, to my injury, with a shadow of right on his side; and, mark me, Mr. Scrivener, against right I will not contest."

"Superbly spoken, sir, very superbly;" and then, with his gentlest and most insinuating smile, he continued, "But, my dear Sir Edward, if you would but consider me as your friend—your fast and loving friend—I think, meanly as you may estimate my talents, that I could ensure your safety. Oh! what a blessed consummation of happiness would it be for all of us, could I but see you enter as a member of my family! I acknowledge, with all humility, that we are scarcely worthy of the honour."

"Three times, Mr. Scrivener, have you promised me never to recur to this subject; and now a fourth—"

"Only incidentally, my good Sir Edward, only incidentally. I think—nay, were you really one of us, I am certain—that I could defeat the machinations of your secret enemy, whoever he may be; and may not a father plead for a beloved daughter, whose rapidly declining health—"

"When I was sitting in my cabriolet, I descried a ruddy, very plump, and good-humoured face peeping at me through the curtains of that very window; and had not that face been the very picture of robust health, I certainly should have pronounced it to be Miss Scrivener's,"

"That it was Miss Scrivener's I am not prepared to deny; but that she is in the enjoyment of robust health I cannot allow. If she expected your coming, could you impute it to her as a crime that she watched for you? But pardon me—I trust that both of us have too much proper pride to sue for the hand of any one. I am but now stating things to you in a worldly light. On the one hand are placed before you an alliance with my family—an only and richly portioned daughter—all my property at my death, and our gratitude and my assiduous services whilst I live; on the other, probable loss to you of the very means of subsistence—a certain vexatious and protracted lawsuit, the termination of which you can never see, and the result of which you cannot

anticipate. Can you, Sir Edward, offer to Miss Truepenny an uncertain property? or will her grandfather, from whom she derives all her hopes, accept such an offer? I have spoken plainly. Give this subject your best and most serious consideration."

"I am like you, Mr. Scrivener, of this world, and deny not that I am, in many senses, as worldly as yourself. I make not—I never made—any professions of quixotic virtue. I am too much a disciple of expediency to be ever a good Christian. To the man who robs me of my vest, I will certainly not make an offer of my coat, nor shall the smiter of my right cheek repeat the insult on my left. Mr. Scrivener, I *am* a worldly man."

"Give me your hand, my dear Sir Edward,—give me your hand!"

"Not yet, Mr. Scrivener—not yet. As a worldly man, I have sought the world's distinctions."

"And won them, my good sir; and nobly won them."

"And won them. Nay, more, I am proud of them; I have become attached to them—my houses, my parks, my statues, my pictures, my plate, my equipages, all the decencies, the elegancies, the quiet pomps of my station, seem to me to have become integral portions of myself; the idea of parting with them is like the thought of severing my members from my body. And those my numerous servants whom I have made my friends, and my friends still more numerous, whom, in all things graceful to their stations, I have made my servants,—all these are very dear to me. Tell me, can I honestly preserve all these, and honourably too as well as honestly? and frankly will I give you my answer."

"Frankly then, yes—if you enter my family—if you marry my Elfrida Eugenia."

"And if I do not?"

"Why then, Sir Edward, the longer enjoyment of that which you appear so much to enjoy, is extremely problematical. You may have to look upon all the past as a pleasant, but a vain, nay, when compared with your future misery, as a tantalizing dream."

"You put this strongly. Now tell me, sir, I command you, do you not know more of this business than you

have yet avowed? Are you not yourself, for your individual purposes, working against me?"

"Really, Sir Edward, I am not: how could you suppose me to be so base? I know nothing more than the papers have insinuated; all that I do conjecture more is, that they seem to be on a fearfully dangerous track."

"Then am I safe, and there is nothing in them. They are nothing but the most vague and ridiculous romances, almost as applicable to any other baronet as to myself."

"It is my painful duty to abate your confidence, Sir Edward. Have you seen the *Morning Post* of to-day?"

"No, I have not."

"Well, the paragraph was so singular, and so strictly applicable to yourself, that my dear Elfrida took a copy of it. The papers I always send to my office in the city, so soon as I have breakfasted. You must not be astonished that Miss Scrivener should have copied out what so nearly concerns you; for, to the destruction of her peace of mind, what concerns you is of too much moment to her. I have mislaid my glasses; but this, I believe, is the paper."

Saying this, Mr. Scrivener took up one of two or three pieces of manuscript, and handed it carelessly to Sir Edward, who began to read aloud as follows—

"An original impromptu, addressed to Sir Edward Fortintower, Bart., by Elfrida Eugenia.

> "Awake my soul, and with the sun
> Thy daily course of duty run,
> Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
> That I may see Sir Edward's eyes."

"You have got the wrong paper, Sir Edward," said Mr. Scrivener, rubbing his hands with unaffected delight; "but I am not sorry for it. You see her talent at original composition, and the state of her heart too. Is there any more of it? pray read it."

"There is no more; I think there is quite enough as it is. Original! it is a parody—"

"Ah! to be sure, a parody; that is the hardest kind of original poetry—yes, yes, I had forgotten that it was a parody; and don't you think it's a very beautiful one? and all her own invention!"

"I am afraid. Mr. Scrivener, you are not very early at church. But something too much of this trifling."

"Trifling!" murmured Mr. Scrivener, "original poetry like that! Well, well, it shall go into one of the magazines; the girl is not so simple after all. Ah! this is, I believe, the paragraph. Is not the handwriting excellent?"

Without paying much attention to the autograph, Sir Edward read as follows:—

"We understand from the best authority, that the hints that have lately been so general, about an indisputable claim to all the estates, real and personal, of a certain elegant and newly created baronet, who gained for himself so much celebrity as a parliamentary debator have now assumed a more tangible form. It would seem, that Sir * * * * inherits, as heir-at-law and by will, as the eldest male nephew of the late rich and penurious Mr. * * * * *; but Sir * * * *'s father had an elder brother; and it is the descendant of that brother who is now, for the first time, made aware of his rights. To add to the romance of the story, this new claimant, *mirabile dictu!* is now actually serving on board of one of his majesty's ships of war as a foremast man. We prophesy, that this will produce a fine harvest for the gentlemen of the long-robe, and they will not let the cause slip through their hands under a ten years' ordeal, if they act with their usual astuteness. One thing, however, is certain, that the law cannot take away from its present possessor either his title or his seat in the lower house; and with these, his very elegant person, his habits and accomplishments, he may be able, by a matrimonial alliance, to indemnify himself in some measure for the caprices of fortune and the injuries of the law's delay. It is, however, certain that the unlucky baronet's alliance with the great heiress of the city is postponed *sine die*, and that whether the gentleman's purse be well or ill lined, he will never be able to boast of possessing a *true penny*."

Sir Edward read twice over this mortifying announcement, and from its *mirabile dictu*, and miserable pun in the name of his lady love, he doubted not for a moment but that in was the production of a genuine penny-a-

liner, though the materials must have been furnished him by some one who was well versed in the matter.

"Now, what think you of that, Sir Edward?" said the lawyer, half triumphantly.

"That there is either a conspiracy formed against me, or that I am, as you considerately phrased it, a titled pauper."

"But you know the alternative. You will be guilty of a moral *felo de se*, if you hesitate. Come, come, my good Sir Edward, we have had quite enough of business this morning. Will you lunch with us? Miss Scrivener will be with us immediately. That girl, Sir Edward, is a treasure to me. Do you see anything amiss in the arrangements of this room? She manages my household for me, and, till lately—till she took to writing original poetry—But why in such a hurry? what do you say to this proposition of mine?"

"Can you defeat this attempt on my property?"

"Most assuredly."

"Will you?"

"On those most advantageous terms."

"Is this threatened claim founded in justice?"

"As the law will decide."

"And you can command that decision?"

"I can."

"And will?"

"And will, as you behave to me and mine. You know my terms."

"And what are you then, who thus can, and who say you will, pervert the law to your own views and fancied interests?"

"Your best of friends, who hopes soon to prove himself the best of fathers-in-law. Do you accept my terms?"

"Give me time to consider."

"A week, if you like"—and then they parted.

When the door was closed between them, "A rascal!" said Sir Edward. "Fairly caught!" said Mr. Scrivener.

CHAPTER VI.

To our own great satisfaction we get afloat again—We make our acquaintance more intimate with Jack—He does the amiable with the gods and goddesses of the figure-head—They cut and run, and leave him in the lurch—Jack in his hammock, and in much jeopardy.

LET us return to the Glory; let us embosom ourselves in the clear greenish seas of Spithead, and descending to the lower deck of the venerable three-decker, let us look for Jack, our own dear delightful Jack Truepenny. It will be, I expect, some difficulty before we find him; for, as we have before mentioned, yesterday it was his sovereign will and pleasure to get very particularly drunk: and he liked it so much, that even when most drunken he provided for a continuance of his bestial ecstasy.

But few civilians can properly understand the passion that sometimes besets a man-of-war's man for intoxication. With the sailor, it is not the habitual craving for excitement that forms the disease of the confirmed drunkard ashore, but more a disarrangement of the physical than of the moral man. We never could satisfactorily account to ourselves for this furor for occasional ebriety that besets poor Jack. His intoxication is like nothing seen on shore. We very well know that many reasons, each good as far as it goes, have been given for this mania, but not one of them is sufficient in itself to account for the dangers, even to the risk of his life, that he will run, in order to acquire the means of making himself, for a few hours, above all the cares of that life, and beneath the nature of the very brute that perisheth. Many and excellent, at least to the drunkard, are the pleas for drinking. Too much or too little happiness; joy or grief; bad or good luck; birth and death; marriage and a sentence of divorce: all are unimpugnable reasons. Famine or repletion alike fly to the cup: in fact, when the infatuation is upon the man, he measures not his life by hours, and weeks, and years—neither by thoughts nor acts, good or evil; but solely by the quantity of strong drink that he has imbibed, and the alternations of drunk and sober.

Now, all this applies but very weakly to the tar. Give

him his fill, his rum, and he grows disgusted with his suction and ashamed of himself. By most excellent regulations, he has been obliged to lead and to be made to appreciate a life of cleanliness, health, and comparative temperance. After his fit of folly 'is over—that is, if it be allowed to finish naturally by a wearing out—he draws his conclusions, and justly pronounces himself to be an ass, and but little better than a shore-going lubber; and henceforward lives cleanly and like a gentleman, until the sense of prohibition grows strong and irksome upon him, and then he again gets gloriously drunk in order to prove that he is a free agent.

Now drunkenness has an acuteness peculiarly its own; like the animal creation, it possesses in a marked degree the instinct of self-preservation, and it was distinctly shewn in the case of poor Jack. Though he was unable to prevent his girl and his Jew from robbing him, yet he had tact enough to secrete about his person a bladder containing nearly a quart of fiery rum, and this feat he cunningly performed at the exact moment when he could positively drink no more, and just before he fell down in a state of total oblivion.

His Jew had fleeced him as much as his two ladies would permit, and then his Poll and his Sue, in order, as they said, that he might not be plundered, had taken every thing of value from his person, and then bundled him, like so much offal, under the forty-two pounder that separated his mess from the next.

Just about the break of day, honest John Truepenny dreamed that the head cook of the regions below had turned him on the spit that he was roasting upon, and he awoke with the torture of the intolerable heat. He was, or at least seemed to be, one mass of fire. Everything around him was wrapped in profound darkness. He first of all perceived that he was not in his hammock, and, after he had twice broken his head against the trunnions of the gun, he contrived to creep from under its carriage, and he then became partially sensible that he was very beastly drunk, and burning with thirst and fever.

In this state he staggered on to the fore-hatchway ladder, and contrived to ascend, stumbling over and kicking various of his shipmates, who had been too much intoxi

cated to get into their hammocks. He at last reached the galley, and had sufficient sense to remove the lid from one of the coppers, and to procure from it huge draughts of delicious cold water; after which he proceeded to the head, and there was then just sufficient light to enable him to see distinctly what was going forward, although the summer fog hung heavily around.

What took place in the head Jack Truepenny never clearly understood, though it is certain that he took an active part in all the proceedings. It seemed to him at once real and ideal. The best account that he could give of it, even upon his oath, was much to the following purport: He found the sentry there as usual; but the whole group that had composed the figure-head had come more in-board, and had changed places. They all seemed, somehow or another, to have got a half-hour's leave of life, and talked and moved about, almost as rationally as John Truepenny himself. Besides, they had company, men whom Jack never saw before, but they were very jovial pleasant fellows notwithstanding; and Madame Fame, with her long trumpet, had produced a lime-juice bottle of old Jamaica rum, and handed it about in little cups very liberally and graciously, Jack partook of it, of course; indeed, she treated him like a distinguished guest. He could not tell how it was, but it did not surprise him at the time to hear her speak, and see her smile and drink. At length she seemed, like Tam o' Shanter's landlady—

> "To grow gracious
> With favours rare and sly and precious"

until the old man with the Smyrna fig-jar, who was supposed to represent Ocean, grew restive, and Britannia herself protested strongly against such indecorous proceedings. Then the little boys and girls set up a villanous screeching; and, in fact, to use Jack's own words, there was such a shindy, that he thought the ship was going to tumble overboard. In the midst of the row, and when the old man was most abusive, some one put a saw in Jack's hand, in order that he might unship the foul-mouthed rascal, and bundle him into the sea; and that, being angry with his inteference, he worked lustily, and

after some time somebody gave him a rope to hold on by, and just then he observed the whole family, boys and girls, walk very deliberately into the water, Madame Fame piping her eye as if her heart would break; and Britannia bidding him take her compliments to Captain Firebrass, and tell him she was so much shocked with his blasphemous swearing and cursing, that she could no longer stay on board his ship, particularly as she had a young and growing family, for whose mawleys she was bound to be careful. Jack said that he then began to be a little struck when he found himself alone in the head, for the sentry had walked off with the rest; so, not wishing to be made an aider and abettor of this wholesale desertion, he had tumbled down below, and again crept under the forty-two pounder;—and that is the best account he could give of the matter.

But we, as true historians, are bound to supply a few omissions. We believe that Jack gave a true account of his individual impression of what took place in the head on that memorable morning, with the exception that he mistook the word *morals*, (never having heard of them before, for *mawleys*, two of which, well tarred and heavy, he himself possessed;) but we must add for him, that having regained the shelter of his gun, he found the way to the bladder of rum that he had secreted, and sucked at it till he dropped again into a state of such complete stupefaction, that there was but a very nice distinction between it and apoplexy.

When the decks were washed in the morning, John Truepenny was found nearly suffocated, and weltering in a pool of the wasted rum. His heavy and stertorous breathing so much alarmed his messmates, that they sent for one of the assistant-surgeons, who bled him immediately, and then had him conveyed to a hammock in the sick-bay.

By this time, the news of the disappearance of the whole group at the figure-head, with their guardian, the marine, was known fore and aft. It was not long before damning marks of suspicion that honest, innocent John Truepenny had been privy to the rape of the immortals, were discovered His banyan shirt and canvass trousers were stained with the various colours that had made the figures magnificent; much of the gilding in which they

had gloried was transferred to the seat of his inexpressibles; he was sprinkled over with sawdust; and, to make the matter more conclusive, a foot and three inches and one half of Madame Fame's trumpet was found under the very gun where Jack had slept, and the right ear of one of the little children in his starboard trousers pocket, that he must have pinched off in a moment of amiable playfulness.

Before Jack had well cleared his intellects from the effects of his debauch, he was made aware of the unpleasant situation in which he lay, not stood, for he kept his hammock all the next day, being reported sick,—which was much more easy for him to do than for Captain Firebrass to keep his temper. The latter did not attempt it, but, like a good-hearted fellow as he really was, being aware of his infirmity, he kept his cabin, and found as much vent for his rage as he could, by breaking sundry articles of his furniture.

As Jack is shortly to be put upon his trial, before that momentous affair commences, let us try to give our friends some little idea of his personal appearance. He was a fine, straight, broad-chested fellow, standing just six feet without his shoes. Had it not been for the too great width of his shoulders, and the muscular accumulations upon his arms, his symmetry would have been as perfect as that of the Belvidere Apollo. But this little disproportion was produced by his hanging his whole weight upon ropes, running up the rigging like a cat, and making more use of his arms than of his legs. His feet, in their smallness, were almost ladylike. Proud was Jack of them; and in a little sharply pointed shoe he could shuffle them so rapidly in his hornpipe that they became all but invisible. We cannot give so much praise to his hands; they were enormously large and horny, with a tremendous spread, every finger of which looked like a chump of a small hawser. His grip must have been terrific. All the parts of his person that were not exposed to the weather were delicately fair, and his hair, of a real and pure auburn, with not a shade of the carrot among it, covered his head with short, thick, and vigirous curls. His pigtail—and then it was a point of honour to sport one—was immensely thick and clubbed, but, owing to its aptitude to curl, would never lie straight

down his back, but turned itself up very impudently, so that his pate seemed to have a hook fastened to it behind Though his face was broad, it was glorious in a beautiful manliness, and its expression of reckless good-nature won the heart at once. To look only at his large mellow blue eyes, you would suppose that you were gazing upon a woman, or one endued with all a woman's sweetness and tenderness of nature; but this was more than balanced by the bold outline of the nose, the resolution that seemed settled upon the lips when they were in a state of repose, and the determination of the rounded chin. His smile was a fascination, and his teeth would have been unrivalled in their appearance, had he not stained them foully by chewing tobacco. Thus his natural advantages had been overabundant, whilst the poverty of his mental acquirements had nearly rendered them nugatory.

Even as a man-of-war's man he was not perfect; he had received his one, his two, and his three dozens at the gangway, and had, in general, deserved them. His principal vices proceeded from a bountiful and luxuriant animal conformation. His intense relish for sensual pleasures too often made him forget the dignity of manhood; his high spirits sometimes betrayed him into insolence to his superiors; and the consciousness of his great physical strength into oppression and tyranny towards his equals and inferiors in station. Had he been taught virtue, he would have loved it; he was affectionate and very grateful in his nature; when not too severely tried, of great good temper; generous to extravagance, and of an innate nobleness of heart that made him loathe everything that was in the least shabby. He was unsuspecting and simple: but when once deceived, and he discovered it, let the deceiver stand clear, for he was as rash in his resentments as he was open in his confiding nature.

At times, when standing apart from his shipmates, with folded arms, and resting partially upon one of the tremendous pieces of ordnance with which the Glory was armed, he had more than an aristocratic—he had a decidedly heroic look. He seemed born to command, and to be conscious of it. But this elevation of character was discernible in him in his moments of musing only. A single word, even a look from a shipmate, and he was

again the roystering, swearing, devil-may-care man-of-war's man.

In all its varieties he was a thorough seaman. When the huge ship was flying through the lashing waves before the demon of the storm, it was John Truepenny's nervous arm that held the weather-spoke of the wheel, and his unquailing eye that watched the coming of the mountain wave, in order to ease dexterously with the helm the surging of the labouring vessel. He was the captain of his gun, and generally his tact at availing himself of the heave of the sea, and his aim, could be depended upon. Often, when the Old Glory was blustering after some strange sail that would not heave-to to be examined, and the long-headed gunner had himself tried to bring her to with the chase-gun on the forecastle—a favourite long four-and-twenty-pounder—and failed, he would say, "Let Jack Truepenny try his hand;" and a rent sail or a dropping spar generally proved the excellence of the advice, and the contumacious absconder would up with her courses, and back her main-topsail with becoming diligence.

As to Jack's book-learning, the best part of it was yet to be acquired. He could read any work in the English language, but his taste led him to prefer the marvellous. He also wrote a good round hand—not expeditiously certainly, but very legibly and carefully—so carefully, that when you saw him in the act that leads people to commit forgery, before he made the letter on the paper, you might observe him forming it with his lips, by screwing them up into the oddest of all possible shapes. In his orthography he was a strenuous advocate for the unbounded liberty of conscience, so dear to a freeborn Englishman. He had a right to spell as he chose, and he chose to spell after his own fashion; the dictionaries had their method, and he had his. If a man chose to take Sheridan, or Walker, or Johnson, for an authority as to what letters should form a word, Jack had no objection to it, but he thought it a great trouble; he always abided by an authority at his command at all times, and that was John Truepenny's. John used very reasonably to observe, that there was no very great merit in being able to read that which was properly spelled—it was like crossing a river with a fine bridge built over it

but to read some writing—his own, for instance, when he was pathetic—there was the glory—it could be compared to crossing a torrent upon a few broken sticks.

Such is an outline of Jack, morally and physically. We must now leave him for a short time in his hammock, to recover from the effects of his inordinate carousing on pay-day.

CHAPTER VII.

Loose thoughts on the lust for wealth—How to make lords of your distant posterity—Much about pedigree and pettifogging, and other matters as dry as an old parchment.

When families have intermarried for two or three generations, the several relationships between all but the principal members of them become as intricate as the sphynx riddle, and as tangled as the unkempt hair of a boy at a cheap boarding-school, or the ideas of a prime minister who cannot exactly make up his mind to resign. Were it not for the singularity of the appearance, we would, in this our veracious narrative, have caused to be engraved a genealogical tree, in order to shew in what relationship Sir Edward Fortintower stood to Ann Truepenny, and to her grandfather, and where was the exact sprout on the same tree that was lopped off, or missed, and which now, Mr. Scrivener had more than hinted at, was again to be found, and engrafted on the parent stem, to the injury, if not to the utter ruin, of Sir Edward. We must, instead, attempt to explain this matter verbally.

We will begin with the line of the Truepennys. They first sprang into affluence and notice in the reign of William and Mary, as merchants. At that time the public or national debt began to grow into importance, and the Truepenny of that period plainly foresaw what it would ultimately lead to. He had fancied that, like most other people, he had ancestors—a fancy so natural, that no one would dispute with him the possession of it; but when he asserted that he came from the common

stock of the Fortintowers, which family once gave England its loftiest and proudest peers, people laughed at him as an infatuated, vain old man. However, he persisted in his opinion, and, by the means of the funds, resolved to work out his purpose; and many a less noble undertaking has won the world's admiration, and been glorified as a great and heroic deed. It was, that he should be the instrument of restoring this family to its pristine grandeur, and that one of his immediate descendants should be, or should give to the world, an Earl of Fortintower, and that this earl should be the richest of England's nobility.

In order to effect this, he reserved a large sum of money in the stocks, that was to lie there and accumulate at compound interest, until such time as it would be able by its own magnitude to bring about the desired object, either by purchasing the earldom and title for a male descendant, or if none should remain, for a female who should intermarry with a genuine Fortintower, and then the wealth was to do its office for both.

This gentleman, so ambitious for his posterity, was well aware that his will was not strictly legal, and that a needy or a sensual set of heirs might attempt to set it aside. To obviate this as much as in him lay, he made a solemn appeal in this document from son to son; and as his family was never numerous, and independent of this reserved fund they were more than sufficiently rich, it had remained intact until the present time, and was now of an enormous amount. The perpetual trusteeship of this money was invested in the representative of the Truepenny family for the time being, and two other trustees, who were to appoint trustees after them until the earldom was acquired, and then the vast property was to follow the usual modes of inheritance.

For a length of time a Truepenny very regularly begot a Truepenny, and each, as he came into possession of the property and the trust, asked himself, Is it time? But circumstances always gave an answer decidedly in the negative. Thus affairs and time wore on, and the very ancient Marcus Truepenny, Esq. was the sole representative supposed to be living, and principal trustee to the immense accumulations in the funds. He was the fifth in descent from him who may justly be called

the founder of the Truepenny wealth. His father had been thrice married. By his first alliance he had issue one son, who also married and had but one son, old Truepenny, now living, and in him the oldest branch of the males of that line terminated. By old Truepenny's second marriage there was also born to him one son, who died without children; and by his third and last marriage, a third son, George, was born, who very early in life took to the most profligate courses, and lived with or married a distant cousin of the very family which the Truepenny dynasty was endeavouring to amalgamate with their own, or supplant.

What became of George Truepenny and his wife, or whether they had any children, no one seemed to know, or, till now, to have cared. This step of George Truepenny was the very worst, and the most inimical to the Truepenny project, that could have been taken. It was merging his own family, and in a manner actually annihilating its identity with a beggarly offshoot of the very house that they had striven, for so many generations, to represent. It was, however, from this obscure source that all the dangers that threatened Sir Edward were to be apprehended.

"However, the father of this George Truepenny, just before he died, relented, and vainly sought out his son, in order that he might benefit by some portion of the family wealth; and being full of hope that he should soon regain him, he purchased for him, and for his heirs male, from the venal ministry of the day, the title of baronet; and the patent was duly executed; but the old man shortly after died, and so suddenly, that he had made for his lost son no pecuniary provision with which to support the title; indeed, the son never appeared, but died in obscurity, and in ignorance of the honour that was purchased for him, and of the good that was intended him.

We must now refer to the undoubtedly ancient family of the Fortintowers. In very remote times they had been dukes, then earls, then barons, as they approached the modern era, and at last dwindled down to mere baronets. Their race seems to have been submitted to a process, the very reverse of that which their *soi-disant* branch, the Truepenny, wished to institute. They

gradually, through one cause or another, lost honours and distinctions, though they had kept their blood very pure. Indeed, they seem to have understood the vanity of titles, to have despised the boast of heraldry, and to have eschewed it for the more substantial advantage of increasing their estates. They grew uncommonly rich, and the last baronet, Sir Mortimer Fortintower, was, if not actually a miser, a character as nearly approaching to it as a well-born gentleman could be.

Now, this last baronet, Sir Mortimer, died childless, and as the title was strictly entailed in the direct line of the heirs male, when his immense estates devolved on his brother, the herald's office had to record one baronetcy less. Mr. Fortintower, of Fortintower, had three sons, Alfred, Benjamin, and Charles. Alfred, the eldest, made a love-match, by which he had five daughters and no son. Having offended his father, he lived in obscurity and poverty, and died before his parent. The property, like the title, was confined to heirs male, so long as they existed; therefore Alfred's daughters were paupers, though grandchildren of a man of such vast estates It was the youngest and fifth daughter, Martha, with whom the reprobate Truepenny formed a connexion,—whether legal or not, until the time of our tale, no one of the Fortintowers seemed to know or to have cared.

Benjamin, the second son, and the presumed heir, after the death of Alfred, to Mr. Fortintower, died a bachelor; and Charles, the third son, married and had a numerous family, all of which died, save one daughter, who had, against both the wishes of her father and grandfather, married a poor scholar of the name of Abbot, and doubly exasperated all her relations by presuming to be very happy with him.

In order the more effectually to punish this act of insubordination and contumely, Charles and his father joined together to cut off the entail, and they contrived also to smuggle through parliament a short private act, to enable father and son, or the survivor, to dispose arbitrarily and absolutely of all the family property. Mr. Fortintower, however, survived his son Charles, but he was never reconciled to his grand-daughter, Mrs. Abbot.

When, at a very advanced age, Mr. Fortintower turned it over in his mind that he could not take his wealth with him, he began to think of disposing of it, and made active inquiries after his granddaughters by his eldest son, Alfred. The four eldest of these were proved to have lived in misery, and to have died unmarried, and in obscurity and want. What actually became of the fifth and youngest daughter, Martha, who had for some time lived with George Truepenny, either as his mistress or his wife, could not be accurately ascertained. It was generally supposed that they had perished from off the face of the earth, and left no vestige behind them. This report was the more confirmed by the ineffectual attempts of George's father to discover them.

In this state of affairs, old Mr. Fortintower naturally looked towards his granddaughter, Mrs. Abbot, the only surviving child of his favourite son Charles.* He found that both she and her husband were dead, and that they had left but one child, Edward, who was at that time at school, a burthen to the not very opulent family of the Abbots.

In Edward's favour, then, his great grandfather disposed of all his property, on the usual condition, that he assumed the family name of Fortintower. But all through this important document, and in every clause of it, there was a reservation for the rights of the offspring, whether male or female, of his eldest son Alfred, if any offspring legally begotten should appear; and if there should, that person was to take Edward's place in all the benefits devised by the will, settling and securing on the latter the sum of five hundred pounds yearly.

But old Mr. Fortintower finished his will by a very judicious proviso. It began by stating the hardship that would be inflicted upon Edward, if, after possessing his wealth for many years, and supposing it to be absolutely his own, under that impression, that he should have married and made other engagements in accordance with his supposed wealth, to be then obliged to yield or litigate it with a claimant suddenly started forward; he therefore limited the time for his granddaughter's heirs, if any, to benefit by his will, until ten years after his death; and then, if after that period they established a

claim to be of his kindred, they were to have five hundred a year each, be they many, or few, or one.

Now, Mr. Fortintower had been dead more than nine years, and should no claimant appear (and none was ever dreamed of till now) for twelve months longer, Sir Edward Fortintower was perfectly safe.

This is a long and weary history of pedigrees, but we were obliged to inflict it on the reader, for the better understanding the predicament in which Sir Edward just now found himself. The cup of bliss was threatened to be dashed from his lips, even at the eleventh hour.

No one knew all these particulars correctly, excepting Mr. Scrivener and Sir Edward. The wily lawyer had been, for many years, confidentially employed by Sir Edward, and admitted to his friendship and his familiarity. During this intercourse, Mr. Scrivener's daughter had grown into womanhood, and the father began to entertain for her the most ambitious expectations. When these were fully understood, Sir Edward dropped all social intercourse with the lawyer's family, and took his affairs totally out of his hands. This appeared not to give so much offence as grief to Mr. Scrivener, and Miss Scrivener was nearly broken-hearted, and perhaps would have been really worried into an illness by her misplaced affection, had not her parent continually fed her with hopes—hopes that he believed that he had, at any time, the power to realize.

Now, Mr. Scrivener was, in his profession excepted, a profoundly ignorant man. But this ignorance was not apparent in the usual routine of social intercourse. The mere lawyer, as he is represented on the stage, exists not in society; and yet Mr. Scrivener was a mere lawyer. But his mingling with gentlemen, as well as with members of all orders of society, had given polish to his manners, fluency to his conversation, and even some degree of elegance to his address. His natural good sense made him express himself forcibly and correctly upon most topics of general conversation, and yet he was more ignorant than is the mass of mechanics. On any subject connected with literature, the fine arts, or philosophy, the crassitude of his mind was astonishing. His morality, his religion, as well as his knowledge, were confined to the law; and all that the law enabled him to

achieve, or permitted him to do with impunity, that he did without conscience and without remorse.

CHAPTER VIII.

Off to sea again—Jack still afloat, and in a scrape—Makes a bad hand at saving his back—Things look dismal—Jack in the bilboes, and the captain bilious—The captain of marines manœuvring with a long story.

We must now be away again to Spithead. The day but one after the abduction of the glory from the head of the Old Glory, Captain Firebrass issued from his cabin exceedingly wrath.

The surgeon had reported poor John Truepenny fit for duty—that is, well capable to receive on his back three or four dozen lashes from the cat-o'-nine tails, as it might seem good to his captain to bestow.

It was just seven bells—that is, half-past eleven in the forenoon—when Jack made his appearance on the quarter-deck, to answer for manifold high crimes and misdemeanours to be then and there alleged against him. He stood boldly upright before his commander, as an innocent man should stand; yet was there a certain dash of shame upon his handsome features, that seemed to struggle with his honest expression of indignation. On the binnacle lay the articles of war, the officers wore their side arms, and there was an ill-looking guard of marines drawn up on the poop. These were awkward demonstrations, and Jack understood them but too well. It was very evident that every one pitied him, even the skipper who had predetermined to flay him, but he was resolved that some one should be offered up as a sacrifice to appease his wrath.

The first lieutenant, in order a little to mollify the temper of the captain, and somewhat to divert his attention, took that opportunity of reporting to him that the artificers from the dockyard had just completed the fiddle-head, in substitution for the lost group, and that it looked remarkably well. Captain Firebrass made no reply to this, excepting by a gloomy and forbidding

scowl; when Mr. Trestletree, the master, stepped up, and humbly ventured an opinion that the ship would now *lie a quarter of a point nearer to the wind, and that she would infallibly work less heavily.* To this kind suggestion Captain Firebrass made no other reply, than a permission to the master to go to that place which it is reckoned not polite to name. The old master murmured something in reply, to the effect that he might as well, for all the comfort he got, as stay under his command, but that he would take further time to reflect upon his gracious permission.

"John Truepenny" said Captain Firebrass, "stand forward."

Jack stood forward, and faced the fiery glance of his commander, with a mild yet undaunted look. It was hardly possible for his full blue eyes to look fiercely.

"You were drunk, John Truepenny, all day on Monday, and were not sober all day on Tuesday. By the jumping jesuit! I'll flog you!"

"Pay-day, your honour," said Jack, submissively.

"Pay-day, you rum-swilling son of a sea-cook! how long does pay-day last?

"Till a poor fellow gets sober, your honour."

This shrewd answer produced an almost general smile; but it had no other effect on Firebrass than to make him take a nervous pluck at the waistband of his trousers, and utter peevishly, "By gad! but I'll flog him, however.

"Yes, you soaked swab," he continued; "and so, if you had but the means, pay-day would last you till doomsday, and when the angel piped all hands up hatches, you would be so drunk that you would not be able to give an account of yourself, and thus the devil would claw you off in the gulping of a glass of half-and-half; and what would be thought of me at head quarters—of me, your captain, to suffer that? No, no! let stave-singing Gambroon say what he will, I have too much religion in me to see my ship's company damned in that fashion—I have too much concern for your precious souls. I'll flog you—not exactly for being drunk on pay-day, but for making a beast of yourself beyond all beastliness of honest seamen-like drunkenness.

"I hope you won't flog me, your honour," said Jack,

entreatingly, "for this same spree. I am ashamed of it,—and even the very hair on my head seems as if it would disown me. Look over it, Captain Firebrass, for this once, and pardon me for what I have suffered, and for what I still suffer; for somehow my eyes seem open to my disgrace. If you flog me for this, there'll be a good man spoiled, your honour, though I say it who should not say it,—spoiled for ever and ever; lost to my king and country, and to myself. If I am flogged now, I shall never be worth my salt again!"

"A good—a thorough good man," said the first lieutenant.

"A real seaman," said the master.

"A better fellow," said the boatswain, made bold by this general appeal in his favour, "never tailed on the foresheet."

"Brave as a lion," said the gunner: "your honour must remember that he cut down the scoundrelly parley-vous that had hold of your honour's precious throat, and you couldn't get a single damn fairly upwards."

"He's a very civil fellow," said the captain of marines, "and has always volunteered to carry me through the surf on his back, whenever there was a sea at landing."

"He is an excellent man," said the surgeon; he was never before on the sick-list, and gives no manner of trouble."

"Pray do—do, Captain Firebrass," said they all in a chorus.

"Well, well," said the captain, peevishly, "I'll look over the drink; but I think he'll catch his four dozen yet. There's one thing that Mr. Boltshot—may he be d—d for it!—has said, that requires me publicly to answer. John Truepenny saved my life—what's that? I acknowledge it—what then? I tell you, men and officers, it was his duty—I speak as his commander and yours—I don't see any particular merit in it."

"I am sure I don't, sir," said the booby lieutenant of the marines, wishing to conciliate the fiery monster.

There was a general giggle, and Firebrass turned upon him like a mad cat, and commenced—"you chamber-skipping slip of a *valley de sham*," (for thus he pronounced it) "who the devil ever supposed you could see merit at all, or know even what the word means! Out upon you, you

pipeclaying compound of starch and pomatum! But I forget myself. I say there was no merit in saving my life; there is no merit, my lads in doing your duty; and mine I certainly should not do, if, because any man happened to save the life of a humble post-captain of the royal navy, I overlooked any breach of his duty. I speak as an officer; but as a man, and with the feelings that a man should be proud to own, John Truepenny, whilst I have a shilling, shall never know want, and when I die, my will shall prove that I am not ungrateful to the strong arm and the brave heart that stood in the moment of extreme peril between me and death. But, as an officer, I will flog him, nevertheless, if he deserves it—and I am afraid he deserves it now—by the jumping jesuit! I'll flog him—so that's my mind. Now, John Truepenny, do you deny that you lent a hand in despoiling the ship of her magnificent figure-head?"

"Drunk, your honour," was the submissive reply.

"Drunk! but I might tell you, my man, that in a legal, and in a moral sense also, drunkenness, instead of being an extenuation, is an aggravation of offence. But, from the state of your dress, and other circumstantial evidence, you could not have been so drunk as not to have known what you were doing. Tell me now, openly, all that passed, and if I can find any room for mitigation —mind, I say mitigation—of punishment, I shall gladly, very gladly indeed, avail myself of it. I do not believe that you were the author, or even one of the principals, in this insult to your captain and to your ship; but that you were mainly accessory to it, I think is beyond a doubt."

We have omitted, in deference to the public taste, the interlarding oaths that added to the vigour of this speech —a speech to which, for some minutes, poor Jack knew not how to frame a reply. He scratched his head, he twiddled with his thumbs, he looked pitifully into the face of every officer about him, and then most intently into his tarpaulin hat, that lay with its top downwards, at his feet before him, on the quarter-deck. But he found assistance nowhere. At length he said, "Please your honour, will you give me time to think on't? I'm all confused like."

"Half an hour, and a bucket of cold water," said the

captain. "There, take your march on the larboard gangway; and, in the language of the judges, 'May God give you a good deliverance.'"

Bewildered Jack Truepenny took the walk, and declined the water. He could make nothing of it; yet he became sensible that somehow or another he had assisted in pitching the gods and goddesses overboard; but it all appeared to him like a misty dream, and as a dream he made up his mind to tell it to the captain.

When his half hour of deliberation had expired, he went sorrowfully aft, and told the captain he would do his best to let him know all that had occurred. The officers of the ship again congregated around him with intense curiosity. He then detailed all that we have before related, as a dream. He was, to the best of his ability, minutely correct as to his impressions; but his love of the truth, and his honesty, did not meet with their adequate reward. Even his friends fell from him, and thought that he was, in their own phrase, romancing.

The captain, who considered himself as treated like a child, and as one who could be fooled by a lie he deemed so apparent, grew furious; but he let him finish his tale, however, and when it was done, he said to him sternly, "John Truepenny, for the first time in my life, I think meanly of you. A little while ago, and it would have nearly broken my heart to have flogged you. That weakness is passed. I will now have you seized up with as little remorse as I would hang or shoot a mad dog. Are we idiots to believe all this rigmarole story?"

"True, upon my salvation!" said Jack, gulping down an hyterical sob of emotion, not of fear at the flogging, but of hurt pride at being thought base enough to lie.

"Impudent liar!" said Firebrass, now stamping with rage: "that you were dreadfully, beastly, despicably drunk, is most certain; but it is not the less certain that this state of intoxication was produced after you assisted at the removal of the figure-head, and not before. At two o'clock, when the ship's corporal went his rounds, you were seen sleeping, decently and cleanly, under the gun at which you mess, and no more drunk than you had a right to be; but when you were dragged out from thence in the morning, you had been swallowing raw rum until

you wallowed in it, like a filthy sow. The last fit of drunkenness took place after the figure-head was gone, and I have but very little doubt but that the beastly rum was the price of your mutinous and disgraceful conduct."

To all this Jack could only clasp his hands, and appeal to his God that he was innocent of all such intention as that with which the captain charged him He would plead guilty only to the drunkenness; and persisted, as he could not do otherwise, that he was totally unconscious, if he really had been in the head, of all that passed, so as to give any account, other than that offered to his drunken impressions of what occurred.

Captain Firebrass, being aware that he was labouring dreadfully under his infirmity of passion, would not flog Truepenny on that day, but ordered him into irons, intimating that on the following noon he should receive a very severe punishment, which would probably be followed by disrating him as a petty officer, and that he should no more do duty as second captain of the forecastle. "And hark ye! Mr. Abominable Liar!" said the enraged Firebrass; "I could almost cut my own throat when I think that such a scoundrel as you should have saved my life. But d—n you I'll be just—I will not alter my good intentions towards you as a man—I will not alter my will. You have told me a base lie—you have tried to laugh at me in my very face—you have conspired with my enemies to insult me. O John Truepenny, you have lost your best friend; I shall never respect you more."

"You may flog me now, captain," said poor Jack, the tears fast rolling down his cheeks; "it is of no consequence now. I only hope that I shall die under the lash. You have wronged me dreadfully—never, never, never, will I again receive kindness at your hands. And yet I do think that some day you'll be sorry for this."

"Take him away! put him in irons!" shouted the captain.

"You have destroyed a good man, Captain Firebrass. May God forgive you! I have spoken nothing but the truth."

With sullen apathy Jack was led by the ship's corporals, and put in irons under the half-deck. Strict orders were given to the sentry not to allow any one to converse

with him, and no one was permitted to approach him, excepting one of his messmates at the usual times, in order to bring him his rations—or, as the seamen call it, his whack of prog and no grog, for that was stopped.

Captain Firebrass paced the starboard side of the quarter-deck for some time, in order that the turbulence of his rage might a little subside; for he was extremely mortified as well as enraged at not being able to trace to Lord Gambroon the concoction of the insult that he felt persuaded he had put upon him. He was now fully convinced that Jack had been bribed into being a confederate with his lordship's emissaries, and then he could have devoured Jack in his rage. Afterwards, the possibility that Jack was honest would occur to him, and then he was ready to devour himself. In this state of perturbation the captain of marines walked over to him, and addressing him very respectfully, begged leave to say a few words to him.

"Short, short—be short, Captain Curtois," said the skipper, impatiently.

"In short then, I think that John Truepenny has told you the truth, and that every thing took place according to his impressions, in the way he described, though nothing was really as he fancied he saw it."

"In short, Captain Curtois, you wish to make it out that I am a tyrannical rascal, and that the fellow in irons is an innocent martyr."

"I would have no such harsh and disrespectful construction put upon my words," said the captain of the marines, no way disconcerted; "but if you would have the kindness and the patience to listen to something that happened to me, not very dissimilar in its nature from the mess that this man has got into, when I was partially intoxicated, it would perhaps make you pause before you ultimately condemned this poor fellow."

"Is it a long story, Captain Curtois?"

"Why, sir, it is, to be well understood, something lengthy; but I would not mind being thought prosy, if I could serve a fellow-creature in trouble."

"That is very handsomely said, sir. Now as I don't think your tale will go down easily with me, you shall try my claret to help it; and as I know that the moral will be very unpalatable, at least to me, we will have it to-day

with our fruit and crackers, after dinner. So I shall expect you at six bells; but, Captain Curtois, it must be a strong and a long yarn, and spun in a very seamanlike manner, that will convince me that this John Truepenny was not art and part—as the lawyers say—damn them! —in aiding and abetting the saints—damn them!—in stealing my head. Damn everything an inch and a half high!—So, Sir, I'll wish you farewell till dinner-time."

CHAPTER IX.

One foot on sea, and one on shore—Constant never—Much about love and law; the law viewed lovingly; and the love lawfully—Good advice ill received, and a very interesting conversation upon matters matrimonial.

In order to bring forward the two divisions of our narrative *pari passu*, we must still skip alternately from the sea to the shore; and, just now, our business lies with Sir Edward. We think that we have made our friends aware that he was, though a brilliant, by no means a perfect character; but he was still so much the nearer to it, as he never made any pretensions to perfection. He was exceedingly worried at the apparent danger that threatened his fortunes; for, upon retaining possession of his estates, everything that was dear to him, all that he valued in life, depended. It is certainly a sublime spectacle, that of a great and good man struggling heroically against adverse fortune. He fully acknowledged all the beauty of it, but he would much rather have contemplated the part than have performed it.

As he sprang into his cabriolet after his painful interview with Mr. Scrivener, his first impulse was to proceed to Miss Truepenny, and pour out all his troubles and anxieties before her; but reflection soon convinced him that this would be a most selfish proceeding. He loved her ardently, and admired her exceedingly; and this admiration, as she slowly unveiled to his mind all her excellence, was gradually increasing. But, as yet, he knew her not. She had always appeared to him so placid and so quiet, that he never gave her credit for high feeling or great resolve

Though he knew her to be intrinsically good, he deemed her not to be a person who would be capable of making a great sacrifice; yet he believed her to be so amiable that she would attempt it, and sink under it. As yet, she had not been accustomed to receive from him the direction of her conduct: and even if she were inclined to do so, how would he act? There lay the bitterness of thought.

As these cogitations were swaying his mind, now to one course of action, now to another diametrically opposite, he much surprised his servant by driving up all manner of possible streets, and sometimes into alleys that could not boast of thoroughfares. At length he became totally unconscious of his whereabouts, and upon applying to his tiger for information, he also affected not to know; so Sir Edward got into the first hackney-coach that offered itself, and telling the lad to find his way home with the cabriolet in the best manner he could, ordered himself to be driven to Clement's Inn.

London is certainly the most convenient place in the world to get into every possibility of scrape. The opportunities that it offers for ruin are as innumerable as the temptations to them are inexhaustible. But there is this redeeming point in its favour, that if a remedy for an evil, or an alleviation to a misfortune exist, the Leviathan city can produce it. In it, the greatest and rarest curiosities may be found. We do not wish to stretch the reader's faith beyond the bounds of credulity; but we do assure him, that in London the singular phenomenon may be discovered of at least two, or very probably three, *honest* lawyers.

We beg to be understood as not using this as a common-place sarcasm We mean the word honest to be understood thoroughly in the moral and christian sense. 'Till some great reformation takes place in society, if a lawyer perform all that his profession and connexion requires of him, he cannot be morally, though he be very legally, an honest man. The fault is not his, but the constitution of the elements of the refinement in which he exists. If lawyers were strictly honest, and rigidly refused to lend themselves to anything that swerved in the least from right, it is evident that there could be no litigation; and if there were not litigation, there could be no need of lawyers, excepting to act as stewards and trustees.

We will not further pursue this invidious subject, but merely repeat that there are two or three thoroughly honest lawyers in London—men whom no consideration could induce to defend a bad cause, or to uphold a good one by bad means. Of course, these are the outcasts and the pariahs of the profession. They are not smiled upon by counsel, nor are their names strongly accentuated by the judges as respectable; they come not to their offices in phaetons, they have no suburban villa, nor have they lady-like wives and insolent offspring residing in squares at the west-end.

But why need we occupy so much time about a few miserables, that have neither the spirit to get rich like their brethren, nor to commit suicide in order to remove opprobrium from an *honourable* profession! We have only to do with one of them, on whom Sir Edward Fortintower happened one day to stumble by a strange accident. They fell into friendship on the spot, and the sentiment remained in full force for ever after.

Josiah Singleheart occupied the first floor, the attics, and the kitchen, at a cheesemonger's in Gray's Inn Lane. The first floor front was his office in the daytime, and his drawing-room after the hours of business; it answered the double purpose extremely well. We shall not expose the other arrangements, of his humble economy. We shall merely state that he was very happy in an amiable and very pretty wife, and two young daughters. The few who knew, loved him; and as he never was known to permit a client of his to bring an action, and that he hardly ever suffered him to defend one, his business in the courts was all but nominal. His principal sources of emolument consisted in being the town agent for gentlemen residing in the country, in adjusting differences, and committing as many legal suicides as he could, by preventing people from going to law.

The meeting between Sir Edward Fortintower and Mr Singleheart was like the mingling of two beams of sunshine. After all the most friendly inquiries had been made and answered, the cheerfulness gradually disappeared from Sir Edward's countenance, and his friend was not slow in remarking it An unrestricted communication of all his fears was soon made by Sir Edward, and, as he proceeded, it was very easy to discern, by

the countenance of his friend, what that astute lawyer thought of his situation.

When the conference was ended, Mr. Singleheart bade Edward hope nothing, and to fear for everything. He advised him, as an honourable man, himself to set about inquiring if any person better entitled to his fortune were in existence, and if such were the case, to resign it without a struggle.

"You will then, my young friend," he continued, "be thrown on your own resources, and they are neither few nor mean. You have now an opportunity of proving yourself intrinsically great; and though it is hardly probable that you will ever acquire so much wealth as you must resign, more than sufficient for any laudable ambition I am sure you may easily obtain. With your permission, I will immediately and kindly set about the inquiry that is to disinherit you, and thus we shall forestal Mr. Scrivener, deprive him of some thousands of pounds of nefarious costs, and prove you to the world, what I have always known you to be, a right-hearted and an honest man."

Sir Edward smiled faintly at this bold and eager compliment, and his heart acknowledged it with a cold shiver.

"If," observed Singleheart, "you receive a letter from me, telling you to prepare for the worst, of course you will immediately reduce your establishment, advertise for sale all property strictly your own, such as horses, carriages, household furniture, and go immediately into lodgings. You will feel a real glow of virtuous satisfaction at making these sacrifices."

His friend gave a very mournful assent.

"As to your accepting the Chiltern Hundreds, I would hardly advise that, although it ought seriously to be thought of; but I rather think, for your country's sake, that you should keep your seat till a dissolution, and merely for this reason—I do not think that it could be supplied with a person of more talents—with an honester one I know that it could not. So I incline to permit you to retain your seat." (The good man had already begun to patronize.)—"And while you retain your seat, you may retain your title also. But what you'll do when you are no longer an M.P., the Lord only, in his goodness, knows. Then you must lay down

your title of course; a baronet, with five hundred a year only, is ridiculous. Perhaps your fortunate cousin might be prevailed upon to induct you into one of the family livings; or, if now you had qualified yourself for a parson, you might present yourself,—for I believe the terms of your grandfather's will expressly secure you from all annoyance as regards arrears, restorations, &c. What do you think of going into holy orders?"

"I have no call," said the comforted one in the most uncomfortable tone imaginable.

"Well, what say you to the law? you are yet very young. I am most anxious to give you consolation. I'll take you as my articled clerk, without a premium. Now that 's an offer not to be too readily slighted."

"It is not indeed;—your articled clerk?"

"Exactly. Not that I think you'll succeed in the law any more than I have done, but it will well fit you for other things; besides, when you are dispossessed, you may get the stewardship of what are now your own estates; the man who supplants you can hardly refuse you that, if you don't litigate."

"A very reviving prospect," said Sir Edward. "But what becomes of yourself, if I displace you in this stewardship, which you have filled for me with so much honesty and ability?"

"Oh, never mind me! I have long been used to battle with the world. My articled clerk, and a candidate for the stewardship! Good! I see no great cause for depression of spirits. So go home, my poor young friend, and make yourself very happy."

"Well, Josiah," said Sir Edward, smiling, "I believe you to be the honestest man living, and a very clever one withal; but for a comforter—well, well, it is a great mercy that you are not the ordinary of Newgate. Now set about it with all the activity you can boast of, to oust me from my estates."

"I want no spur, Sir Edward, to urge me on to a good deed."

"Exactly, I know it; and when I am your articled clerk——"

"We will be as merry and as happy as—"

"As?"

"As are those men who are honestly and industri-

ously acquiring wealth are more happy than they who are spending it foolishly, or hoarding it avariciously!"

They paused, and widely different were the reflections of the two friends. The honest attorney was feasting his imagination with what a beautiful picture of heroism and grandeur Sir Edward would exhibit as his articled clerk; whilst the latter was shuddering at the prospect before him, and skulking along the streets with his hat over his eyes to avoid being recognised, resolving to do right, yet agonizingly conscious of the bitterness of the sacrifice.

At this very time, Miss Scrivener, with her plump, Hebe-like, yet simple countenance, now mantling with the smile of mere physical beauty, and now with a most envious look of self-awakened intelligence, was listening to the mild voice and gentle protestations of Miss Truepenny, as she was now urging forward some delicate labour of elegant ingenuity for the wasting of time.

Of the two ladies, at the first view, the preference of beauty would be given decidedly to Miss Scrivener. Her complexion was more fair, her colour more brilliant, the contour of her face more rounded; and nothing could surpass the soft richness of her flaxen hair, the profusion of which even art had failed to twist into method, and which was thus the more beautiful, as it was the more rebellious. Her unfashionable earnestness, her too ready blush, her too often causeless smile, and her sudden pout, mingled up with what she supposed to be the exclusive refinement of manners, gave to this young lady—to those who did not require much elevation of mind or acuteness of intellect—a charm that was really bewitching.

Their conversation proceeded nearly in the following strain,—whilst Miss Morrison sat grandly, and knowing that she made a superb picture whilst so sitting, at a distance, so as not to seem to be one of the party, yet carefully collecting and treasuring up every word that fell from either lady—

"Well, Ann, dear," said Miss Scrivener, bridling up, "sympathies are born in heaven to be made use of on earth, and, and as my Molly says——"

"Her Molly!" said Miss Morrison, from her retreat,

in a subdued yet distinct voice, whilst she remained apparently inanimate as a statue.

"Yes, madam, my Molly—my *femme de chamb*, madam, what papa has allowed me all to myself these two years, wages no object, Ann, dear;—but what was I saying?"

"That sympathies were too often born in heaven but to perish on earth."

"Did I say just so? but that's not exactly what I mean;—as Molly says, kissing goes by favour; and intelligent minds, therefore, have highly discriminating faculties. You see that, Ann, dear?"

"Not exactly."

"There now, said the lady, pouting; "whenever I talk my best, people won't understand me; and when I talk vulgar, they laugh at me. All I know is this—I mean to say that the course of true love never does run smooth; and that's no quotation, I'm sure: for I would not have you think, Ann, dear, that I am so unfashionable as to deal in such silly inventions."

"Well, what is a quotation?"

"As if I didn't know! But I am always vexed when people ask questions." And then she thrust her little foot forward pettishly, displaying a very finely-turned ankle, that would have insured a fortune upon the stage. "For what *are* questions, Ann, dear, but indications of curiosity, or of the want of information, too often unsatisfactory to answer, and puzzling when answered."

"Puzzling to answer, and unsatisfactory when answered!"

"Well, well, don't take one up so—it's all one, isn't it? Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no stories. But what will you do, now Sir Edward is ruined?"

At this abrupt interrogatory, Miss Morrison, to use an expression that would have been perfectly intelligible to Miss Scrivener, "pricked up her ears," but did it in a perfectly graceful and lady-like manner; whilst Miss Truepenny, despite of her habitual self-command, for a moment turned absolutely pale, whilst she thus replied: "Questions! Indeed, Miss Scrivener, you ask me a tremendous one; but I am happy that I have no occasion to answer it; for ruined I believe him not to be."

"But he is though, for it has been in the papers these three weeks."

"God forbid!"

"But it 's too late," said Miss Scrivener, with childish irritability. "And papa says it 's all true, and parental authority must always be sacred to filial contumeliosity. I have been taught my duty, to honour my father and my mother, and all that—which you will find in the catechism, and when papa says that Sir Edward Fortintower is a titled beggar, I am too good a Christian not to believe it."

"And wish it?" said Miss Morrison from her retreat.

"Oh lud no! Now I say, God forbid! Why, I love the tip of his little finger better—hum;—I mean that, in confiding hearts, a reciprocity of affection circumstances may blight, but time cannot—lit—litter—litigate—no, that 's papa's word—Ann, dear, what is it that time cannot do when circumstances may blight?"

"Indeed I do not know, unless you mean obliterate."

"Well, and that is the word after all; I am sure I ought to know it, for it is one upon which my master of elocution insists a great deal."

"Her master of elocution!" echoed the dignified and matured beauty who was still addressed as Miss Morrison.

"And why not?" replied Miss Scrivener, lowering her voice. "Your friend, or your governess—"

"My friend, Miss Scrivener," said Miss Truepenny.

"Well, then, your friend ices me all over with her stately look and maid-of honour-curtseys. I cannot come and have a little comfortable confab over the ruin of your sweetheart and mine—"

"Yours—yours! Miss Scrivener, did you say yours?"

"To be sure I did, and why not? Sir Edward came a courting to me, long before the grand match that is to bring into life again the Fortintower peerage, and which will never take place, was ever thought of."

"Sir Edward Fortintower came a courting to you?"

"Yes, miss; but perhaps the words are not fashionable enough. He paid me those delicate attentions which are not so decided as they ought to be, nor yet so vague as not to be understood. Father said he had gone so far that it was shabby in him to back out."

"Pray, Miss Scrivener, may I beg of you to tell me how far he did go?—not, of course, if it should give you any pain."

"Oh, he went very far indeed; and as to the pain, why the mind that cannot endure affliction, and smile at agony for a beloved object, is—is—but we two understand all that; but Sir Edward went very far indeed--so far that I am ashamed to tell you—so far as to take innocent liberties with me—there now!"

At this point of the conversation there was a noise of the rustling of much silk; it was merely Miss Morrison drawing herself up to a proper and dignified height.

"This is extremely wonderful, Miss Scrivener; I hardly know what to say to you, or to understand how any gentleman could take any liberties with an unmarried lady, and they should be pronounced to be innocent."

"I have several good long sentences about that, which would prove your ignorance, Ann, dear; and there is one in particular beginning, 'The kiss that is consecrated by a virtuous affection comes like the blest dews of heaven;' but ah! I forget the rest;—but it never came to kissing between Sir Edward and me."

"That I could have almost answered for," said Miss Truepenny, brightening up, and looking radiant through her air of assumed indifference.

"Not so fast, not so fast, miss, as the old woman said to the pigs; I mean, begging your pardon, that to anticipate in conversation is neither safe to oneself, nor polite to the speaker."

"I am corrected, Miss Scrivener. Pray take your own time, and proceed."

"Though it never came to kissing, it was much worse than that, and not half, or a quarter, or half a quarter so pleasant. What do you think, Ann, dear?" And at length venturing a look at the stately Miss Morrison—"What do you think, Madam?—he actually chucked me under the chin—there now—there!"

"That was a very great liberty indeed."

"But what followed was much worse. Papa did not think so much of chucking under the chin as I did, but he valued the words more; he said they would have weight in a court of justice—*verba scripta*—that is, words spoken, Miss Truepenny, as distinguished from words

written. After he chucked me under the chin, he called me a pretty simpleton—words of endearment, as papa says, and certainly implying intentions from which no honourable man ought to swerve."

"It was wrong on the part of Sir Edward."

At this ill-considered remark, the spoilt beauty became very angry, and was continuing to insist, in a very impassioned strain, and much to the discomposure of Miss Morrison, that there was no wrong in it,—when the subject of dispute was announced, and immediately afterwards made his appearance.

CHAPTER X.

Interruptions—A long lesson on magnanimity—A race between worldly interest and high principle; for once high principle wins; upon which ensue high resolves, and, singularly enough, they are acted up to—Such things sometimes happen in novels.

HAD Sir Edward gloried in causing a sensation by his sudden entrance, he would have been highly gratified. In the first place, Miss Morrison put by her frivolous occupation of stringing glass beads, and opened a respectably sized volume, that by its appearance no one could possibly take for a novel, and was soon intensely occupied in taking notes. The affianced lady received him with an ill-acted equanimity, and the lady who wished him her affianced did not affect equanimity at all. Poor Miss Scrivener blushed and laughed, and almost cried, and all at the wrong times, and talked incessantly, so that it was scarcely possible for the lovers to interchange a word. She was most bountiful in the figure of speech inuendo, and gave by its latitude all present fully to understand that she would take Sir Edward without a farthing, and that she was not very much grieved that she had the opportunity of thus proving the disinterestedness of her attachment.

Notwithstanding her agitation, she had sufficient sense to perceive that her presence threw a restraint on all parties present; so, requesting her carriage might draw up, she departed with so much confusion of manner,

that she trod upon Miss Morrison's spaniel, overturned a small or-molu table of follies, and finally made her exit with a boisterous laugh, in order that she might cry alone in her carriage as if her little heart were breaking.

After the servants had restored order, and Miss Morrison had soothed the yelping spaniel into silent sullenness, she wrote on a slip of paper "We cut Miss Scrivener," and folding it up, she handed it with a sugared smile to Miss Truepenny. She then appeared to resume her studies; thus leaving the two lovers to a *tête-à-tête*, of which they hardly knew how to avail themselves.

However, Sir Edward soon felt much of that composure which at first he only affected. There is something soothing to our self-love to boast of our misfortunes, and to be eloquent upon our own miseries, when we have no great fault with which to reproach ourselves—and even when we have. First with a faltering, then with a firm voice, he recounted all the numerous probabilities that were arrayed against him—made his tortured listener fully understand the nature of the will, and the affinity of the new claimant to both of them

Poor Ann Truepenny, turning her face studiously from Miss Morrison during this narration, wept quietly, yet unceasingly and bitterly. Three times did her chaperone rise and offer her arm to lead her away, and so many times did Ann refuse the assistance with a petulance of manner never before observed in her. But yet she spoke not, nor took the handkerchief from her face that concealed her emotion; but every time that Sir Edward asked her if he should proceed, she gently bowed to him an assent.

When he had told all—and we must do him the credit to say he told it quietly and without exaggeration, yet with that decent concern that evinced how bitterly he felt the blow—there ensued a long and a distressing pause. As yet Ann Truepenny had not spoken—her agitation was too great for words. Still partially concealing her countenance, she wrote on the back of a card a request to Miss Morrison that she and her lover might be left to themselves.

The lady's answer was conveyed in writing also, and was to this effect:—"Rally yourself, my dear, and take

care you do not commit yourself, or make any promise. Until you have heard from your grandfather, you must *cut* Sir Edward also. Make the interview as short as possible."

The lovers are alone. The lady is still weeping, and her face is still veiled from his. In this state of silence and suspense, innumerable are the cruel fancies that torture his bosom. Weeps she for him, or for herself? He no longer dares claim her as his bride, yet it would be agony to him should she resign him. Perhaps even now she has come to the stinging resolve. Does she weep for the lost peerage? Are her's the tears of defeated ambition? And then he is insensibly led into that speculation so cruel and common to the miserable, "What is man?" How can he be separated from his adjuncts? Are not his advantages, though acquired by accident, as much a part of him as his temper, or the members of his body? Then comes over him the painful consciousness of a changed identity. He feels that he is no longer the gay, the gallant, the rich, the courted Sir Edward Fortintower, the meet bridegroom of the heiress of the accumulated wealth of generations. He feels all this acutely, and humbles himself almost to baseness.

She, the idol of his heart, weeps on. At last he grows desperate, and whilst a tear that he deems unmanly quivers in his eyes, and his lips tremble with emotion, he falters forth, "Dear Ann—Ann—Miss Truepenny, speak to me."

Thrice she makes an effort to speak, but it only makes her sobbing the more convulsive; and then she stretches forth her left hand, the right still concealing her countenance with the handkerchief now completely saturated with her tears, and points to Miss Morrison's card upon the table.

He manfully resists the impulse to seize the outstretched hand, and act the lover upon it; but he remembers that her next word may disunite them for ever, and instead of the fair and jewelled hand that lies so invitingly before him, he takes hold only of the card bearing the stern injunction that he must be *cut*.

"It is just, it is most just," said Sir Edward, mournfully; "and yet, Ann, I would not so part with you;

but to what end should I ask you for speech—for words of pity, of condolence, of tenderness? God of mercy! to what end? I thank you for these tears. But let me not leave you unseen—give me but one look at parting, and I will bear my anguish as I may!"

She pronounced the word "Edward!" and slowly uncovered her face; and then turned upon him a smile so tender, so heavenly, so expressive of all love, all constancy, and all trustingness, that he was firmly transfixed with astonishment, and exclaimed, clasping his hands upon his bosom, "How beautiful! my God, how very, very beautiful!"

So great is the triumph of expression—of that deep and pure feeling of love that springs from one soul, and appeals confidently to another. But she had not wept with impunity; yet her smile of love had redeemed, had improved, had embellished her countenance, in spite of the traces of her tears, into something that we conceive of the beauty of the immortals.

"Now," said he, passionately, "I will speak, and be no more silenced. I considered your tears as peace-offerings to my wounded vanity—to my crushed heart,—as so many hymns and flowers that accompany the victim to destruction; I now hold them as nobler pledges—pledges of a love as pure and as unalterable as my own. Do I speak rightly, truly, my beloved Ann?"

For all answer, the smile grew, if possible, more intense. Edward was carried away by his rapture, not only from himself, but from his high principle, for he continued thus—"I will not lose you—by heavens, I will not! The wishes of your ancestors shall be completed You shall shine the most beautiful among the beautiful peeresses of the realm—you shall outshine all in the display of a magnificence that is worthy only of you. If to build temples to your honour, if to consecrate groves to your beauty, will make you happier, it shall be done—and what may not our united wealth perform? Do you think that I will resign all this triumph, all this glory, to some mean, uneducated, base, upstart pretender? I will litigate his claim whilst there is a fraction of law to be purchased. No, no, I cannot resign so much perfection—so much happiness; I will employ the most skilful counsel—the most wily attorneys. A

dastard and a reptile should I be to permit——My God! what have I said? what have I done? Why are you thus breaking your heart and mine? This passion of grief will kill you. Let me look again upon your beautiful countenance—again be animated, reassured with your beautiful smile. Judge me not harshly."

"I dare not judge you at all."

"If you say so, you have judged me, and found me wanting."

"But a little while ago, and it would have given me the greatest pain to have released you from your engagement; and had you remained firm, nothing on earth would have shaken my fidelity to you. I wept for you, and not for myself. You are, and I have not blamed you for it, something too much attached to the glorious circumstances of station and wealth. I wept at the misery that the loss of them must cause you; and when you told me that they were all lost, I had already determined to indemnify you by giving you myself and all my wealth; and when you heroically made known your determination to abandon your claim if one more rightful was advanced against you, I gloried in my resolve Edward, if you litigate this question against the right, and against your own conscience,—I say not to you that I cast you from me—I am still your bride, and as such may I be strengthened to alleviate in your bosom the inevitable and almost intolerable sense of guiltiness that must be your lot,—but of how much felicity will you deprive me! My misery and my happiness are before you. I said I dared not judge you—I dared not—judge for yourself. How inexpressibly blessed should I be to meet you at the altar as the impoverished Sir Edward Fortintower! but as the dishonoured withholder of the wealth of another, could you meet me?"

"I could not."

"That was nobly said Go, and at once. Do rightly. Remember there is one that demands your care—perhaps deserves your affection."

"Who, who, my beloved—who?"

"Your newly-discovered relative. Guard him from the sharpers that will surround him—let him not be the easy prey of the spoiler. Assure yourself of his right,

and be then, in all things, Sir Edward Fortintower—be my Edward."

"I will, by heavens! What a villian I had almost been!"

It is unnecessary, after this, to record how the lovers parted.

CHAPTER XI.

On board the Glory again—The marine officer's yarn—Amiable interruptions—The skipper plays expositor—How to go in chase of your nose, and to recover it.—An excellent and pleasant moral may be extracted from a very bad and unpleasant dream.

"Now for your story," said Captain Firebrass, with all that pawky amiability of look that characterises a mastiff which is expecting a bone.

This was addressed to Captain Curtois of the Royal Marines, a gentleman most eminent for the figure of speech known by the name of "amplification." Happy and thrice happy were the captain's guests when the amphibious warrior commenced his prolonged tale of wonder. The host could not, from his sense of politeness, sleep, and the story would not finish, therefore the wine was necessarily expedited in its revolutions, in order to drive away the insidious approaches of slumber. Thus his narrations never failed to produce excitement; and however stale was his story, before it was finished his listeners always became fresh.

The power of producing sleep by either an oral narrator or wordy author, is a gift that has been too much and too unjustly derided. Narcotics are among the most valuable of our medicines, and the drug that operates at once upon the mind, without nauseating the taste, or by its deleterious nature in uring the coats of the stomach, cannot be too highly extolled.

There is much art needful to send a reader judiciously to sleep. We think that "naval novels," as they are called, excel in this quality, and we have the vanity to believe that our own are not deficient in it. All that we can say is, that we have done our best, and that we, unlike those other physicians who work by draughts and

pills, have not the least objection to our own medicines. Whenever we feel restless, we immediately have recourse to those best of opiates, our own productions; and they never fail in their operations. Can many M.D.'s or fashionable authors say so much? We opine not.

We were nearly asleep ourselves, as we penned this digression—not from the dull nature of the digression itself, but from our memory reverting to the long dull story by which the marine captain extorted from the naval captain a double allowance of wine for himself and brother guests. At length he got so intolerably prosy, that the not unwilling hand was scarcely able to convey to the very willing lips the rapidly circulating glass; it became a matter of the nicest speculation whether the listeners would be asleep or drunk first, when Captain Firebrass, no longer able to bear this tantilization, exclaimed, "By all the nightmares that Old Nick ever laid upon indigestion, Captain Curtois, are you going to send us to sleep for an eternity? Sing it, man, sing it to a lively tune—the more Irish the better; and that, with brandy in our claret, may help us to see an end of this yarn."

Nothing daunted by this apostrophe of Captain Firebrass, the marine officer, draining his bumper, thus continued:

"Don't be annoyed, gentlemen, don't be annoyed—I am going to sleep myself. As I before told you, the day had been extremely sultry; we had all been excessively wearied, and the wild hog and the guanna, upon which we had made our evening's and our only repast, had been but very indifferently broiled. The water which we could procure in these leafy solitudes—in these umbrageous wilds—in this primeval forest—"

"Holloa, there! vast heaving! what ship? Never heard o' these afore," said the straight-forward master.

"A little poetical or so," said Captain Firebrass, kindly and patronizingly. "Our good friend amplifies. Marine officers read novels, and they pick up in them vessels with strange names, that were never launched from his majesty's dock-yards. He only means that the water was brackish in the jungle in the swamp."

"My duty to you, Captain Firebrass," said the master, swigging off at a draught his tumbler of half-and-half—

(he had preferred grog to the various wines)—"my service to you, sir—I am much obliged to you. I understand now."

The skipper was very much flattered: it is so pleasant to instruct, and to shew ourselves capable of instructing. He smiled graciously upon the master, and, for the first time during the story, nodded kindly to Captain Curtois, and requested him to proceed, keeping a sharp look-out for the oratorical flourishes of the narrator, that he might perform the office of running illustrator.

"The water was not only saturated with saline particles, but was also impregnated with marsh miasmata"

Here Captain Firebrass again whispered to the master, who really seemed all abroad, and fairly taken aback, "The water stunk, and was brackish—nothing else, I assure you."

Captain Firebrass was no longer sleepy, but took a great interest in the story.

"Consequently, gentlemen," continued the story-teller, "you must not be surprised that we drank our grog strong—intensely strong, Mr. Trestletree."

Mr. Trestletree smacked his lips and emptied his tumbler.

"Although it was composed only of that devil's distillation, aquadente."

"Beg pardon for coming athwart hause," interrupted the master, "but I hasn't enough gumption to diskiver it." And he illustrated the speech by the act. "You *make* grog—I appeals to Captain Firebrass—and grog *composes* you—that is to say, when you've got enough of it."

"Ah!" said the purser, with a look of profundity, "this is a very nice question, and not to be dismissed too hastily. Nautically speaking, grog can neither be composed nor made—it is mixed. Were I to tell my steward and the petty officers to make their grog, it is a matter of doubt whether they would not drink the beverage when made—but when I say, mix the grog, I speak nautically, perspicuously, and conformably to the rules and regulations of his majesty's service; so pray, Captain Curtois, proceed, and say 'Although it was mixed only with that devil's distillation, aquadente.'"

"Although it was mixed only with that devil's distil-

lation, aquadente, we took care that the alcohol should predominate over the aqueous fluid."

Captain Firebrass graciously interpreted. He was never in a better humour in his life.

"The consequence of this feast of wild hog half broiled, and green lizard half roasted, with the thermometer above ninety, and grog that contained no more water than was sufficient to christen it, was, that all of us lay the foundation of as complete an indigestion—"

"As ever alderman suffered after a civic feast," said Captain Firebrass, eagerly snatching up the thread of the story.

"I beg your pardon, Captain Firebrass; I was not going to say anything like it. I was going to say, an indigestion as complete as is experienced by the top-sail halyards' fly-block with a man's arm jammed in it; or as is suffered by a poor fellow when he finds the best part of his story taken out of his mouth."

Captain Firebrass began to look ferocious, drank two glasses of claret in rapid succession, and finished, in pure absence of mind, by tossing off the master's newly-filled tumbler of half-and-half.

"Well, gentleman, my Indian platt hammock, was suspended between two trees, and, jumping into it with all my clothes on, I swang like a lemon in a net, and prepared to go to sleep. Gentlemen, I will not inflict upon you anything in the shape of romance, nor waste your time and mine in describing the awful stillness of the forest, the picturesque appearance of our Indians, or the brilliancy of the stars that hung above me. Those stars I should have been most happy to have regarded, but the sand-flies and the musquitoes laboured so laudably in their vocation, that I was obliged to have my face entirely, though not closely, covered up.

"Well, in this wild solitude I fell asleep—for sleep I suppose I must call it: for, for some time I was in that dreamy consciousness of comfort and rest that is so delightful. In time, however, I began to feel restless, and to believe that all manner of reptiles, with which the bay of Honduras abounds, began to climb over me and press me down in my hammock. This did not very much alarm me; for I said to myself. I know I am asleep, and I am only paying the penalty of a very venial

excess of broiled wild-hog, half roasted lizard, and fiery grog. Well, my tormenters seemed to multiply, and grew more troublesome and mischievous; but I still consoled myself with the idea that I was fast asleep. At length, one imp more audacious than the rest squatted itself heavily on my breast-bone, and thrusting its paw into a pouch of its horrible skin, drew out a tobacco box, and taking a quid, after some of the most diabolical grimaces that the imagination can conceive in chewing it, the devilskin very composedly squirted his filthy saliva into my face, which saliva seemed to scorch me like molten lead. At first I was angry, but endeavoured again to console myself, by whispering, for I could not speak up, 'Never mind, it won't last long—I am only asleep. This is nothing but an attack of incubus.'"

"He means nothing but the nightmare," whispered Captain Firebrass, looking sagaciously around, and recovering his good humour.

"'You lie!' said my friend on my chest, 'you are not asleep, but you ought to be. Here, Cacofogo—here, Demodonderpate—rock the gentleman to sleep!' Upon this, two of the ugliest and wickedest looking of baboons commenced see-sawing me in my hammock, the monster on my breast all the time enjoying the ride amazingly. The motion began to make me sick, and I again attempted to plunge.

"'Be quiet, drat thee—wilt thee?' said the hypergriffen upon me, tweaking me by the nose in order to make me lie still—when, to my horror, my nasal ornament came off in his fingers! 'Well,' said the malicious imp, 'this comes of handling marine officers' noses. Curse them, they are always rotten!'

"'If I stand this,' said I, 'my name is not Captain Joshua Curtois. Give me my nose, you vagabond'

"'See you d——d first!'

"Well, up I sprang, and away went the demon, right aloft into the tree. I seized hold of the bough to which the head of my hammock was suspended, and, making but one bound on it, gave chase for my nose. It was a great stake, and I made such exertions, and displayed an activity so superhuman, that all who saw me were electrified. I soon got near my pursuit, which then, to avoid my just anger, had changed itself into the likeness

of the boatswain, who then appeared to be fast asleep in a fork of the tree, with his left arm lashed round one of the branches with his handkerchief, to prevent him from falling. But I was not to be deceived by the metamorphose." (Here the skipper explained.) "'My nose, scoundrel thief, my nose!' I roared, hitting the demon an orthodox punch in the face.

"'What have I got to do with your nose, and be cursed to you?' said the sprite.

"'I saw you put it in your jacket pocket,' said I; and sure enough there it was. So I whipped it out—got back to my hammock in a trice, and when I again lay down I fitted on the feature comfortably at my ease, and with the most complete success, and then fell asleep, and did not awake until the sun was very hot, the next morning, and then I found the first lieutenant of the ship, who was in command of the party, and the boatswain alongside of me, the latter, with a bitter complaint of my having, in the night, climbed up, quite drunk, to his roost, violently assaulted him, and robbed him of a ball of spunyarn. This I vehemently denied, and swore that I had never moved from my hammock, and had slept soundly all night. However, my astonishment became extreme when I found my face in close contact with the lost ball of spunyarn, and all besmeared with tar; and I was still more bewildered when several of the seamen deposed to my pranks in the tree; and it was not until some hours after that my detestable dream recurred to me by slow degrees.

"You look incredulous, gentlemen; but what I have told you is, I assure you, true; and yet, Captain Firebrass, I do not believe that I was so drunk as poor John Truepenny, whom you have determined to flog."

"How do you account for your insane behaviour, Captain Curtois?" said Firebrass, rather too moodily for the hopes of mercy that the narrator had entertained.

"Merely an attack of incubus, terminated by an acce s of somnambulation, brought on by intemperance and indigestion."

Captain Firebrass graciously explained, and the act brought him to the confines of good humour. Coffee was ordered, and as the officers were about to retire, he said, not very ill-temperedly, "Captain Curtois, I

shall think a little of your rigmarole story, and see what I can extract from it to benefit this fellow Truepenny."

So far was well, but the impervious ignorance of the master spoiled all. To flatter well is not the task of a fool.

"I beg your pardon," said this officer, "but, sir, I could not go without thanking you, sir, for your kindness, Captain Firebrass. Out of seamanship, sir, I am not very book-learned; but a seaman's duty ashore and afloat—but this is neither here nor there—all I mean to say is, that if it hadn't a been for you, Captain Firebrass, the story would have been like a foul hause to me—neither beginning, middle, nor end, and all mixed up together like. Without you, Captain Firebrass, the yarn would have been good for nothing—as it was, you were the flower, and the fruit of the story too."

"No, no!" said Firebrass, in the best of humour; "no, no, you are too flattering—I am only a commentator."

"There now," said the master, uplifting his hands, turning to his brother officers, and exclaiming in an aside that might be heard alongside—"That 's what I calls true modesty! Captain Firebrass says he 's only a common tatur. Well, well, I 'll never stand that—*common* tatur indeed! I 'll always stick up for it, that he is a kidney at least."

The guests got out of the cabin as well as they could, the skipper looking thunder-clouds. He resolved to flog John Truepenny the next day.

CHAPTER. XII.

The laws of gallantry as respects our gallant tars—The bum-boat woman and her daughter, and love in a bum-boat—A lower-deck romance—Jack in trouble with two comforters—A touch of the heroic very vulgarly touched upon—Specimens of nautical orations, in which delicacy is a little sacrificed to vigour—All hands turned up to see the sea captain turn over the leaves of the articles of war.

The scene must still be laid on board of the Old Glory, though there is little that is glorious to behold in it.

Just before noon, the hands were turned up for punishment. Silently and sorrowfully, though not slowly, the men congregated on the main-deck. They are not permitted to move slowly even to witness the torture of a shipmate, messmate, or perhaps brother. We said *are* not—it may now be changed and we hope it is. But, at that time, the boatswain with his cane, and his mates with their coalts, had a very summary method of expediting the movements of the crews of his majesty's ships. We know that they generally exercised this power with humanity, and the seamen, knowing that this power could, and if occasion required it would, be exercised, were correspondingly alert.

The bluejackets clustered eagerly and anxiously towards where the gratings were rigged, for poor Jack was a prime and especial favourite with every man among them. We have stated that he had been some few times flogged before, and that, nautically speaking, he had deserved it. But we must state, in justice to Jack, that he had never been punished for crime, or for neglect of duty, but only for those offences that arise from intemperance. He had always received the lash with Spartan fortitude, subduing all expression of feeling, even to the quivering of his muscles. The amateurs in this sort of punishment—we do not mean the recipients, but the inflicters and the privileged witnesses of it—looked upon this display as a high treat; and Jack's own equals and his subordinates—for, being a petty officer, he had his subordinates—were eager to witness this torture, as they regarded his unflinching conduct as a sort of triumph over the cruelty that ordered it; and they admired it the more, because it displayed a heroism of which so few of them could boast.

But there was another cause that made the excitement of this intended punishment the more intense—a cause not quite so honourable to Jack as we could wish. It was rumoured that, for the first time in his life, he had shewn a little want of game, and it was feared that when tied up he would shew this want still more.

There was some foundation for this. The poor fellow's spirits had begun to give way. He had now been in irons nearly three days, with his grog stopped. The excitement of his deep and prolonged drunkenness

on pay-day had left him ill, with his whole system relaxed. He also, for the first time, felt that he was used unjustly; for he never could bring himself to acknowledge that he had been a willing assistant at the spoiliation of the ship's figure-head.

However, against all this he might, and perhaps would, have borne up manfully; but there was a woman in the case—nay, more—start not fair and gentle reader—there were two!

Polygamy in concubinage is not permitted on board of his majesty's vessels of war. The temporary *liaisons* of the sex with the tars is managed with all manner of decorum, and fidelity is the order of the day. If the affections of either party should wander, (and *égaremens de cœur* are but rare,) divorce is easily attainable, with but little loss of time, and with no expense.

It is not quite fair to John Truepenny to speak of his loves at the very time when he is going to be flogged, but we can't help it;—besides, we wish to put the ceremony off as long as we can.

We need not again describe Jack's appearance; if the reader be a lady, and she have forgotten it, she does not deserve to have so superb an image of mortality again offered to her mind's eye. All that we shall say in the way of repetition is, that Truepenny could be loved solely for himself; and with tongue and deed, and fists, would Mary Macannister affirm it.

Mary was formerly pretty Poll of the Point, but now she was Jack's Poll, and nobody else's. Poll was a grand specimen of female beauty. She was a Juno in figure and stature. With a profusion of dark-chesnut hair, deep-blue eyes, and an exquisite complexion, she wanted only education and refinement to have taken the lead of any woman in Hampshire. Though so strong, and formed upon so grand a scale, her skin was so peculiarly soft, white, and delicate, that no one felt inclined to pronounce her coarse. Except when her countenance was inflamed with passion, or flushed with gin, it was of a fascinating sweetness. So clear, and joyous, and innocent, was its expression, that when you regarded her features only, you would fancy, for a moment, that you were looking upon the face of a mere child.

So great were Poll's natural attractions, that very

many officers, and some of them of high rank, made the attempt to turn her into a lady, and appropriate her to themselves. All these endeavours failed. Without being more, or even so vicious as her sisterhood, she had an unconquerable passion for low life. The pleasures of good society were too tame for her; the rules of decorum, and the formalities of a refined civilization, were so many shackles upon her spirit. She loved noise, riot, and coarse excitement—red ribbons, and the sailor's hornpipe—three fiddlers in a coach—and was not averse to a little amiable blackguarding with another lady; and if finished by a little fistycuffing, the thing was not only more natural, but quite as agreeable. She was the only woman upon whom a black eye ever sat gracefully.

Such was Jack's Poll. Jack's Sue was altogether another being. She was a slight, sickly-looking girl of seventeen. She had fallen in love with Jack, and if ever poor thing was devoted to man, it was Susan Snowdrop. She was the only daughter of a bum-boat woman, who was reputed to be exceedingly rich; nor was the reputation a false one. She had educated Susan at a boarding-school in Chichester, the very best that the place afforded.

When Susan was about sixteen, her mother, not quite approving of her delicate, though then perfectly healthy appearance, and remarking that the sea air had always kept herself in robust health, made her over-educated daughter—over-educated, we mean, for the occupation—accompany her in her trips to the men-of-war, and assist in the multifarious business of bumming.

On one of these occasions she had overreached herself—the daughter we mean—and fell out of the bum-boat. The tide began making very free with her, and was taking her a little involuntary excursion to St. Helens, when John Truepenny kicked off his shoes, flung off his jacket, and kept her afloat until they were both picked up.

At first, Mrs. Snowdrop appeared to be grateful for the service; but when she found Susan so utterly lost to all sense of proper dignity as to be enamoured of a common sailor, she treated the poor fragile being with a harshness and a cruelty perfectly unnatural. Then began the romance of the story. In high life, or by a fashionable author, poor Sue's devotion would have been not

only heroic, but sublime. She began to write to Jack, who, not being very able to understand what she meant, read her letters to his Poll, who could not read at all. This gorgeous lady, who loved Jack sincerely, was at first very jealous. But this soon ceased, as Susan's fine phrases spoke of a virtuous devotion, disclaimed all sensual love, and at length made the cant of her platonism sufficiently intelligible—or at least Poll thought so—to make her believe her to be a fool, and that she had nothing to fear from her rivalry.

In the mean time Susan's situation hourly grew worse Her hard mother had recourse to stripes and the cellar The persecuted being then resolved to do what had often been before done—to assume the garb of a sailor, leave her maternal home for ever, and enter on board of the same ship as Jack served in. This was duly communicated to John, and he and Poll took counsel over it. To assist them in their deliberations, they called in one Giles Grimm, commonly called Grim Giles, from his age and exceeding ugliness. Grim was the oldest quartermaster in the ship, and had been a sort of dry nurse to Jack, receiving him into his mess and under his protection, when he came on board a little boy from the Marine Society. Luckily Jack and his protector had always been united in the various drafts that had transported them from ship to ship. It was at once decided that Miss Snowdrop was too delicate to assume the character of a sailor-boy. The resolution that the trio came to was singular, and the following were its results.

Poll went on shore, and contrived to get Miss Snowdrop away from her mother. She then took her to her lodgings, and swore the poor heart-broken child over the Bible and a broken ring, with many other ceremonies, that she would never be anything more to her Jack than what she had asked for in her letters—to be his servant, and only to live near him and look at him. Polly, not being able to read, had taken her expressions literally. Had she but read a few romances, she would have been more enlightened.

They then, the next day, got into a wherry with many other girls, and came alongside the Glory Thereupon old Giles Grim went aft to the first lieutenant, and asked leave to take his girl on board. Every one who

heard the request burst out laughing; but, as it was perfectly *en règle*, no objection was made, and Giles went down into the boat and brought up a small lady, who trembled excessively, and whose face was closely concealed in a black veil. Grim Giles behaved like a father to her, and gave up to her entirely his own hammock.

Poll took very good care of two things; first, that nothing improper should take place between the lovesick girl and her Jack; and, in the second, that Sue should, as she requested, serve Jack. She made Miss Snowdrop do all the labour of the mess, and played the protectress and fine lady with very becoming airs.

The story soon got wind; every one wondered, and no one on board uttered a single suspicion concerning Miss Snowdrop's reputation. It was not so on shore. Mrs. Snowdrop was very violent on the occasion. She said, very feelingly, "That she should not have been either vexed or surprised that her Sue should have turned out a loose hussey, like her mother before her;" (she was a candid woman that Mrs. Snowdrop;) "but what cut her to the heart was, her daughter taking up with a beggarly, tarry-breeched, common sailor: her girl, with the fortin she might have had, and the edication she had given her! As to the fortin, that should go to the charity-schools. Now, if Sue had companioned with an admiral, or even a post-captain, she would have thrown in a thousand or two to have set her going in style; but now she might be d——d, and die under ditchwater, for she should never touch a bad penny of her money."

Now all this was known in the fleet, and many were the honourable offers made to Susan by various officers. She was, however, true to her romance. This little affair had proceeded about three weeks, and had been not unpleasant to all parties. Miss Susan, with all her devotion to Jack, found the interest that she excited a very pleasant adulation; and Poll and Jack, and their messmates, had a glorious time of it; for what with Susan's money, and various presents that flowed in from all quarters, they all lived, to use a seaman's expression, like so many fighting cocks.

The first shock that Miss Snowdrop received, and the first doubts as to Jack's superiority to all living, were on his getting so beastly drunk on pay-day. But

this had not in the least diminished her love. She only reproached herself for not having taken better care of him. But she had been actually scared away and stupified by the horror of the drunken crew, and had concealed herself, as well as she could, from all observation.

Now, on the morning appointed for John Truepenny's punishment, seated between these two loves, his legs in the bilboes, he had occasion for more than a Job's patience.

Poll had a bottle of something comfortable under her dress, and was watching an opportunity to elude the vigilance of the sentry, in order to pour it down Jack's throat. In the mean time her tongue was not idle—not it. She was violently exhorting him to take his stripes like a man—to remember his former character, to smile if he could, and shew the rascal of a skipper how little he cared for him.

"Come, Jack, don't be spooney, and be d——d to you—look alive, man—it's nothing but a flea-bite! Why, there was Tom Tough, the little foretopman, a man as I consarted with for nine months on a stretch. 'Tom,' says I, 'you little varmint, if you don't take this here fly-flapping'—it was only six dozen, Jack—'like a die-hard, blowed if I don't pull round the buoy, and take up with Jemmy.' 'Well,' says he, 'sooner than that I'd take double.' 'Would you?' says I, 'then you are heart of oak to the back-bone.' And sure enough he did—never quivered the whole seventy-two lashes; and when he had taken 'em all, as quietly as the baby at the breast takes the milk, he ups and asks the skipper for another dozen—all to prove his love to his Poll. What d'ye think of that, Jack? 'Well,' says the skipper, says he, when he comes to know the right of it—'well,' says he, 'Thomas Tough,'—he always give his men their full allowance of name, *he* did—'the next time you're here—and it won't be long first—I'll take off a round dozen for that same;' and so says Tom, 'Your honour, I'm sorry as how I didn't ax ye for six dozen.' That's what I calls pluck. Why, Jack, what's come over ye?"

"I don't desarve this, Poll," said Jack, moodily; "and besides, I didn't use much to mind it as a lad; but, as a man, I think, to be stripped in that manner,

before all hands, ain't becoming and natral;" and he looked queerly, almost as if he had a mind to cry, at Sue, who was weeping over one of his hands that she held closely pressed to her lips. Both of his ladies were sitting on the deck, each on one side of him; for the bilboes or irons on board of a man-of-war are manacles for the legs that slip up and down a long bar of iron, and can only be worn sitting, or laying at full length.

In the short time that Susan Snowdrop had been on board, she had improved in looks wonderfully: the excitement of her strange and romantic situation had been of infinite service to her health, both of mind and body. Gradually, a respect for her, almost amounting to reverence, had grown upon John Truepenny; and, though he knew it not himself, his principal torture was the disgraceful light in which he conceived he must appear in her sight. He could not say with Macheath—

> "How happy could I be with either,
> Were t'other dear charmer away;"

for just then he was truly miserable with both, and could bear the company of neither.

At length, and after Polly had completely exhausted herself by loud and excessive talking, poor Susan, overcoming the passion of her tears so far as to enable her to speak, poured forth the torrent of her grief. It was distressing, and because it seemed to come from a broken heart, it was also a heart-breaking wail. Were it written, it would appear but little better than a maudlin, love-sick lamentation; but to have heard it come from the delicate thing that uttered it, every word tremulous with anguish, it seemed—nay, it was—the eloquence of pathos.

"John, dear—dear John, I cannot bear it: I can't indeed. My bosom seems bursting. It is better to die, John, believe me it is—I will die with you. As they take you to the horrid torture, plunge into the sea through the port. Your Susan will be with you—John, do it, for God's sake do it! I will be in your arms. Trust me—I have courage. Oh, how I should glory in such a death!"

All this was said in an energetic whisper, so that the

sentry might not overhear this suicidal advice. But Poll caught every word of it. At first she was utterly astonished; but having more than a woman's natural gift of speech, (Lord help John!) she started up on her knees, and placing her arms a-kimbo, and wagging her head from side to side, opened her battery.

"Hoity toity, and the devil claw your ugliness, Miss Susan Snowdrop. What do you mean, you undersized, pale-faced, minikin-moppet? You may die, and be d——d to you; but let me catch Jack dying, and by the holy poker I'll lead him such a life, that he shan't know whether his soul is his own or no. Out upon you, cream-faced hussey, to make a man that *is* a man, afeard to take a few paltry dozen *like* a man! A cursed ninny was I, Mary Macannister, to listen to your romantic titivally stuff about vartue, dewotion, and such d——d spoonery. Get down to the berth, you snivelling cow, and clean my shoes, and don't stay here piping your gooseberry eye to make a fool of Jack. Why, I'm an honest woman if Jack ain't a going to drop his jaw and man his eye-pumps. Oh, you Jezebel! you scum of a dirty bum-boat!"

At this moment, this sublime specimen of the vituperative was suddenly broken off by the hands being turned up for punishment, as we have before stated, and all the women in the ship being ordered below. John Truepenny had not uttered a word, and when the two females were actually torn from him, he appeared to be utterly passive. Poll was removed by force, cursing and swearing; but still her greatest anxiety was, that Jack should receive his punishment with an appearance of indifference that would uphold his former fame.

As to poor Susan, for the first time in her life, she threw her arms round Jack's neck, and kissed him passionately and long. Poll saw this just as two of the ship's corporals were forcing her down the hatchway. Vigorous was her plunge, and horrible her oath at this sight.

"Be pacified, Mary," sobbed out Susan. "It is the first time and the last."

What Poll answered was not distinctly heard, for there was a scuffle and a screaming as she was handed down into the lower deck.

The master-at-arms now took Truepenny out of irons,

and whilst this was going forward, Susan again tempted him to allow her the pleasure of dying with him, by jumping through the port-hole. Jack now spoke for the first time; and, with a look of drollery mingled with sadness, said:

"Why, I might as well; but what would Poll say? I should not have much objection to drown myself to obligate you, but then I shouldn't be flogged, you know, to obligate Poll. So, Miss Snowdrop, if it 's all the same to you, we 'll take the flogging first, and talk about the drowning afterwards."

"Before—before——"

But here the master-at-arms interfered, and respectfully intimated to Susan that she must now positively go below. She had been suffered to remain so long, only from the deference that was universally paid to her, on account of her correct behaviour and her romantic story. She walked forward in deep conversation with the master-at-arms, whilst, guarded by two marines, Jack was brought to the gangway.

As we have before stated, with a proper attention to John Truepenny's convenience, every thing had been duly prepared to give him a warm reception, and to do him honour. A double file of marines, with fixed bayonets, had been drawn up on the gangway: all the officers were assembled on the quarter-deck, wearing their cocked-hats and side-arms, and very conspicuously placed in the centre of them, stood Captain Firebrass, with the articles of war in his hand, and his hat most ominously slewed right athwart-ships over his fiery face. His mind was not entirely satisfied with the act he was going to perform; so, in order to drown reflection, he had very judiciously worked himself into a passion.

The last ineffectual pleadings for mercy for honest John had been sternly silenced. Firebrass came to the very edge of the quarter-deck, and from thence looked down wrathfully upon John Truepenny; who, uncovered, looked resignedly to his captain. The silence was so intense on board, that the low ripple of the tide was heard as it plashed under the bow, and gurgled past the ship. The officer and the seaman looked at each other for some time; at length, two big tears tumbled over from out Jack's eyes, and trickled down his very hand-

some face. The captain smiled scornfully. Jack brushed away those evidences of feeling with the sleeve of his jacket, with a hurried action of indignation, and looking proudly up, exclaimed:

"It is only the gals I'm thinking on, yer honour, not myself; you may now cut away and do your worst."

John then assumed a look so cold and rigid, that it would have drawn smiles of approbation from an assembly of Spartans.

It was usual, at least in our time, at every punishment at the gangway, to do what the Methodists would call "improve the occasion;" that is, sermonize, according to the captain's or commanding officer's talent at sermonizing. Sometimes this infliction was almost as bad as the stripes, even to the flogged; to all those who had not committed an offence it was intolerable. This speechifying was very similar to the good-humoured sport a cat takes with a mouse before she crunches up its poor little bones—a sport in which the pleasure is most unequally divided.

But most of these flagellation harangues began with one identical sentence: "My man"— or sometimes, if the skipper was remarkably polite—"My good man, do you know why you are brought here?" Various have been the answers.

"Not exactly," was the imprudent reply of John Truepenny. Captain Firebrass swore a terrible oath, boxed a midshipman's ear for craning his neck too much forward to observe what was going on, and finally opened the articles of war with an emphatic bustle that boded no good to our hero.

CHAPTER XIII

The miseries of suspense-mental not so soon over as suspense-cervical—A little touch of the classical produced by a contemplation of the bum-boat woman—Much excitement and anxiety—Change for a penny wanted—Captain Firebrass uncivil.

John is not yet flogged, but every appearance is strongly indicative that he will be shortly made happy by the

consciousness that it is all over. But, alas! there is many a slip between the cup and the lip. Excellent proverb! The temptation to preach upon it is almost equal to that of making a flagellation sermon. But we are possessed of no common forbearance. Let the prosy imitate us, and prose no more.

Whilst all these threatening proceedings were taking place on board of the Glory, the June sun was shining brilliantly; it was a cheerful breezy day, not too warm; for there was an exhilarating spirit in the air that made one feel that, wherever it is to be enjoyed and perfected, there is something immortal in the nature of man. It was such a day, that that person should have been flogged himself, who would think of spoiling it by flogging another in its benevolent and glorious sunshine.

On such a day, it was a surprise to nobody that many boats with pleasure-seeking parties should spread their little sails, and put out a mile or two to sea. But something more than common seemed to have tempted the people of Portsmouth to venture out this morning. Three long six-oared galleys, each some hundred yards apart, though abreast of each other, were seen straining, with all the energy and strength of the rowers, to make the best of their way to the fleet at Spithead. These galleys were accompanied by a number of wherries, all pulling for their very lives; in some of them there were different kinds of music, and most of them had several of the frail sex in their stern-sheets, all decked out in their gaudiest attire. Small flags were flying in many of the boats; and those which could not boast of such a display had hoisted various coloured handkerchiefs. It seemed as if Portsdown fair was taking an aquatic excursion. It was evidently a jubilee of some sort, and one in which the lower orders took especial delight.

But we must keep our attention particularly fixed upon the three well-manned and fast-pulling galleys, one of which has taken the lead, and the whole three are straining to gain a particular point, and each of them to outstrip the other. The *cortége* of less well-equipped boats are left considerably behind.

As the different boats passed the ships of the fleet in succession, they gave loud cheers, but on what occasion it was impossible for those on board to divine. Some

thought that a great victory over Bonaparte, who was then making the first strides in his ambitious career, had been obtained; some, that there was a change of ministry—for the community always welcome a change; and some, that there was to be a new member of Parliament for the town of Portsmouth.

It now became evident that the three galleys had selected the Old Glory for their destination, as she was lying a great way outside of the rest of the ships. In the foremost galley, besides the six boatmen, all dressed in white, with bows of blue ribbon affixed to their right arms, there were two fiddles, a French horn, and a clarionet, all playing, with might and main, "See the Conquering Hero comes." But what made this boat the more remarkable was a large new silk banner, which was displayed at the head, and streamed forth gallantly over the men pulling in the boat. In the centre of this flag, on a light blue ground, were emblazoned the following arms:—On a gorgeous shield, divided into three compartments, were, on the first, on a chief azure, three silver pennies proper; on the second, or, three turrets proper; on the third, argent, three wheels proper, all within a border sa. For crest, were the head and bust of the goddess Fortune with her eyes bandaged, all proper; and the motto, in large letters of gold, was—

VERUM DENARIUM MUTATUR IN EQUITE VERO.
CHANGE FOR A PENNY.

In the stern-sheets of this boat sat, fully aware of the dignity of his appointment, the chief constable of Portsmouth, between whom and Mr. Scrivener was the fair and wondering daughter of the latter, resplendent in much finery, and really looking very beautiful. Mr. Scrivener's enthusiasm was wonderful. He seemed to perspire bright globules of animation. He cheered till he was out of breath; and when he could no longer vociferate, he displayed his ecstasy by waving his hat with one hand, and a very respectable roll of parchment with the other.

The next boat in the procession could boast of neither band nor lady. It was also pulled by six rowers, but they worked as strong, sober men should do—they evidently wanted the vinous excitement of the crew that

had outstripped them. The after part of this boat contained only one person, with the exception of the coxswain. He was plainly dressed, was evidently a professional man, and was distinguishable from most others only by his peculiarly placid and sensible countenance. His demeanour was in marked contrast to that of Mr. Scrivener. He was evidently in the best of humours, but his enjoyment of his happiness was quiet, and, if we may use the expression, internal. He was also a lawyer, but the *rara avis* of the profession, the honest one already known to us by the name of Josiah Singleheart.

The third boat of pretension was a black gig, evidently belonging to some stylish yacht; it was well manned, and, had its crew put forth its strength, could have very easily beaten the two galleys. The single gentleman in her, and who steered by tiller-ropes, seemed to be more intent on observing the motions of the two galleys than desirous of pushing forward, or of being the first to gain the Old Glory, which was now palpably the destination of this miscellaneous fleet of boats. The gig carried the person, and we may also truly say the fortunes, of Sir Edward Fortintower.

No sooner had Mr. Scrivener's boat, with its clamour of music, and shouting, and screaming—for Miss Scrivener had just found it convenient to become a little hysterical—got within hail of the Glory, than the sentries on the bows and gangway began to warn her off, under the penalty of being fired upon, if Mr. Scrivener persisted in coming alongside—which, however, he did very valiantly.

"Keep off! keep off!" vociferated the sentinels.

"Don't you see the signal for punishment flying?" shouted the quarter-master.

"Fire upon that insolent rascal!" roared out Captain Firebrass, with an oath, running to the gangway with the articles of war in his hand.

"Squar—ah—a!" shrieked Miss Scrivener.

"Crash, dash, squash!" went the band, with more than usual energy.

"Sir John Truepenny!" bellowed forth the lawyer and the boatmen, the latter lying upon their oars, and all waving their hats.

"By all that is indifferent!" bellowed Captain Fire-

brass, "if you come a foot nearer, I'll sink you with cold shot."

"The silver oar—the silver oar!" said the head constable of Portsmouth, standing up as well as he could, and steadying himself with his left hand, whilst he displayed the symbol of civil authority in his right.

"Double the sentries—place men in the chains and on the gangways with cold shot! The first boat that touches the Old Glory's sides, down she goes, and not a mother's son of ye shall be picked up—damn ye all!" said Firebrass.

"Sir John Truepenny for ever!" was the answering cheer.

The orders of the captain of the Glory were promptly obeyed. Neither he nor his officers well understood this commotion. They imagined that it was some foolish plot got up by Miss Snowdrop, to prevent the man she was crazy for from being flogged. In the cheers that came from the boats, the "Sir" was not marked, and it seemed that they were simply cheering "John Truepenny." This only hastened the preparations to commence the flogging.

By this time all the shore-boats had crowded round the ship, and made a motley but remarkably gay appearance. But the boat that far excelled all the others was the large and stoutly-built bumboat of Mrs. Snowdrop. Mrs. Snowdrop had received her name from the public at large, and not from either of her husbands, though she had had fifteen, without having been married to any one of them. Her neighbours and her customers, the jolly tars of the fleet, began to be tired of calling her by a new name every year, as she appeared under the protection of a new husband; so they styled her Mrs. Snowdrop, to prevent further trouble; the word "snow," in allusion to her very dark and swarthy complexion, the word "drop" to her immense corpulency. Mrs. Snowdrop had been in a state of merry widowhood for the last eighteen months.

There have been some rather brilliant descriptions of Cleopatra's barge, and some of Cleopatra herself. We will not presume to compare Mrs. Snowdrop with Cleopatra, though we should surmise that, in point of complexion, there must have been a gratifying simi

larity; but, when we come to the barges of the beauties, we shall not certainly be so ready to give the preference to the wanton Egyptian's.

By some means which money alone can command, Mrs. Snowdrop had got the Truepenny banner made just as large again as that which floated over the galley of lawyer Scrivener. But she had two—a large one planted in the bow, and a little one gracefully hanging over the stern. Then the number of her musicians was double, and the loudest-playing noise-creators that could be found.

But the boat itself was most glorious. At a distance it seemed like a floating bower of roses, dotted over with flags and streamers. In the first place, the whole of it had been matted over, to a considerable height, with green boughs—always excepting a small space in the stern-sheets, which displayed the august ponderosity of Mrs. Snowdrop's person, where she sat alone in her glory.

These arches of green boughs were spread over with every flower that the young summer and the mild climate of Hampshire could produce; but Mrs. Snowdrop, in the exuberance of her taste, was not content with the natural beauties of the gardens and the fields—she stuck the whole over with a crop from the haberdashers, consisting of large bows of blue and white ribbons, whilst others of all gay colours streamed freely forth to the wind. Little silk banners, also, drooped over the sides; and, to add to the effect, several branches bearing real cherries, both red and white, were placed amidst all this gorgeousness. The band was completely hidden by this arbour of united ribbons and roses, and the oars were put forth through the foliage, and propelled the boat lustily, without the human agency being visible. According to Wapping notions, nothing could be finer as it moved along the waters, the black man with his cymbals, and the kettle-drum, giving cheerful note of its majestic progress.

But the gorgeous Mrs. Snowdrop! She was certainly not like one of the lilies of the valley, but much more like Solomon in all his glory. The superficies of her body was spacious, very spacious, yet did the lady find it all too scant for the display of her adornments. All we can say is, that wherever a bow, a piece of jewellery,

or a piece of tinsel, could be displayed, displayed it was; and yet, so inordinate is human vanity, Mrs. Snowdrop was not satisfied.

As her boat, owing to the lofty bower with which it was covered, held a great deal of the cheerful breeze that was gambolling over the sunlit sea, it was, where it ought not to have been, one of the last of the train. It had, at length, joined the others, and its braying band was clamorous over the waters, and reverberated against the sides of the Old Glory, on board of which, notwithstanding its closely-packed multitude of men, all was silent as death.

Room, by the involuntary respect paid to splendour, was made for Mrs. Snowdrop, and she, pushing through the crowd of boats, made boldly for the entering port of the Old Glory, when the order to keep off, and the display of cold shot, made her pause on her oars. She stood up, and, waving her handkerchief, shouted "Sir John Truepenny for ever! Change for a penny!"

The cheer was taken up enthusiastically by the floating multitude, and "Sir John Truepenny for ever! Change for a penny!" sounded along the whole line of the astonished fleet, just at the very moment that Sir John himself was going to be flogged.

In the meantime we must not lose sight of Sir Edward Fortintower in his fast-pulling gig. He had held a short conversation with Mr. Singleheart, and then, watching his opportunity, dropped quietly under the bows of the three-decker, and displaying a half-guinea, soon learned from a man who was melancholily wringing swabs in the head, the true state of things on board. This he had no sooner ascertained, than placing his gig in the centre of the squadron of boats, he demanded silence at the top of his voice, and spoke thus—

"Men, brothers, Englishmen! They are this moment going to flog Sir John Truepenny. It is illegal as well as cruel; he belongs not to the navy· he is no longer under martial law; he has been discharged from the service by the Lords of the Admiralty. The discharge is in the hands of the head constable with the silver oar—here is a copy of it. Shout, shout!"

Horrible were the yells and clamour that ensued—loud the curses—intense the anxiety. Mrs. Snowdrop

threatened to go into fits—Mr. Scrivener threatened innumerable actions—Miss Scrivener had actually fainted—and our honest lawyer, Mr. Singleheart, talked very loudly and very [illegible] about habeas corpus and the bill of rights. All this availed nothing: the boats were kept off.

CHAPTER XIV.

The skipper in a fair way of being [illegible]—Mutiny in the shore-boats, and something near it on board.—The Old Glory boarded and taken—Change for a penny procured [illegible]—Much edification attempted—The men of law [illegible] the [illegible] on the man of war—and much hostility terminated in an [illegible] conference

During these transactions the scene on board the Glory was singular. There stood Captain Firebrass, livid with rage, and inarticulate with passion. His officers now, in feelings, sided partly with him. They felt the service greatly insulted, and their own dignity undervalued, by what they supposed to be an attempt of the mobocracy to interfere with naval duty. It was generally imagined that Susan Snowdrop had instigated her mother to make this maritime *émeute* in favour of Jack. The men were anxious and silent, but mutiny was in the hearts of many.

At length Captain Firebrass had so far recovered as to commence reading the article of war against drunkenness, every sentence of which was chorussed by the shouts of "Sir John Truepenny for ever! Change for a penny!"

That short ceremony over, Captain Firebrass roared out "Strip!"

"Sir John Truepenny for ever! Change for a penny!" from the boats.

The master-at-arms, a shrewd old man, under pretence of assisting the prisoner, contrived to whisper in his ear, "to be as long as he could."

Jack, understanding nothing at all that was going forward, determined to follow his advice. He fumbled at his silk handkerchief, and contrived to make its running tie an intricate knot.

"Strip, you mutinous scoundrel, strip!" said the captain.

"Sir John Truepenny for ever! Change for a penny! Yah—murder—shame! To hell with old Firebrass! Sir John Truepenny for ever! Murder! Change for a penny!"

"By G—d, I'll fire upon the boats!" said the captain.

"Pray consider the women, sir," said the first lieutenant, firmly, but respectfully.

There was a dangerous and an uneasy moving about of the closely-packed men on the maindeck, though no word was spoken.

"Better defer the punishment, sir," said the captain of marines, taking off his hat, and speaking officially.

"Another word to that effect, and I'll put you under arrest. Strip, rascal, strip!"

"I can't undo my handkerchief. Poll has tied it in a true love-knot," said Truepenny, quite carelessly and at his ease.

"Go it, Jack!" was distinctly heard from several voices among the men, and all of them grimly smiled their approbation.

"Master-at-arms, take off the prisoner's handkerchief."

The master-at-arms was not more successful. Captain Firebrass threatened to disrate him, and ordered him to pluck it off over his head. But Jack's head had grown unaccountably large, or the knot had been tied closely round his throat.

"Cut it off the villain's neck," said the captain.

It was done, and now no impediment prevented Jack from taking off his check shirt, which he did very deliberately, and amidst the cries from the boats, of "Sir John Truepenny for ever! Change for a penny!"

The lashings were soon produced, and, at length, with his arms fully extended, his manly, broad, and brilliantly white back was exposed to the public view. So symmetrical, and so well pronounced was its muscle, and so classical its form, that a sight of it would have been a rapture to a statuary. The punishment, the disgrace seemed inevitable. Captain Firebrass was unmanly enough to express in his countenance a savage delight. The fault, the crime, was not the impulse of his heart, but of his temper; but man will not, nor ought he to distinguish, when the evil is the same to a fellow-creature:—we hope, for the thousands that have tortured their fellow-creatures under its influence, that God may.

"Boatswain's-mate, do your duty," said Firebrass, in a calm voice.

The stalwart petty officer stood forward from the group, and deliberately drawing his huge fingers through the nine knotted tails of the cat, in order that each line of the scorpion might have its due advantage to sting, he flourished the instrument of torture once round his head; but, before it could descend upon the back of the prisoner, a singular and a lovely obstacle intervened, and he arrested his hand in the mid-air.

A shriek and a slight bustle in the crowd, and Susan had sprung upon Jack's shoulders, and clasping his neck with her arms, there she glued herself. She spoke not —she was pale as death, she seemed even dying.

"Damnation!" roared out Captain Firebrass.

"Sir John Truepenny for ever! Shame! Murder! Change for a penny!" came with an increased energy from the boats.

The cry of "shame" now began to be more audible among the crew. The crisis was dangerous. The men might be hurried into some act of mutiny under the influence of sympathy, which, when suppressed, could, for the sake of the generous motive itself, hardly be punished. The men had already begun to press too rudely upon the circle of boatswain's mates and petty officers, and to cry out "Pardon, Captain Firebrass! pardon!"

Poor Jack himself was affected to agony, and began to cry like a child. Several good men said, "I can't stand it"—very ominous words, when uttered by sedate and tried seamen.

But Captain Firebrass was not the man to be shaken. His measures were prompt. He ordered a strong division of marines down into the main-deck, and directed them to bear back the men who crowded too much upon the space reserved for the punishment. When this was effected, and a circle of marines had been formed round Jack and Susan, two of the ship's corporals were ordered to unloosen the girl's grasp. This they were unable to effect. The surgeon and one of his assistants then gave their aid, but with no better result. The whole proceeding was unmanly, yet stern duty seemed to say that it must go on.

The surgeon said that he feared the girl would go

into convulsions, and recommended that the punishment should be deferred. To this Captain Firebrass observed, "That he might bleed the young —— where she was, and he would answer for it that that would make her loose her hold."

This speech disgusted the sternest advocates for discipline; and as this disgust was not disguised, the captain's fury became intense. Susan herself now increased his difficulties. Hitherto she had remained perfectly silent, but now, all at once, she commenced screaming like a maniac. Oh that woman's scream! how loud, how excruciating! who can hear it, and not burn to fly to the relief of the sufferer?

Its effect was electrical. The mother heard and knew her child's shriek of pain. The crowds in the boats heard it, and shuddered at first, and then they said, "They are flogging a woman!" and they shuddered no more, but all pushed forward. Now there was no fear of sentries or cold iron shot. Some muskets were fired, and some shot thrown into the sea; but all harmlessly, for the hearts of those within were with those without. The gallant Old Glory was actually boarded and taken by shore-boats, wherries, and bum-boats, *manned*, if we may use the expression, by women, boys, fiddlers, and lawyers.

But the first person who gained the quarter-deck was Rear-Admiral Lord Gambroon, whom at this crisis Sir Edward had brought on board in his own gig. Mr. Scrivener, and the head constable with his silver oar, came next; and these were immediately followed by Mrs. Snowdrop and her long train of admirers.

Lord Gambroon, who had been made acquainted with all the particulars by Sir Edward Fortintower, immediately ordered John Truepenny to be cast off, taking all the responsibility of the act upon himself. Mrs. Snowdrop knew not which to do first, to fly at Captain Firebrass and tear out his eyes, or to hurry to the relief of her daughter, who was now in a swoon, and under the care of the surgeon. The mother's tenderness got the better of the woman's fury, and she directed all her care to Susan's recovery.

In the meantime, Lord Gambroon, having said a few kind words to the intruders in the ship, ordered them all

out of it, with the exception of the two lawyers, Miss Scrivener, who would not leave her father, the constable, Sir Edward, and Mrs Snowdrop. Having thus restored the usual order of a man of-war, he told Captain Firebrass, who was wrathfully pacing the quarter-deck, that he should now be happy to explain to him, and hear from him in return, any explanations he might have to offer concerning these strange transactions.

"Explanations, my Lord? I have no explanations to make. The even course of duty lies plainly before me. You have virtually taken the command of this ship from out my hands. I consider myself as a prisoner; as such I demand a court-martial on my conduct: and as such I resign my sword into your Lordship's hands."

"Be not so hasty, good Captain Firebrass—be not so hasty; for what saith the wise man of the holy word? But woe is it to you that you regard too little what might there be found, more precious to you than silver, or gold, or all worldly wealth. Be not over hasty!"

"Over hasty! In the name of all that is honourable, what have I done to deserve this insulting interference? A man gets drunk, against the good discipline of the navy, and in direct violation of an article of war—I am going to punish him, in order that I may repress a vice too prevalent in the service, when, by means of his connexions on shore, the prisoner raises a sort of riot on the ocean, to stay the arm of justice. Am I—is any officer deserving of his commission, to have his course of duty turned aside by such a rebellious display as that which you have just witnessed?"

"Certainly not, Captain Firebrass; you are in the right, and, so far as you were informed, have acted very rightly; but I think that you should have displayed some little respect to the ensigns of the civil powers of these realms. Had you done so in this instance, much of this unpleasantness had been avoided."

"The silver oar," pertly interposed the head constable.

"May be d——d, and all who pull at it!" said the irate captain, who, turning to the rear-admiral, thus continued, "I hope, my Lord, it is no breach of duty to swear at a fellow who shoves his oar in uncalled for, in this manner?"

"Swear not at all," said his Lordship, solemnly.

"Well, my Lord, I won't, to oblige you. Enough to make Simon the Less swear, though. This fellow, my Lord, talks about his silver oar; but I had, and still have, as your Lordship may perceive, my signal flying that punishment is going on on board this ship."

"I do," said his Lordship; "pray let it be taken down immediately."

"With your Lordship's permission I had rather that it should be kept flying—at least all the time that your Lordship does me the honour to remain on board. I always supposed that the signal was to be held sacred."

"I do not blame you, Captain Firebrass: be not over hasty; it would have been an expensive matter to you, had you flogged this man. It is now three days since he has been relieved from his responsibility to martial law. Here is the original discharge by the Admiralty."

Captain Firebrass read it; and, when he came to the words, "Sir John Truepenny, Baronet, of Fortintower-hall, now serving in your ship under the name of John Truepenny," burst into a prolonged fit of laughter.

"You dare not disobey that order," said his Lordship.

"No, no! my Lord—but I wish I had flogged him first!"

"That was an unamiable wish—an unworthy wish!" said Lord Gambroon, reproachfully.

"I can't help it, my Lord. Oh! it would have been so glorious to have flogged a Sir John!—I wish I had!" with a deep sigh.

"I wish you had, with all my heart and soul," said Mr. Scrivener. "Would not I have trounced you? I would. What a glorious action! Damages ten thousand pounds! Costs five hundred! You move for a new trial—damages excessive—misdirection of judge to jury—leave granted on payment of costs—good—mark that, on *payment* of costs! Go it again—same verdict. You get in a passion—call me names—cheating lawyer, *et cetera*, and so forth. Another action—more damages—more costs. I wish you had flogged Sir John—I do, indeed! Is it too late now?"

"Who the devil are you, you lank-visaged scarecrow?" said Firebrass, turning upon Mr. Scrivener like a worried tiger.

"Go on, Captain Firebrass—go on: words not action-

able yet—soon will be. O pray have the goodness to go on, gentle Captain Firebrass."

"Who is this rascal?"

"Very good. Gentlemen, you are my witnesses. He has called me rascal! Captain Firebrass, I will tell you who I am. I am Simon Scrivener, gentleman, one of the certificated attorneys practising in all his Majesty's courts of law, *videlicet*——"

Oh," my granny! You cheating, swindling, blood-sucking vampire—you defrauding vagabond!"

"Go on, good Captain Firebrass. This is very pleasant, I do assure you," said Mr. Scrivener, noting down every word that the passionate skipper uttered. "Gentlemen all, you will be served with subpœnas—on the honour of a solicitor you will!"

The gentlemen all moved off, giving Mr. Scrivener a wide berth.

"Be pacified, Captain Firebrass," said Lord Gambroon, quietly.

"In this matter I will not be pacified, my lord; there is no peace for me until this sucker of men's blood, this robber of the widow and the orphan, is out of my sight. Away with you! out of my ship this instant! Begone, common cheater!"

"Most excellent!" said Scrivener, still writing. "I tell you I am here, Captain Firebrass, as the official friend and legal adviser of Sir John Truepenny, Baronet. I have lawful authority for my presence, and I will not go until I see my client removed from *duresse*, and free from all restraint. Till I see that, go I will not, Captain Firebrass—nor will I go at all without him!"

"You will not go?"

"Positive! I will not, unless upon the application of force."

"Here, a couple of you, bundle this fellow down, neck and crop, and pitch him into his boat as you would a pig of dirty ballast!"

"I tell you what, Mr. Sailor-men, you need not be violent; there—just lay your hands upon me—that will do; now I 'll go as quietly as a lamb. A very good morning's work I 've made of it. Let me see," continued Mr. Scrivener, counting upon his fingers; "three, four five actions—one of them an assault of an outrageous

nature; besides bringing *you*, Captain Firebrass, within the contempt of court, for interfering between me and my client."

"Am I to be bearded in my own ship? By all the idols of the Ivites—by the false fire that would not consume Shadrach, Meshach——"

"Peace, good Captain Firebrass; listen to me, and avoid the sins of evil speaking, inordinate wrath, and profane swearing," said Lord Gambroon.

Fairly baited into non-resistance, the captain became passive, and he then heard all the statements of the case. When Lord Gambroon had finished, Captain Firebrass turned round to Sir Edward Fortintower, and, without troubling himself with any unnecessary ceremony, thus accosted him, shaking him by the hand in a manner that nothing but a very athletic form could have borne with impunity:

"Welcome, and thrice welcome, to the Old Glory, Sir Edward! You are the stuff that British seamen should be made of! So you intend to surrender all this immense estate without letting the lawyers peck at it? Noble! by Jupiter it 's noble! But what will you do, my hearty—what *will* you do? Too late to make a sailor of you. O Lord! O Lord! And yet, I don't know—join me, and I 'll rate you as a midshipman at once!"

"Thank you—thank you most heartily! said Sir Edward. "I have not yet made the election of my profession; but," turning to Mr. Singleheart, "really, my good friend here has spoken first. He is an attorney—nay, don't start back so—and he has kindly offered to take me as an articled clerk."

"And you knocked him down, of course?"

"Quite the reverse; I entertained the proposition very gratefully."

"And there was a crossing to be swept in London?" said Firebrass, scornfully.

After some further conversation, Sir Edward Fortintower and Lord Gambroon retired into Captain Firebrass's cabin, at the invitation of the latter; but nothing would induce him to listen to the suggestions of the rear-admiral to invite the two lawyers also; for Mr. Scrivener was still on the quarter-deck, and the gallant

captain, when he had heard his lordship's statement, thought it the wisest plan to give the attorney as wide a berth as he would have given to a porcupine.

CHAPTER XV.

Jack, being cast off, has a very pleasant meeting—Much exhilaration, and more exultation, with some explanation that makes matters more confused—Jack trims sails, trims himself, and gives Poll a trimming—Very humbly makes for the cabin, and plays the great man without knowing it.

We must now return to Jack, who had been just cast off, luckily for him, unscathed by the burning torture of the knotted thongs. All was bewilderment in his mind. At his feet, inanimate, lay Susan, her dress disordered, and the surgeon chafing one hand, and Mrs. Snowdrop, as fine as fine colours and ribbons could make her, the other. Though her daughter was in a state so distressing, her own countenance was more than cheerful; it was actually wild with joy and triumph, and every now and then she would look up and around, and exclaim to the petty officers and seamen who were watching this curious scene:

"Keep your distance, fellers—know yourselves and others—the Lord love ye! Change for a penny! Ah, ah—vero demme raree rum!"

Miss Elfrida Eugenia Scrivener, who had come on board with her papa, and who, when she was about to ascend to the quarter-deck, had been pressed into the service of recovering her daughter by the bum-boat lady, was staring upon all that passed around her, in dumb astonishment. Her beautiful and simple face never before appeared so beautiful and so simple. Without the power of self-will, she seemed fascinated to one spot, with her eyes fixed upon the broad, polished, and naked shoulders of Jack, who, in the confusion and hurry that ensued, could not immediately find his banyan, and did not, indeed, at first remember that from his waist upwards he was as naked as the statue of the Belvidere Apollo.

There stood Elfrida Eugenia, gazing in stupified delight, inattentive to the polite offers of several midshipmen to remove her from a scene, that, judging from her dress, and, comparatively speaking, her lady-like appearance, they thought must be distressing to her.

Miss Susan Snowdrop had just begun to shew symptoms of returning animation, when her mother, suddenly starting up, thus addressed John, who was looking, if possible, more stupified than the young lady of whom he had made so sudden a conquest.

"My lud barrownight, I beg your graceship's pardon, but your ludship's back is as bare as the palm of my hand. O Lord! la—I do declare—may I have the honorification of putting on for you your ludship's shirt? Yer dirty swabs, where 's my lud Sir John Barrownight's banyan?"

It was duly produced from among the crowd of staring and astonished Jack Tars.

"Now, my lud barrownight, with your ludship's permission—change for a penny!" and suiting her actions to her words she began to assist Jack to wriggle himself, arms first, into his worsted vest. "I hope, my lud, I doesn't vituperate your ludship's barrownightish back—but, as we says, vero demme raree rum for ever!"

"Gammon!" said Jack—the first word he had spoken since he had been cast off from the grating.

"Oh, your honoured ludship has the whitest skin and the softest."

"Tell that to the marines," said Jack.

But whilst Mrs. Snowdrop was thus solacing her heavy fat hands more than was absolutely necessary in adjusting Jack's dress, there was a sudden sensation among the seamen—a bustle—the well-packed mass of men divided, and, with face on fire and arms a-kimbo, Poll burst upon the scene, and facing Mrs. Snowdrop, first spat in her face, and then hissed out from between her teeth, "You cow!"

"You common character!" replied Mrs. Snowdrop, with a return equal in energy and saliva.

"Madam of many husbands," said Poll, dropping Mrs. Snowdrop a curtsey to the ground, "I'd just trouble you to keep your paws to yourself, for no homan touches my man's flesh but myself."

"Mistress of many men," said Mrs. Snowdrop, with equal courtesy, "permit me to whisper a word in that sow's ear of yours. His ludship's flesh is no meat for such a low trull as you. Ah, pah! where's my scent-bottle?"

"Take that instead on your grog-blossomed smeller," said Poll, giving her opponent a strenuous rap on her nose.

"Swallow your false teeth for blue pills," said the lady with the delicate name, delivering a well-intentioned and a well-executed blow upon Poll's very handsome mouth.

Jack was between the combatants in a moment. Miss Scrivener commenced screaming, and Susan recovered her senses very suddenly. The officer of the watch came forward, and looking down into the waist, commanded silence, ordered the deck to be cleared, and threatened the two lady combatants with instant expulsion from the ship, if they dared to renew the disturbance. This silenced the fray for the moment. Miss Scrivener was conducted to her father, who was still on the quarter-deck, whilst Jack Truepenny, accompanied by Poll and Sue, went down to the lower deck, to put on his best toggery in his berth; and Mrs. Snowdrop was left to enlighten Jack's messmates in her own peculiar manner, as to Jack's sudden elevation to rank and fortune;—telling them, among other miracles, that when he was married she was sure that her daughter was to be "my lady," though she confessed that, being only Jack's mother-in-law, she herself would be no more than a countess.

All this wonderful news was but ill understood by the jolly Jack Tars of the Old Glory; yet there was not a man among them who did not, from the very bottom of his heart, rejoice at the good fortune of his shipmate. Still they had such innate sense of high breeding, that, during the time John Truepenny was making his last toilette on board, not one among them intruded upon him. In fact, so far as they were concerned, he was never left so completely alone. Even his messmates already treated him with a distant respect, that said, as well as deportment could speak, "We do not intend to

take any advantage of the past familiarity that has subsisted between us."

In the meantime, Sir John was, whilst dressing, with all his mother wit—and he had a sensible man's share of it—endeavouring fully to comprehend his new position in all its bearings. He had already understood that he had attained rank and wealth, but the elevation of the one, and the extent of the other, were still mysteries to him; and how he should comport himself under his new relations was the greatest mystery of all. As yet, everything appeared to him to be a dream. He remembered how he had been, in a manner so magical, compromised in the abduction of the figure-head of the Glory, which he still believed only to have been a dream, whilst his captain and facts seemed to prove it to have been reality; and he now strongly suspected that all that was passing before his eyes was something of the same description. Jack, however, reasoned with himself thus: "Supposing all this is a dream, why, like a man of sense, let me make the most of it. Long may it last!"

Having thus made up his mind, he went about his little affairs in silence, but cheerfully.

Not so Polly. She was all animation, motion, and clack. She had already told Jack at what church they were to be married, and when—had described the chariot—had invited the guests—and made arrangements at least for the next two years. But still John spoke not. Poll then began to turn up her pretty nose at all her old friends—to profess an utter contempt for salt junk—an abhorrence of Irish pork, and a thorough loathing at dock-yard baked biscuit—whilst, for the first time in her life, she declared that the smell of tar was an abomination to her. Jack went on dressing.

She then turned round and began to abuse old Giles Grimm, for three special reasons; firstly, because he was ugly; secondly, because he had not saved her enough of grog (for, whilst this was going on, the ship's company had been piped to dinner); and thirdly, because as yet he had not called her "my lady."

"Hold your jaw, Poll!" These were the first words Jack spoke since he had been below, and they were spoken in such a tone that Polly, with all her intrepidity stood rebuked.

But where, all this time, was Susan Snowdrop? She sat alone, weeping, behind the canvass that screened her off from the general berth, and the sanctity of which had never been violated. She had, at least, learned this from her assiduous course of novel reading, that her dearly beloved sailor John was now as far above her, as she or her mother thought that she had been above him. She felt all the desolation of her situation. She had now nothing to offer him, nothing to sacrifice to him, but a foolish, romantic heart. She had not even any great share of personal beauty to render her acceptable in his eyes. She had once fondly hoped that, in time, she should have won upon his affections, weaned him from illicit amours, married him, and ultimately have reconciled her mother to the match; and then more than a competence would have awaited them, to make the rest of their lives as happy as Jack's honest heart and her own devotion to him gave her a certainty of becoming. But now, what sacrifice was it in the power of the poor wretch to make? Nothing—bitterly she felt it—nothing. She had taken a most outrageous, a most unmaidenly step—had made herself ridiculous in the eyes of all who knew the real facts, and degraded in the opinion of all those who did not, only to see the man whom she more than idolized borne off in triumph by the vulgar or the interested; and had left no other impression on her lover but a manly pity for a maddish, foolishly fond girl.

Then did her poor breaking heart bitterly yearn after rank, riches, and, above all, beauty. At length, her grief merged into a wildness of misery; her sobs, that at first were low and at long intervals, became more frequent and convulsive, and her stifled moans louder and more loud, till they offended the fastidious ears of Miss Mary Macannister.

"Come out of that, you snivelling, filthy-nosed trollop, and don't spoil Jack's glory by your infernal whimpering. Har done, will ye?"

"Hold your jaw, Poll, or I'll smash it!" said Jack, speaking for the second time. Poll bristled up, and was going to be very impertinent; but seeing John with a savage industry turning up the cuffs of his jacket, and knowing well the meaning of this ominous sign, she changed suddenly from vinegar at the boiling heat to

cool cream, and nothing was to be seen but smiles, and heard but "My dear Jacks," "loveys," and all those little endearing epithets that come doubly dear from handsome lips.

Behold Jack rigged out in his very best man-of-war's attire—clean, bright, and compact in his dress, and actually magnificent in his person. The most fastidious court belle would, with the exception of his large and tar-soiled hands, have pronounced him faultless. But Jack was the least joyous of the few around him. He became even melancholy, and gently repulsing the little cajoleries of Poll, he sate himself down, with an air absolutely melancholy, upon the carriage of the gun. The grief of Susan behind the screen was still audible, though its loud expression had been forcibly controlled after the gentle admonition of Polly. The gloom on Jack's countenance grew more settled and deep, and his under-lip began to quiver. At length, slapping his thigh violently with his awful spread of hand, in his own peculiar phraseology he sang out—

"May I be jammed between the main-yard and the trestle-trees if I can stand this. May every breath in my body be worked out with a hand-pump if I'm not taken flat aback, and my heart is striking eight bells as fast as lawyers go to h—ll! Come here, Susan dear—come here, my darling. Poll, keep your distance just now, or stand clear;—belay with your jaw tackle. Come, sit on my knee, Susan. Not a word, Poll—it is the first time, and if you don't behave yourself, it shan't be the last. You have been a sweet, kind fool to me, dear Susan; now tell me, darling, what poor Jack can do for you. They tell me that I am rich, and other nonsense—it may be all moonshine or it may not—but, rich or poor, Jack will always remember you, Sue; and if I could only make you happier, I'm the man that 'll do it, blow high or blow low. Come, let me swab your pretty peepers. Stagger me! if there isn't the joys of a thousand glasses of half-and-half in each eye, and I never saw it before!"

When John had drawn Susan on his knees, at first she a little resisted, but gradually she seemed to feel a pleasure in the situation, and her left arm grew more strict in its embrace as it encircled his manly neck. As he spoke she looked up anxiously into his face, her features became

tranquil, and at length assumed an expression of heavenly calm and resignation, and a smile, that actually went all through Jack, and shook him like electricity, told him how blissful it was to be thus cherished by him But she spoke not—she could not speak.

"Now do, Susan, tell me what I can do for you. If your mother will not be a mother to you, and take you to a mother's home, I'll buy you a house, and you shall have servants to wait upon you, and as many books to read as money will buy; and I'll begin by buying up all the circulating libraries in Portsmouth, Gosport, Portsea, and the half-way houses into the bargain. There, Sue!"

"Money and fools are—" began Poll.

"I say, Father Grimm, just gag that ——, will ye, for a spell! Lash this marlingspike with a bit of spun-yarn across her dammable jaws,—So, Susan, when ye have got the house, and the ship-load of books, and the servants, and all right and tight like a king's yatch, you'll get a sweetheart—blowed but you will—a better fellow than Jack, deucedly,—that is to say, barring seamanship—I won't give in to any for that ere. And then, you know, Susan," (and Jack grew quite cheerful,) "you'll forget all this nonsense, and me to—a rough, unlarned, drinking, rollicking, good-for-nothing varmint—always bating seamanship. Won't you, Susan?"

But Susan only clung the closer to Jack, and embraced him the more hysterically.

"But why take on so, my darling? Do you think I'm not grateful to you, Sue? Shall I ever forget the dear, dear girl that wished to die with me, and for me? dash my eyes out if I ever shall. Shall I ever forget the dear, dear girl that covered me with her delicate tender body, when they were going to cut my flesh in strips, and I should have left the hooker scarred and disgraced but for you? May dogs eat my living heart, if I ever will. But what *càn* I do, Sue? Do you want me to marry you? Speak, Susan, speak!"

But here Jack's impassioned flow of words was interrupted by the noise of the earnest battle that was raging between Giles Grimm and Miss Mary Macannister, the latter person resisting very ungratefully all Grimm's efforts to give her tongue a little salutary repose.

"No, no, Sue," continued Jack, "donno ye think of it. Get a better fellow than me. Besides, there's that virago with the iron in her teeth—she expects I'll make an honest homan of her—and I've said as much afore I know'd you Sue."

Poll grew suddenly amiable and very quiet.

'And a regler sailor's word's his bond. Besides, I don't quite zactly know whether all this ben't a sort of bamboozle, and my good luck all on the other side of noman's land."

"Poll's sunshine, and belayed her jawing tacks," reported old Grimm, methodically.

"Cast off!" said Jack, and Polly was restored to the powers of speech.

"Now, Sue, darling, I can't think all this is real—"

But Jack was interrupted by the first proof of the reality of his good fortune, by the approach of Captain Firebrass's steward, with his hat in his hand,—for which hat he had no occasion, but merely to shew that in his hand he carried it—who, making a very low bow, delivered, without the slightest approach to a smile, and with a tone of the most humble respect, this message: "Captain Firebrass presents his compliments to Sir John Truepenny, and if Sir John has finished his toilette, would be happy to see Sir John in his cabin to take a luncheon before Sir John goes on shore."

Jack was taken flat aback; he took off his hat to the steward, twitched one of his curling fore-locks, scraped his right foot backwards and then delivered himself of the following answer:—

"My humble duty to Captain Firebrass, and though my twilight is not finished, seeing as how it is only one o'clock i' th' afternoon, I'll tumble up the after hatchways in less time than you can brace round at let-go and haul, and wait upon his honour's honour. Look after Sue, you Poll and Grimm. Poor thing! she's off again;--send for the doctor, and get her mother down."

And thus speaking, with no very great alacrity in his steps, and not very light at heart, he proceeded to the captain's cabin, attended by the obsequious steward, who had taken that opportunity of slipping a letter into Jack's hand, modestly recommending himself as the most

fit person in the world for being the future major-domo of Sir John Truepenny's establishments in town and country. Jack shoved it into his pocket with the true indifference of a great man who has good things to bestow upon suitors and thus, unconsciously, made one of the first acts of his elevation quite *en règle*.

CHAPTER XVI.

Jack's going on shore—Much argufication, which goes only to prove Jack a good fellow—The ladies in his way, and thus he is waylaid, as he makes his way to land—On the way gets into cold water—which gets him into hot water—A lawyer's speculations.

THE meeting in the cabin was as singular as the strange combination of circumstances might well have been supposed to produce. Jack hitched himself in sideways, very much abashed and a little bewildered; and before he could well distinguish all those before whom he was standing so awkwardly, his eyes fell upon Sir Edward Fortintower, and he immediately began scraping, bowing, and tugging at his fore-lock to him with all possible assiduity.

"Sir John Truepenny," said Sir Edward, taking him by the hand, "I am most happy to be the first to congratulate you."

But Jack respectfully wriggled his hand from out of that of his brother baronet, and continued scraping his foot, saying, at the same time, "Your honour's goodness is too good to me. I have thought upon your honour a thousand times. God Almighty bless your honour for your great kindness to an ill-used sailor! I'll serve your honour to the last day of my life!"

Every one looked surprised excepting Sir Edward, until Jack, in his own way, reported that when he was on shore one day at Lisbon, and half-seas-over, he had been set upon by a party of assassinating Portuguese, and would have been, in all probability, murdered, had it not been for the timely and gallant interference of Sir Edward, who happened to be at that place on a yachting excursion.

When this little episode was over, after much persuasion, Jack was induced to fix himself, by fidgetting on the extreme corner of one of the chairs, and Captain Firebrass thus explained to Jack his present situation.

Sir John Truepenny—I was just going to flog you, Sir John—but that 's neither here nor there—let byegones be bye-gone; you won't think the worse of me for that, because you know, Sir John, you deserved it; but all my family—little boys and girls and all—the glory of the Old Glory—all gone to glory I suppose, now. How could you, Sir John? Made you captain of the forecastle, and to use me in that way."

"Your honour," said Sir John Truepenny, laying his hand emphatically upon his heart, "as I am a true seaman, though I confess I do remember, confusically, something going on in the head, I 'm as innocent of the robbery of them ere gods and goddesses, and little goddisees, as his honour's honour, the lord admiral, who is sitting there."

"I most implicitly believe you, Sir John Truepenny."

"I protest, Captain Firebrass—" began Lord Gambroon.

"Not another word, my Lord; as I said before, they are gone to glory, and I 've got a fiddle-head instead of a family. Now, Sir John, listen to me. It has been proved, beyond the possibility of moral, or. what is still better, legal doubt, that you are not only the heir-at-law, but also the heir, under the will of Sir Mortimer Fortintower, your grand-uncle, to all his immense estates. These estates have been hitherto enjoyed by that noble, gallant gentlemen, Sir Edward Fortintower."

"Let him enjoy them still."

"Silence, Sir John! you are still under his Majesty's pennant. This noble, gallant, and upright gentleman, immediately he heard of your existence from a rascally attorney, who wished to hold this knowledge over him *in terrorem*——"

"Roar em! Roar who, your honour?"

"I mean, to keep this fact to frighten him into all the dirty scoundrel wished. This good gentleman. your cousin, employs another lawyer—an honest one, he says—the only foolish thing I know of him—this honest lawyer—hum, honest!—to find out the real truth, and

he did find it out. So at once your cousin, without costing you a farthing, is ready to surrender everything up to you; and the greatness, the sublimity of this conduct, you will one day know, when you know what the uncertainty of the law is, and what, also, is possession in the eye of this uncertain law."

"Noble, noble!" exclaimed several of Jack's officers, who had been invited into the cabin to witness this extraordinary scene.

"It is a christian, pious conduct: the Lord will reward him a thousand-fold!" ejaculated the rear-admiral.

"But, yer honour, 'spose I was dead," said Sir John Truepenny, scratching his titled head, "whose 'd be all these here estates?"

"Your cousin's, Sir Edward's, unquestionably."

"Oh! stifle us!" said Jack, "it 's all as clear as mud. What need more palaver, your honours? I have no right to a pigsty, or as much grass as would feed a fly, of these here estates; seeing as how, ye see, yer honours, that hadn't that brave gentleman saved my life, why, I wouldn't have been living, that 's all. So, to speak properly, my life 's his'n; and as this here depends upon my life, and my life is his'n more than mine, why, the estates is his'n more than mine; that 's what I call chop-logic for ye, that knocks ye down with the truth on't, like a point-blank four-and-twenty! So, your honours, if so be you'd just get me a liberty-ticket for a week to get married to Poll, why Jack 's content, and no more need be said about it."

At this cutting of the difficulty there were silence and smiling, but the silence and the smiles both proceeded from approbation at Jack's straightforward and grateful feelings. At length Sir Edward rose, and coming to Jack, took hold of both hands, and said to him, not without emotion:

"Cousin John, I am very proud of you—look upon me henceforward as your relation and friend. But, dear cousin, you talk with all the simplicity and innocence of a child, whilst you possess the most noble feelings of man. I mean what I say. Though you may be most willing to bestow, I cannot receive. Now, my good cousin, listen in silence to what your excellent captain is going to say to you; for even this very hour, it is neces-

sary for you to do a very important act, indispensable to your new station and rank in life."

Captain Firebrass then proceeded, in mingled phraseology, making what was, in the language of the law, unintelligible to Jack, plain by nautical illustrations, that he must immediately choose an attorney—that there were two on board—and he then detailed how each of them had acted, and that to Mr. Scrivener he owed it entirely that he remained so long in the humble yet honourable situation of able seaman in his Majesty's navy.

Jack was prompt in making up his mind, and in passing sentence; for he elected Mr. Singleheart, and concluded with a request that the admiral and his captain would keel-haul Mr. Scrivener, or at least suspend him from the mainyard by a whip under the shoulder, and bob him up and down, his downward plunge to take him twelve feet, at least, below the surface of the water.

It not being possible to accede to this very moderate request, Sir Edward remarked, that, for the sake of fairness, both lawyers ought to be called in, and each suffered to advance his claims as to the direction of the baronet's affairs. This being thought just, they were invited to attend—Mr. Scrivener accompanied by his daughter.

Mr. Scrivener really made out a plausible case. He said, and he said truly, that, but for him, Jack would never have emerged from his laborious obscurity, as the time for advancing his claims, limited by the will, had nearly expired. He spoke of his activity, his energy, and his zeal. But Jack heard but little of his eloquence; for Elfrida, whom her father had brought to assist him, was now, unconsciously, his worst foe; she gazed fixedly upon the superb-looking sailor, and Jack thought he had never beheld anything so brilliant and so beautiful.

Jack got weary of Mr. Scrivener's harangue, and cut it short by telling him, saving the presence of the company, that "he might go to h—ll"— not at the time knowing that the person upon whom he had bestowed this pleasant mission was the father of the lady whom he so much admired.

The necessary papers were produced, and Jack duly signed them, constituting Mr. Singleheart his sole attorney and legal adviser, as well as steward and agent to his estates; after which, all the company, filling their glasses,

drank health, long life, and prosperity, to Sir John Truepenny. We except, in this testimony of good-will, Mr. Scrivener. He was, however, invited, with his daughter, to join the repast, and that luncheon proved a joyous one to most of the party.

Mr. Scrivener whispered something to his fair daughter, who had but little need of such incitement to do the more than gracious towards Jack. He was at once flurried and captivated. Elfrida Eugenia was more beautiful, delicate, infinitely more refined, than Poll, and then she was so fascinatingly dressed. Besides, her simple, confiding, and womanly trusting look was so bewitching, and so unlike and so superior to Miss Macannister's impudent and tyrannical beauty. Jack knew himself to be held in respect, and already was he prepared to be deeply, devotedly in love. Jack's vanity would have had a reef or two taken in, if he had known how much he was indebted to his bare shoulders.

Well, the luncheon is over, the hands are turned up, and Jack, looking very sheepish, is standing between the rear-admiral and his captain, on the break of the quarter-deck, in order to take leave of his shipmates. As there he stood, he turned round to Sir Edward, and asked him if he thought he might venture to give the ship's company a hundred pounds? Now Jack's friends must not smile at the niggardliness of the proposed gift. As yet, Jack knew not the value of money, and a hundred pounds then appeared in his eyes a vast sum; but divided among more than seven hundred men, it was really a pitiful present to each individual.

Sir Edward communicated Jack's wish to Lord Gambroon and Captain Firebrass, and their assent was immediately obtained.

"What are your old shipmates to do with it?" said the captain.

"Buy grog!" was the ready and one-idea answer.

"No, no," interposed Lord Gambroon; "it would be a sinful waste of the money. Let them buy good books and tracts, and have a religious library for the use of the ship."

Captain Firebrass screwed up his visage, as if attempting to swallow a bolus too large for him, at this very sensible proposition.

"Perhaps," said he, "it would be the best plan to submit it to the choice of the men themselves."

This was agreed to. In a few pithy words the skipper told the ship's company of the change in Jack's affairs, and of the hundred pounds that he had bestowed upon them as a parting gift. Then the question for them to decide was, "grog or tracts? Now, who hold up their hands for the good books?"

"For shame! This irreverence—" commenced his lordship.

Not a single flipper rose above the waistbands.

"Grog?"

Every hand, right and left, was above the heads.

"Am sorry to say, my Lord, grog has it."

Lord Gambroon made a few very proper and sensible remarks to the men, to which they listened, very respectfully and attentively, for they were happy in the contemplation of the evening jollification. His lordship found, also, his indemnity in his oration, and thus all parties seemed satisfied.

Having made a short fumble of a speech with tears in his eyes, Jack took leave of his shipmates as well as he could, and said he was ready to go on shore; and then standing in the midst of the officers and the company, putting on a droll look, he turned his empty, pockets inside out, and said, "Why, gentlemen, d'ye see, this is all very well for poor Jack on a land cruise, because he can take up a slop jacket of Mr. Abraham Isaackson for thirty shillings on tick, and take it to my uncle's and get fifteen in rhino; but for Sir John Truepenny, barrow-night—O fie!"

At this ludicrous appeal every hand was stretched towards him, and there was not one that did not contain a sum of money. But the bag full of guineas offered him by Mr. Scrivener was by far the largest. Jack eyed it wistfully; but the other, Jack's appointed lawyer, Mr. Singleheart, interfered, whereupon a fierce altercation ensued between the two legal gentlemen.

In the midst of this, Jack had recourse to Sir Edward, whom he looked upon as his guardian angel. When Sir Edward understood that Jack could write tolerably well, he explained to him the nature of banking, and the use of a check-book—told him that there were two thousand

pounds lodged for his use at the Portsmouth bank, whilst the ready money at his disposal at the banker's in London was much more considerable; and advised him to take a few guineas for his present use from his attorney.

Jack took his first lesson in the art of expenditure remarkably well. Then his cousin proceeded to give him much good advice, and concluded by telling him that he would not go on shore with him, lest it should be thought that he strove to control him, and lest it should be said that Jack was not a free agent; but he told him that he would remain a short time at Portsmouth to see how he went on, and as he behaved himself, he would visit him or not.

It was now arranged that Sir John Truepenny was to go on shore with his attorney in the six-oared galley; and then, shaking hands with all on the quarter-deck, he prepared to depart. But we cannot let him take leave without recording Lord Gambroon's parting address, the more especially, as his lordship's presence will not again be required in our nautical drama.

"Captain Firebrass," said he, "you have borne me great enmity, and I have returned it only with good offices, for the sake of Him whom I serve. You have said jeering things of me, and I have spoken in praise of you, as an officer brave and zealous, for that commendation you have deserved. Now, tell me, my friend—because I am anxious about the life to come, have you found me deficient in any of my duties in the life that is? Have I been wanting in the heat of battle or in the leisure of peace, in the storm or in the calm? Then, why not do me the justice that I am willing to do not only to you, but to all men?"

"Henceforward, my Lord, I will," said Captain Firebrass, solemnly.

"It is well—we are friends. Now, young man," turning to Sir John Truepenny, "you are like unto a brand flung into a fiery furnace. I advise you to watch and pray. Eschew the company of the dissolute and evil. Listen to the words of your honourable cousin, who is an upright man, and, above all, study these goodly and godly writings."

Before Jack knew well where he was, he found himself hugging in his arms a large bundle of religious tracts,

put into them by somebody, he did not well know who.

Having shaken hands with Jack, and bid God to bless him, the guard of honour was summoned, and the rear-admiral departed in the Glory's barge for his own ship.

Instead of Sir John going on shore in a quiet and decent manner with his own lawyer, when he reached the middle deck on his way to the entering port, which was the occupation of half an hour, as there was not a man, woman, or boy in the ship who would let him go over the side until he and she had shaken hands with him, he found himself intercepted by Mrs. Snowdrop. She laid violent fists upon him, but he resisted both persuasion and violence until he had effected a compromise with her, that Poll should go on shore in the same boat. In this, the huge bum-boat woman was obliged to acquiesce. Susan, ill and pale, had been placed in the boat some time before, and she found, screened by the green bower, that quiet and repose which was then so needful to her.

At length they shoved off. The huzzas were tremendous; and three of the loudest cheers ever heard was the farewell of the Glory. The news had now spread through the fleet, and the seamen had obtained leave to cheer him as he passed each ship. It was a holiday and a day of triumph. The various bands in the boats made joyous though discordant music, and all was mirth and revelry.

As Jack passed down the fleet, he stood up with his hat in his hand and returned the cheers; he then sat down, and—woe to poor Jack!—Mrs. Snowdrop produced a large case-bottle of smuggled cognac, so powerful, so smooth, and so intoxicating—it was "just like love"—infinitely more like than "yonder rose," or any rose near or afar.

Sir Edward saw all this, and shook his head sorrowfully. Then pulling alongside Mr. Singleheart, he bade him not lose sight of his client, and, full of melancholy, he made his men give way, and hasten from the noisy floating crowd; and landing, he repaired to his quiet hotel, and there shut himself up for the evening.

But there was one in the crowd of the aquatic revellers, who was as sorrowful and as angry as disappointed

avarice and malice could make him, though his bannered barge was as gay, and in much better taste, than the gaudiest boat of this plebeian triumph. This afflicted person was Mr. Scrivener. When seated in his galley, his first impulse was to pluck down the Truepenny flag, the next to abuse his simple daughter.

"Eugenia,—fool, dolt, simpleton,—but the idiot will not understand me,—down with that silken gew-gaw. Hold your hand! let it remain—I will not yet strike my colours—daughter, can you comprehend me? Have you two ideas? You saw that sailor—that handsome glorious sailor."

"I did father—oh! I did."

"You looked at him—you looked at him well—earnestly—did you not devour him with your eyes?"

"Father, I did."

"Was he not beautiful? as a man, beautiful, tall, straight, grand, superb, and so kindly-looking, bewitching, Eugenia?"

"Glorious, angelic!"

"Worth a thousand flimsy foplings—worth ten thousand such finical things as Sir Edward Fortintower—d—n him!"

"O pa! and he's a nice man too."

"Yes, yes! a nice man—I mean a *nice* man—but what is that in comparison with this magnificent sailor? Besides, this poor-spirited wretch, this Sir Edward, has but a bare five hundred a year; he is, for a man of his habits, girl, poorer than the poorest beggar that ever whimpered for the dole of charity. Never think of him more, girl, but when you want a comparison for something contemptible."

"He rejected me, father."

"He did—I have not forgotten it, Miss Scrivener. Now this handsome sailor that you so much admire—let us talk about him, Eugenia. What about him do you admire most?"

"O, pa, everything—his large, large blue eyes, and his curly locks—so curly; and then the pretty ringlets all a hanging down his ruddy cheeks—and his mouth and teeth—did you ever see such a sweet mouth and teeth, so almost white, and which they would be but for the nasty tobacco."

"Go on—never—go on, I say."

"And then his smile, Oh dear! I have read a great many novels, fashionable ones too, but I never yet saw that smile described. Yet, yet, pa, I don't like that nasty stiff, long pigtail."

"A trifle! we'll have it cut off."

"Gemmeni crimmini! I wish he'd let me!"

"He shall, by-and-bye, Eugenia, he shall!"

"Thank you, pa—I'm so glad—so happy! And then his skin is so white—whiter than the whitest alabaster, purer than the purest snow, and, I dare say, softer than the softest down,—for I didn't touch it—I wish I had!"

Then said the lawyer, in the softest tones of his voice, "Eugenia, dear, should you like him for a husband?"

"Oh, father!" said the young lady, holding down her head, and covering her face with her hands, "just in that very voice you asked me that very same question before, about another; and when I said 'yes,' you know how unhappy it made us all."

"Well, Eugenia, don't say 'yes' till you have heard what I have to say. This fine sailor has suddenly become a baronet, of a title much older than that of the mean-spirited scoundrel who insulted us. This Jack, the tar, is now Sir John Truepenny, and possesses all the vast wealth that formerly belonged, or was supposed to belong to the other. In worldly affairs he is a child; and I will be his father, and you shall be his wife. We will, you and I—mind I say *you* as well as I—will put him in leading-strings, and do just as we like with him."

"Oh my! how pure and pleasant!"

"So it is, girl—but you must play your part. You must not act towards him as was proper to act towards the proud Sir Edward. No Italian music—no gargon about botany and geology, and that kind of rubbish. You need neither draw, nor embroider, nor paint on velvet."

"I'm so glad!"

"You must fall into your lover's ways. You must not be shocked at his coarseness, and I think, for a short time—only for a very short time—you must drink a little, and—and swear a little."

"Oh pa!"

"Little lady-like oaths—pretty little lisping oaths,—

only a sort of little a-b ab, infantine swearing. I assure you, some very high ladies do swear, and Queen Elizabeth swore, and that roundly too."

"Well, father, I'll try. What shall I begin with?"

"Why, as thus. Should Sir John accost you with some round spanking oath, as broad and as black as the bottom of a frying pan, you—yes, you should answer, 'Well, Sir John, curse my eyes.'"

"Oh father, horrible, horrible!—I couldn't for worlds."

"Simpleton! you are not to say it that way, but mincingly, so that it may sound like 'Kiss my eyes;' and ten to one but Sir John bursts out into a hoarse laugh, and kisses not only your eyes, but your mouth also."

"If that ain't droll! kiss my eyes!"

"Well done, girl, but you must do better yet—for at present my meddling in this business has not only cost me immense trouble, time, labour, and vexation, but I am confoundedly out of pocket into the bargain. When I spoke of my expenses to that honest fool Singleheart, he told me to send in my bill, and it should be paid immediately it was taxed—taxed! the traitor to his profession! He well knows that the master will never allow all my outlay for this boat, the carriage and four, these silken flags, and our splendid and luxurious journey to Portsmouth. Indeed, as I acted *amicus non rogatus*, he may think all my trouble and outlay a work of supererogation, and not give me a farthing, besides asking some awkward questions. But you are not listening, Miss Scrivener."

"You were not talking of the delightful Sir John, the sailor baronet."

"I was, Miss, but your foggy brain can be acted upon only by the senses. Whether you comprehend me or not, I will talk, for it gives me relief. I have no patience with you, still less with that noodle, Singleheart, not to have advised Sir Edward to litigate. Consummate ass!—what a glorious fat lawsuit!—would have lasted our joint lives. Such unheard of imbecility. Wish I could discover another heir. I will try, by heavens! No, no—make the man marry the girl—the very best plan. Rower-men, put the boat to its speed—make it go a sea gallop, and keep us close to that huge lumpy thing with the Jack-in-the-Green over it.

Now, Eugenia, dear, bow to Sir John—now smile. By all that's hideous, that fat beast has made him drunk already; and there is his infamous girl queening it like her majesty of Sheba. Never mind, Eugenia, kiss your hand to him, for see, he notices you. By all the horrors of a long vacation, he is going to make a speech, and he can't stand. My good woman, don't abuse us, we don't know you—we are gentlefolks, and friends of Sir John—take care of his worship—hold him down, or he'll be overboard—heavens and earth! there he is over!—how the marine animal snorts and swims!"

Jack had fallen or flung himself overboard, and was striking out for Miss Scrivener, who was screaming in the agony of her alarm for his safety. But Mrs. Snowdrop and Poll were not so easily to lose their prey—they caught him by the collar of his jacket, and whilst he was being hauled again into the bum-boat, Polly cuffed his ears most soundly, nor did she cease when he was placed in his seat—and there he sat, dull, stupid, cold, wet, and almost crying drunk. Alas! poor Jack!

CHAPTER XVII.

Jack's ashore—Most triumphant doings—Deputations of the tribes go forth to meet him—He is half killed with kindness—The law at a discount, and honesty not yet at par—A lawyer's soliloquy.

As Jack approached the landing-place at the Point of Portsmouth, the crowd of boats became enormous. Everything that could be pulled or paddled, went out to meet and bring him in triumphantly. All that was low, and blackguard, and poverty-stricken—all that was impudent, and extortionate, and cheating—all who practised fraud, whether by cunning or violence, were ready to welcome him. It was the saturnalia of Jews, rogues, and ladies with the name not to be mentioned to ears polite.

It was with difficulty that the large bum-boat that contained the immortal Jack could penetrate through the crowd of craft, and gain the beach. This was at length

effected. It was now about four o'clock in the afternoon, and most of the respectable inhabitants had drawn together, keeping at some distance from the dense crowd, to witness the motley scene. Sir John Truepenny, at last, with staggering gait, blinking eyes, and wonder-stricken countenance, supported on either hand by the Amazonian Poll and the burly bum-boat woman, stepped on shore. Then arose the deafening shout of "the most sweet voices" of the Portsmouth mob. The very air became rank with their breaths, converted into horrible tumult.

No sooner was Jack fairly ashore, than no less than forty-nine hooked-nose, kennel-countenanced sons of Israel made a dead and most ferocious set at our hero. No hungry wolves of the desert ever flung themselves more fiercely upon the toil-conquered steed, than did these harpies of avarice on our stupified John. It was all but a miracle that Jack did not then and there terminate his eventful history. He almost met the fate of Orpheus from the Thracian women, that of being torn limb from limb. Of course only some dozen of these forty-nine Jews could lay hands upon poor Jack, but those who could not touch him encircled the others, and thus at first prevented a rescue.

Stout as was Mrs. Snowdrop, and courageous and active as well as stout as was Poll, they were thrust aside with as little difficulty as a strong man finds in turning a child from his path. Presently, however, they rallied the boatmen, and after a short but desperate conflict the tribes were beaten off, threatening all manner of actions and damages, and Jack again found himself in custody of the party that had brought him ashore. But he was hurt and bruised, and his clothes torn to tatters.

Amidst the hootings, huzzaings, and yells, they had advanced some yards from the beach, and here another difficulty arose. The getters-up and the supporters of all these testimonies of joy had no idea of being glad gratis. Those in the boats, especially, who had made the pageant out to Spithead, looked for remuneration, and they became clamorous for it. Jack was willing to be generous so far as his ability permitted, so he pulled from his pocket those of the guineas that had not dropped into the sea when he fell overboard; but to this

proceeding the two ladies put in a vigorous *veto*. Mrs. Snowdrop told the applicants that they must look to those who had hired them, or induced them to go on what she was now pleased to term their fool's errand. Now this person turned out to be Mr. Scrivener, who had, or the men of his boat, in the exhiliration of the moment, said that which almost amounted to a promise of payment. "Look to the lawyers," was now the cry; and to them they looked accordingly—they did more—they began to pelt them; and, not being in the mind to discriminate, both Mr. Scrivener and Mr. Singleheart were obliged to trust for their safety from further violence to a rapid retreat, each of them covered with filth.

Mr. Singleheart had endeavoured to keep as close to his client as he could, in order to rescue him from the claws of the vultures that had determined to make him their prey. What Mr. Scrivener's motives were, we well know. Both, however, were beaten off the field; and it was owing solely to the beauty and the elegant dress of Miss Scrivener, that she found protection from a superior naval officer, after she had been forced from her father in the fray. This gentleman conveyed her in safety to her hotel.

By this time, the crowd had much increased, and the commotion became general,—a state of things not to be suffered in a well-governed garrisoned town. A posse of constables was assembled, and assisted by a captain's guard of marines, the crowd was dispersed, and Jack, or rather Jack's custodiers, were at length free agents.

Mrs. Snowdrop wished to convey Sir John to her own house at Portsea. This was strenuously opposed by Poll; but as she had no house of her own, it was finally settled, for that night, that they should go to " that tavern," to use her own language, " where the midshipmen leaves their chestesses when they can't pay for their breakfastesses—she meant the Blue Postesses."

This was assented to, and to the Blue Posts they accordingly went, now accompanied by Susan, who, dispirited, broken-hearted, and ashamed of her position, of her mother, and herself, asked permission to retire to the maternal abode. This was peremptorily refused, and she was thus compelled to be an inmate with the rest of her

party. Two constables were placed at the door of the tavern, to prevent intrusions and keep off the crowd; and Sir John Truepenny, very sick, with a dreadful headache, much bruised and hurt, was undressed by Mary Macannister, and, on the first day of his glory, put to bed at about four o'clock in the afternoon.

Let us return to Sir Edward Fortintower, who was ruminating alone in his hotel. He had just finished a long letter to Miss Ann Truepenny, in which he had detailed all the remarkable proceedings of the day. In spite of the applauding testimony of his own conscience, that he had done that which was just and gentlemanly, his spirits were dreadfully depressed. It was not that he feared poverty, but he feared that he should not bear it gracefully. With economy, as a single man, he could still keep up appearances; but the vital question now with him was, how his engagement with the heiress was to be regarded. His fortune he had resigned, but not without a great struggle. Was he equal to the higher self-devotion, the loftier magnanimity, of relinquishing his beloved? He felt that he was not; if it was his destiny to lose her, he would submit as he might, but he was determined not to be accessory to his own misery. In thus reasoning, he always considered her immense fortune as an integral part of herself.

In the midst of these painful reflections, the honest lawyer made his appearance, in a plight in which no honest man ought to be seen. He had upon his person a specimen of every variety of Portsmouth filth. His hat, to use a poet's expression, was multiform, his coat was rent, and the rims of his eyes were very carefully plastered with mud. As Mr. Singleheart entered, with a laugh upon his begrimed countenance, Sir Edward did not hesitate to give vent to the merriment that his friend's ludicrous appearance excited. Indeed, his presence was just then a great relief—in the midst of all his sorrows, Sir Edward had not yet been pelted.

"Come, lawyer, open your case—state your plea."

"Let me first go up to my room, and make myself fit to appear in court. Have dinner and a couple of bottles of claret ready, and we will charge them to the expenses incurred *in re* Sir John Truepenny's debarkation. I wish to come into court with clean hands."

So expanding his very dirty ones, he disappeared for a time.

The friends did not again meet until a late dinner, after which Mr. Singleheart gave Sir Edward a very humorous detail of the whole scene. "But I don't much care," he continued; "for that wily scoundrel, Scrivener, got it much worse than myself. It would have made your sad heart merry to have heard how vehemently he disclaimed his profession. 'That 's the lawyer, on my honour he, is,' said he pointing to the humble individual who is talking to you—but it would not do—he had, in some manner, encouraged the vagabonds to make this fuss, and they swore they would have it out of him. They have permanently blackened both his eyes, and his face was covered with blood from his broken nose. Many of the villians seemed quite struck that a lawyer's blood should be as red as an honest man's—at least, so they said. But what to do with my client, I know not. He is very drunk now, and therefore anything he may sign will have no legal effect. Besides, he promised me, on the honour of a seaman, that he would never sign a paper without consulting me. I believe he will keep his word."

"I think he will—I am sure he will," said Sir Edward, thoughtfully.

"Now this is as fit a case for a statute of lunacy as any I ever met with. You are next of kin, Sir Edward. What do you think of it?"

"You cannot be serious. The liberty of the subject extends to the privilege of getting intoxicated, and we must appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober. I think that, to-morrow morning, both we and Jack himself will see Sir John Truepenny in a new light."

"I hope so—I fervently hope so. No solicitor could administer his affairs without reproach, were he more just than Aristides, should my client continue this line of conduct."

"He will not—most assuredly he will not. Let him marry any decent person, and my lady will soon make a gentleman of Sir John. Let him marry."

"Marry—amen—and with all my heart. This is the very match for which the Truepenny family have denied themselves for so many generations."

"Ah! do I understand you?"

"I hope so; for ultimately it will be for your good If you were the eligible person for whom to resuscitate, by purchase, this dormant or expired peerage, how much more eligible is this sailor baronet! He is nearer to the Truepennys in blood—and, above all, he has the baronial estates."

"But his previous low life—"

"Six months in London, a dancing-master, and a tailor; or the tailor alone."

"His almost total want of education—"

"He knows how to write his name; what need has a lord to know more?"

"But then his rough and salt-sea manners—do you think the gentle, quiet, and mild Miss Ann could ever tolerate them?"

"Can't tell—like him, perhaps, the better for them."

"His rolling gait."

"His superb person."

"His habits of drinking."

"His handsome face."

"I verily believe that he chews tobacco."

"Oh, she 'll make him leave that off whenever she likes."

"You affection-monger, you have married them already."

"Not I, indeed. They will marry fast enough without my assistance; that is to say, if the deaf old gentleman wishes it; and I am afraid, my dear Sir Edward, that wish it he will. Why has he lived so far beyond the usual boundary of life; living on in that worst, that most appalling of silences, the silence of deafness? the few words that he ever utters, are to the effect, that he is weary and would be at rest, and that he lives only for the fulfilment of his ancestor's wish. It is awful to look upon that deaf old man; and still more awful to contemplate his one unchanging, indomitable sentiment, which alone keeps him living, and for which alone he lives. He will make them marry."

"Never, I have a trust in Ann's affection; it has been, heart and soul, bestowed on me; *that* she never can transfer to a rough, low-bred seaman."

"Say not what she can do until that low, rough-bred

seaman has been six months on shore. My dear friend, do your best to gain her, and expect the worst. Nerve up your gallant heart to act now as you ever have done; let your next step be as honourable as your last. Know, Sir Edward, that I am opposed to you. My professional duty must be done, though it should bring me with sorrow to an untimely grave. I must not only advise my client to this match, but do my best to bring it to a happy issue. Cheer up, my friend."

"This from you!"

"I will, if it will make you happy, resign my appointment immediately; but as Sir John's solicitor, I know my duty, and that duty you must respect. All may yet be well."

"I do respect you, I do respect your duty. Finish the wine yourself. Good night."

"No, no, d—n it; hey, what, swearing! We'll resign, Edward, hey? No, my dear son, let us resign, and go up to town to-morrow by the first coach. There, fill your glass. That's settled."

"By no manner of means. I cannot let my new-found relation be a prey to all the sharks and vermin of this place. He would immediately fall into the harpy hands of Scrivener. I will stay here a few days longer, and be you his friend for my sake. Good night."

Sir Edward wrung Mr. Singleheart's hand, and departed, *as he said*, to rest.

"Well," said the lawyer, when he found himself alone, "it is good to soliloquize. The habit is a useful one. But let us see that the doors are all fast. If men would oftener soliloquize, they would be all the better for it. Thinking, it won't do. Give it out boldly as I do, thus. See how your actions appear in living words—words that another man might use. See how you like that. Have I done rightly? do I purpose to do rightly? I think I do. Here are a bottle and a half of claret, let us argue the point; and one of them shall be my antagonist. Not the half-empty one, no, I will not be opposed so weakly. The full one is most likely to *overcome* me. Now stand there, and do your worst; in the mean time, I shall take a glass out of your brother. Now go on, sir. You say, or you would say if you could, 'Is it just or generous, that you should urge forward this noble young man, your

dear friend too, first to resign a splendid fortune, which, by your assistance, he might have still retained many years, and, in the mean time, the upstart claimant might have drunk himself to death with his attorney, out of mere vexation, or been carried off in a rapid atrophy at the law's delay. Answer me that, master."

"Well opened, Mr. Longcork—your case is well opened; but let me open you yourself, for your speech was so long, that whilst you were prating, I have silently extracted all that was good from out your companion. Why, I declare, you have more strength, more vivacity, and more good in you, than your empty brother. You deserve the best answer that I can give you, and you shall have it. It will be short though. All the amiability, and all the virtue that one man possibly could possess, ought not to deprive another of his just rights. It is a case in which friendship can do nothing. The moment friendship consents to do a dirty action, even to serve its object, it is friendship no more, and nothing but a conspiracy between two villains. What think you of that, Master Narrowneck? It deserves a glass of your blood, that answer does.—Now for your next charge: you see, though you are dwindling apace, I am not yet overcome. Go on; lift up your head like a man, and speak up, or the jury won't be able to hear you. You say that mine are very fine sentiments, and carry with them, on that point, a show of right; but why need I go out of my way, and come between mutual affection? A lawyer is not a marriage-broker. What has law to do with the nicer feelings of the heart, or any nice feelings at all? Marriage is a holy ceremony, a moral contract of the highest order; when it is contracted from mercenary considerations, it is nothing better than a legal prostitution.—You stole that last sentiment, Mr. Greencoat, so you must pay the plagiarist's forfeit—the lower it gets, the more relishing is your spirit. You ask me, as a closer, why not stick rigidly to your professional duty, and leave marriage to the loves, graces, opportunity, and the parson?"

"Now for my answer: as I see the case is nearly closed, and you insist so much upon my sticking to my professional duty, I will oblige you, and extract all that you have, by the way, and in the name of, legal fees.

There, you are as empty now as my blue bag used to be; and there is so little solidity in you that I can see quite through you. You find what you have come to, by commencing a suit with a lawyer. As you are quite cleaned out, I might put you out of court at once; but still, I will put in my answer to your last demurrer. Marriage I acknowledge to be a solemn ordinance; but as, in all contracts for this ceremony, earthly things must have a consideration; it is my duty to my client to tell him that such or such a marriage would have such and such legal and worldly beneficial consequences—that a certain alliance would better his real estate, and would be attended with such and such temporal advantages—but to bring about such a marriage is altogether another affair.—But I don't see quite so clearly as usual—I have gained my cause, and if I can only gain my bed as cleverly——"

He did, with the assistance of the waiter.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Polly political—Does the gracious and the grand, and borrows money with all the nonchalance of a lady of quality—Jack grows dignified, and a judge of music, and a little more sober and sensible—A lawyer at a nonplus—Makes a motion, and takes nothing by it.

Whilst Sir John Truepenny was sleeping off the fumes of his brandy, Poll and Mrs. Snowdrop had arranged between them a hollow truce. Poor Susan, shocked and bewildered, was forced to dress herself in bridal white. Polly did the same, being promptly supplied with all required finery from the ready-made stores of this extortionate place. She was never before so well dressed; and, in spite of the superfluity of ribbons and artificial flowers, looked, in the sailor's eye at least, bewitching.

The august two determined to do nothing important until next day, excepting the inviting of their mutual friends to a grand supper, each lady asking an equal number of guests. When the landlord was sent for, and ordered to do all that was possible to produce the best feast that the place afforded, or that money could purchase, he

demurred, without having first the cash to purchase it with. "If," he said, "he had any more respect for any one living person (and that was impossible) than he had for Mrs. Snowdrop, it was for Miss Macannister; indeed, he should always have said that there was not a more respected person living than Miss Macannister, had it not been for Mrs. Snowdrop; and if he honoured any person more than either, that person was Sir John Truepenny. But yet, there had been such things as hoaxes. He was, comparatively speaking, a poor man—his house was used mostly by young gentlemen—and he saw their money much less often than their faces. Some ready cash was, therefore, indispensable."

"Low fellow!" said Mrs. Snowdrop, tossing her head disdainfully. "Here, Sue, go up to my lord barron knight's room, and bring down a handful of guineas out of his lordship's pocket."

"Stand back, hussy! No one shall go into my Jack's room but myself," said Poll.

Just then it was not prudent to argue this all-important point. So Polly went, and returned with only about ten or twelve guineas. It was all that she could find. For these, the landlord held out his hand, and shook his head at the same time.

"This will not go far," said he, coolly pocketing the gold. "It will, however, give you the supper, and pay for the hire of the rooms. For how many did you say, ladies?"

"Thirty at least; and, as we intend to be very genteel, let there be three fiddles and plenty of rum-flip," said Mrs. Snowdrop.

"And, d'ye hear, landlord? none of yer ingins in the sallatt—it 's vastly low," said Polly, looking all manner of superiorities at Mrs. Snowdrop.

"But what are we to do to raise the wind, Miss Macannister?" said the elder lady.

"Advance Jack a few of your dirty hundreds."

"With all the pleasure in life, my dear; but no one knows where they are stowed away but myself, and I can't leave the dear fellow."

"Then send to some of the Jews; they 'll lend fast enough."

Now Mrs. Snowdrop, being herself a Christian Jewess

—for those said so to whom she had ever lent money or given credit—knew all the peril of Jew dealings.

"No, madam," she replied, "with your permission, I must te'l you, that if once you get the Jews in, they will get us all out."

"Well," said Poll, "to shew you I am not afraid to leave my Jack, I'll just step out myself: just give us your fist upon it, that you'll let me in again. I know how to get the mopusses."

"As you love Jack and yourself, don't go to his lawyer!"

"Poll 's not so green — no, no — not quite so spooney!"

So, putting on her new white satin bonnet, with all the pride of a Roxalana, she passed into the street. She who, but a few days before, would have been glad if a common Jack had accosted her, looked superciliously at midshipmen, passed lieutenants with disdain, and disputed the *pavé* with post captains. But Poll was as shrewd as she was vain. She determined to strike at once, and boldly. She soon found out one of those agents who abounded in the sea-ports in the times of war and much prize-money, and bade him procure a license for her marriage with Sir John immediately, telling him not to regard expense, but time.

She had heard enough to make her comprehend that Mr. Scrivener wished to be mixed up with Sir John's affairs, for she knew that it was he who had set all these grand doings in motion. She easily found out his hotel, and was readily admitted to him, though he was in a situation but little adapted to receive company. A surgeon had just taken his departure, after having lanced the learned gentleman under his eyes, in order to put them at once into half-mourning only. His nose was swollen; and he was still bathing his face when Polly made her appearance.

Eugenia Elfrida had changed her dress, and, but little moved by her father's afflictions, was dividing her attention pretty equally upon the flies who were knocking their silly heads against the panes of glass, and the idle military and naval vanities that were strutting up and down High-street. Notwithstanding this profitable occupation, Eugenia was wondering—she always was wondering—

whether Jack had got sober—what he was doing—and how he would look if dressed in the usual costume of a gentleman. Then again she wondered if Jack liked her —and she wondered still more intensely if he would have her for his wife; for, after her former disappointment, she did not place too much reliance upon the paternal promise.

"O, Sir John's friend, I see," said Mr. Scrivener, dabbing away with the wet lint under his eyes. "What can I do for you, madam?"

"If you please, sir, 'sposing that you be my Jack's friend, Jack has sent me, sir,"—(Polly could lie like a diplomatist upon fitting occasions)—"Jack has sent me, sir, with his duty to ye, and wants the loan like of a fistful of guineas or so."

"Does he indeed? The worthy Sir John! He may command any sum he thinks fit to ask for. No man should I be more proud and more happy to serve than Sir John Truepenny. A man of infinite merit, madam, and of great taste also—he knows how to choose his friends. His friends, of course, must be mine. What would you choose to take—sherry, madeira?"

"Why, sir, as you 're so purlite, a go of gin and bitters; not that I want any gemman to treat me, now Jack's come to his own, but merely out of purliteness, and to shew good breeding; so let's have the go."

"Waiter, go for some gin and bitters."

"How much, sir?"

"A go, you spoony! Come, tramp with your dish-clout, you fiddle-faced, dog-robbing, trencher-scraper. Beg pardon, sir, but you see, as I shall soon have servants of my own, I am just practising a little."

"Exactly, madam. Practice makes perfect, as the saying is: not that there is any want of perfection in the person I have the honour of speaking to. How much does my friend Sir John require?"

"Why, a hundred will do for the present;" and she held out her willing hand. But Mr. Scrivener explained to her, that in these transactions a few forms were necessary; and that, great as was his affection for Sir John, the advance could not be made without an interview with him, and an acknowledgment with his signature attached to it.

"Would Sir John do him the inexpressible honour of calling upon him?"

That was totally out of the question. Poll was also unwilling that the lawyer should come to Jack; but the money was absolutely necessary, the more especially when she thought of the grand doings that she contemplated for the morrow;—so, receiving Mr. Scrivener's promise that he would be with them in the course of an hour, Poll, making three low curtseys to Miss Scrivener, who returned the salutation with what she conceived the fashionable bob of the head to an inferior, Poll withdrew, muttering, as she went down stairs, "Painted waxwork! finical moppet!"

But Poll had other very important business to transact, the nature of which will soon transpire; so that it was nearly eight o'clock before she had returned to the Blue Posts. In the meantime, Mr. Scrivener had called twice, and sent up his card each time; but admittance had been refused to him, through the agency of the wily bum-boat woman.

Jack's slumber had been most refreshing and salutary to him, and he arose about six o'clock, perfectly sober, and as eager for food as a famished wolf. By slow degrees he began to comprehend his present position, and shortly came to the very just conclusion that he had been a most egregious ass. Before he could dress himself, he was forced to send for a slopseller, so torn and soiled did he find the clothes that he had put on, almost new, that day.

He descended into the best apartment, and had to resist all the blandishments and the brandy of Mrs. Snowdrop, and, what was much more difficult, the timid sensitiveness and conscious blushes of her bridal-arrayed daughter. At first Jack swore stoutly that he would not be gammoned—that he had given Poll his word—and that to splice with her was no more than doing his duty as an able seaman. But even whilst making these protestations, he had insensibly drawn towards Susan; and as he finished by saying, "Might the devil fly away with him down Mount Strombolo, if he would not marry Poll the moment she asked him," his arm was round Susan's waist, and a kiss was heard as loud as a north-easter whistling through the weather topsail sheet block.

At this moment Poll herself entered the room, with face flushed and fire in her eyes. Great was the clamour that ensued. She would have flown upon the meek, unresisting Susan, had not the powerful bulk of the bumboat woman interposed, and the strong arm of Jack restrained.

"Poll," said Sir John authoritatively, "as sure as bogs are bogs, I'll wop you into a mummy if you are not quiet, and don't behave like a lady."

Poll had nothing left her but to burst into tears, make moving speeches about Mrs. Snowdrop's treachery, the artfulness of her tater-faced dump of a daughter, and Jack's deceitfulness. Jack's initiation into rank and fortune was not remarkably pleasant.

In the midst of this passion of tenderness and rage, Mr. Scrivener was again announced. Mrs. Snowdrop had already ordered "the thief of a lawyer" to be bundled out, when Polly, recovering herself wonderfully, countermanded the order; and a short consultation ensued, which made Jack aware of the present state of his finances. Our hero began to see how the land lay, and was determined not to be altogether a dupe. He therefore took care to conceal from everybody what Sir Edward had told him respecting the two thousand pounds in his name at the Portsmouth bank, and was determined slily to observe how all parties worked their ships.

At length Mr. Scrivener was admitted. Jack being determined to receive him with aristocratic dignity, placed himself in an arm chair in the centre of the room, with his natty straw hat on, cocked sapiently on one side, with a very long clay pipe in his mouth, which he held out pompously with one hand, whilst resting on the elbow of the chair was the other, containing a glass of cold water. Between his legs on the floor, was a three-cornered spittoon, and he sent forward the smoke from his pipe in long and measured volumes. Jack only eyed the water askance; but that was enough—it was emblematical of his resolved sobriety. At his right hand sate Mrs. Snowdrop, her chair overflowing with her vast proportions, with her arms crossed in all the dignity of the future mother of the baronet. Poll had caught the infection of pomp and privilege, and played her part of

magnificence by sitting bolt and stiffly upright in her chair, and flinging her head so much back, that nothing of her face was visible, excepting the tip of her chin. No man coming to lend a hundred pounds was ever received with so much hauteur.

All the length of one side of the room, the tables were spread and, arranged for the accommodation of thirty guests. We make no mention of Susan, as she was not visible; having seated herself modestly behind Mrs. Snowdrop, she was totally eclipsed by the maternal rotundity.

Now when the door was opened to admit Mr. Scrivener, two one-legged fiddlers, leading a blind brother of the bow, took this opportunity to make their ingress, accompanied by one who tortured a bass viol—base in every sense: a man with a barrelled organ also attempted entrance, but not having been bidden, he was tumbled down stairs by the waiters.

The musicianers, as Poll called them, being duly impressed with awe, quietly filed off, and placed themselves upon stools, which they knew intuitively to be meant for them.

When this little bustle had subsided, with a green shade over his eyes, a smile of fascination on his countenance, and his hand extended for shaking, Mr. Scrivener advanced towards the awful trio. But Jack impeded his progress by a truly Jovian wave of his piped head, and, exclaiming "God save the King," prepared to listen with all the dignified composure of the critic, and all the conscious dignity of the master of the coming feast. Not waiting for any superfluous tuning—vain labour!—"with an obedient start," the four cracked instruments ran a race in the national anthem, which was won, by some bars, by the blind catgut vexer.

Jack pronounced that it was good, but hardly loud enough; Mrs. Snowdrop and Polly were chary in their approbation—both saying at once, the musicianers might have done better..

But the disappointed lawyer was not yet permitted to speak. His opening speech was cut short by Jack demanding "Rule Britannia," which was accordingly played, and the defects mentioned in the last essay of the musicians strenuously remedied. The glasses on

the table seemed to dance with the loudness of the horrid discordance. Jack and the ladies expressed themselves satisfied.

Mr. Scrivener now attempted to advance, but Jack met him with a repelling frown, and stopped him by a gesture.

"Sir John Truepenny!" said the lawyer from the middle of the room, and making one step forward.

"Avast! heave to. What ship, a-hoy? A Russian, I 'spose, by the green colours you shew?"

"An Englishman like yourself, Sir John."

"Then down with your deadlights, shew your papers, whencefrom, where bound to? name, tonnage, and lading?"

Now, as Jack uttered all this with a gruff harsh voice, and as there was not a ray of pleasantry either in look or manner, Mr. Scrivener was taken as flat a-back as was ever a square-rigged vessel in a squall. Many of the questions thus showered upon him he could not answer, because he could not comprehend them. He was more confused than if he had been convicted in a lie under a severe cross-examination. The wicked Jack enjoyed this extremely.

But a mild and not unmusical voice, that was positively a treat of harmony after the fiddles and Sir John's harsh tones, arose from behind Mrs. Snowdrop's chair—

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I believe Sir John Truepenny don't like the shade over your eyes, and is merely inquiring your name and business in his own pleasant way."

Mr. Scrivener made a very low bow to Mrs. Snowdrop, who drew herself up accordingly. "Sir John's *pleasant* manner—hum—the pillory—hot summer's day, and eggs in a state of transition—never yet thought over-pleasant," said the lawyer.

"Tried 'em?" said Jack, without moving a muscle.

"I! hey—God bless me—what do you mean? This shade, Sir John, I received in your service. If you have already forgotten it, my name is Simon Scrivener, and it is owing to me that you are now Sir John Truepenny. My business here is coming, at your request, to lend you a hundred pounds, which I shall have much pleasure in doing, if you will but grant me a little civility and a small portion of your friendship."

"Very well, Mr. Simon Snitcher—all fair and above board—tip us the rhino." But Jack was still as grave as a judge.

"My dear, facetious Sir John," said Scrivener, growing bolder, "there are a few ceremonies to be observed." And he then wished to make terms with him for future employment; but Jack was immovable—he would not even sign an acknowledgment, or give him a receipt for the money. He remembered his promise to Mr. Singleheart, not to put pen to paper without his sanction, and that promise he was determined religiously to keep.

The two ladies saw and heard this with dismay, but Jack was obstinate; and now the only resource was for Mrs. Snowdrop to give security for the money, which the lawyer, knowing her wealth, very willingly accepted. A canvass bag containing nintcen guineas and eighty pounds in bank-notes was then put into Jack's capacious hands, which he thrust with the nonchalance of a great man into his pocket. For this advance of one hundred pounds, Mrs. Snowdrop had accepted a bill for one hundred and thirty pounds at three months, the lawyer charging, as he said, only ten per cent for interest, and giving the gold at its marketable price of thirty shillings each for the guineas.

After many vain attempts on the part of Mr. Scrivener to do the gracious, and recommend himself, Jack unceremoniously told him to make himself scarce, as several ladies and gentlemen were expected who could not abide low company. So Mr. Scrivener prepared to go, gaining nothing by his motion but a little usury.

"Play him out!" said Sir John, with a tone of voice not to be disobeyed. The fiddlers trembled to their very elbows, and the bass viol groaned in dismay.

"What tune, please your honour?" said the blind musician, who, not being under the terrors of Jack's frown, still had the command of speech.

"The rogue's march."

Under the complimentary flourish of catgut Mr. Scrivener withdrew, not wonderfully satisfied either with his reception or his dismissal.

The *taking of a sight* had not yet prevailed, at least not in the present classical costermonger style; but Jack, laying aside his baronial dignity as the lawyer retreated,

made an intelligible action of contempt, equal to the modern method of expressing derision, and very far superior to it in energy and drollery. To use a favourite phrase in our line of writing, "It may be conceived, but it cannot be expressed."

From the decided tone of Jack's conduct, it was now very evident that himself would take the lead. He began with rowing Mrs. Snowdrop for having made him drunk—which pleased Poll; and then he turned upon Poll, and rowed her for having permitted him to be made drunk—which pleased Mrs. Snowdrop. He then criticised Poll's dress with a Petruchio-like severity, and looked so sternly, and swore so astoundingly, that she was quite vanquished, and stood trembling before him. He next found fault with all the arrangements of the tables, summoned the landlord and all his servants, male and female, damned them as a parcel of the greatest lubbers that ever wished to impose their low ways upon a man of rank and fashion, and proceeded to instruct them in their own business. Everything was removed, even to the saltcellars. After plates, decanters, and wine-glasses had been placed in every conceivable position, Sir John expressed himself satisfied. He next abused his band, complained that they could not play loudly enough, and then ordered an augmentation of drums, fifes, and clarionets, and the Scotch bag-pipes.

When he had terrified every one into silence, he strutted a turn or two up and down the room, broke his pipe across the head of the landlord, who was in the act of making him a low bow, took a deliberate aim at a painted and glazed coloured print of a midshipman in full uniform, with his untouched glass of water, and smashed both, exclaiming, "By the great guns of the Old Glory, I'll let the lubbers know that "JACK'S ASHORE!"

CHAPTER XIX.

Is a long and momentous one. embracing the principal things for which man and woman exist—loving, feeding, and fighting—It touches also upon seven mortal sins, and contains seven immortal morals—The former apparent, the latter but darkly shadowed out—Sin is so much more easily achieved than morality.

"STEADY, ho! Jack! Mind your helm—ease her—ease her! In with your lofty canvass—the Lord love you, Jack! reduce your head-sails: you are too nigh the wind, my dear—ease her—ease her—I tell ye your weather leeches are shaking—already you've three cloths in the wind. Jack, my darling, this will never do; do you see that infernal imp that has hold of your tiller? How the fiend mocks, and gibbers, and grins! What diabolical antics! Brain him, Jack, brain him! Do you mark how he yaws the good ship? You don't know him—it is a pity. But there is an old quarter-master-looking chap standing by, hanging his head. Nobody regards him; your companions don't regard him, nor you either. So much the worse for you all—his name is Common Sense. Give him the helm, Jack. There is yet time, but barely: already are the seas breaking over you—your canvass is strained—your bows are under water—your masts bend—your yards creak, and your standing rigging is snapping. How can it be otherwise? Folly has taken command of the good ship, and there is the demon of insanity at the helm. The gale of prosperity is too much for you—too, too sudden, my dear John! have a care: it will upset you, and shortly make you nothing but a crazy wreck. Oh, have a care of madness, my dear boy—have an especial care of it! Dread you not the darkened cell and the chains of the maniac? What then would avail your vast estates, your high-sounding title? You would pine away on the loathsome straw until your fleshless bones rattled in your parched-up skin; never more in your light sailor's dress to swing joyously in the merry sunshine upon the lofty yard, or to gather up the fluttering sail, with the blithe, 'One, two, three!' Never more with proud cheerfulness to heave the lead gallantly to the sprit-sail

yard, singing out the decreasing soundings as the brave ship neared the dear shore that you loved and were defending—never, never more! That would be sad '*change for a penny!*' Steady ho, Jack! steady."

Was there no one by him to warn him of the dangerous path of excitement that he was treading? Yes, there was one; one, alas! but too much trending upon the lee-shore herself. But the gale that was driving her to her ruin was not the blast of arrogant prosperity, nor the storm of wild fury, nor the whirlwind of ungovernable passions; it was that impulse of the soul that seems gentler than mercy, yet is stronger than death—unrequited love.

Susan had remarked Jack's exalted tone, the unsettled flash of his eye, and a slight quivering over his white and expansive forehead. He had been enacting the lion, and roaring fully up to the part. Just then, no one seemed inclined to speak to or approach him. Already had he begun to talk somewhat incoherently.

"My dear John," said Susan, going up to him with a tender smile, and possessing herself of one of his huge hands, "come and sit by me—I want to speak to you."

"What says my lily with the two violets for eyes, and the rosebud lips? Surge! but you grow as sweet as the moonshine on a tiny little wave—you do, Sue—pale, pale—and white—but very pretty! What are you like, poor Susan—what are you like, my bending branch of white blossoms?"

"Be quiet, John, and don't talk,—but come and sit by me, and hear me talk."

"Not talk? not talk? and why not talk, when I have so gentle a creature to talk to? Not talk? yes—that was all very well to say to poor Jack, the forecastle man—but to tell Sir John Truepenny that he is not to talk, is very absurd—droll, droll;" and he burst into a laugh that even the obtuse Mrs. Snowdrop found to have something unnatural about it.

"To be sure you shall talk; but it is not fair for so grand a gentleman to have all the talk to himself—that would be so proud like."

"Very well, we will both talk. Susan Snowdrop and Sir John Truepenny shall talk, and every body else shall be silent; ut the baronet must talk before the daughter

of—Oh Susan, what a beast I am!—only let me tell you what you are like, and I'll listen to you for an hour."

"Agreed—it is a bargain, John—now go on—but sit down by me, and speak low—gentlemen of title always speak low to—to—may I say a lady?"

"Ladies, Susan! I don't know what they are; but it they are but half so good, and so gentle, and so bearing and forbearing, as the ill-used——"

"What am I like?"

"All manner of good and pleasant things—like a sky-sail made of white jean—your walk like a 'Mudian schooner on a bowling—when you smile, it is like a sunbeam dancing hither and thither among the sails when a ship is carrying on all, alow and aloft—your breath is like the sea-breeze setting into Port Royal harbour, upon the face of a poor fellow grappling with yellow Jack—your voice sounds like 'up anchor,' on a foreign station, homeward bound—your words and your pretty little speeches come as refreshing as large drops of rain upon a poor devil parched up in an open boat, just dying with thirst—your sweet temper is like a gentle breeze two points abaft the beam; and if you could be turned into a ship, keeping all your good qualities, the sea would not be good enough for you: little cherubs would come down for your crew, a glorious angel would take the helm, and you would sail right up aloft, and let go your anchor in heaven."

"Ah, John, this is very fine talking; but Mary will be jealous."

"Why should she be jealous, Sue? Don't I stick by her like a man? don't she whack me, and I she, as it may happen? don't I get drunk with her? What more can the woman want? No, no, she need not be jealous. I could not whack you for love, nor for love get drunk with you; why, I feels awkward a smoking when you are by."

"Now, John, it is my turn."

Then did the poor creature, with tears in her eyes, extort a request—the last one, she said, that she would ever make—that he should only for that night drink nothing but water, with the exception of something that she would send him, which he was to take on going to bed. She had great difficulty in doing this; but Sir

John gave his honour as a man, and she knew upon that pledge she could depend.

All this was carried on in a tone of voice so low, that neither of the other women could overhear them. Just then Polly was too much frightened to shew her displeasure, and Mrs. Snowdrop saw with infinite satisfaction the good understanding between Jack and her daughter. Indeed, she now believed that the game was in her own hands, and that her daughter had much more wit than she had hitherto given her credit for.

When, therefore, Susan arose, and told her that she had made a very agreeable bargain with Sir John, and that she wished to go home, and there remain till the morrow, her mother did not offer a single objection, but, the first time for many years, kissed her affectionately on wishing her good night. Poll also was tolerably civil to her on her departure, as, in her absence, she felt herself more secure; though, in truth, she had not many misgivings as to her certainty of soon becoming Lady Truepenny.

Jack remained, after Susan had departed, for some time in deep thought. At length he started up, and striking the table heavily with his hand, he exclaimed, "That girl's an angel; by the three hairs on Mother Shipton's chin, but she was right! Mad! ware that, Jack, ware that. If she were to send me all the filth in the potecary's shop, I'd stow it away, I would. This morning she saved me from flogging, and to-night she has saved me from"—he did not say what, but he shuddered as if he had suddenly trod upon a toad.

Sir John Truepenny now came forward, and with an enforced composure shook the two ladies by the hand, and spoke some quiet and gracious words to the very strong band that had now assembled. He did this as a mental exercise.

A letter was now put into the hands of Mrs. Snowdrop; for she had taken the command, and had ordered every message and missive to be delivered to her. She broke the seal without hesitation, and looked much annoyed. Jack inquired the occasion of her uneasiness, and to his astonishment and indignation he found the letter addressed to himself. This indignation he expressed by a dreadful oath, which he was on the point

of enforcing by a cuff of the head. Suddenly checking himself, he thus addressed her: "For your daughter's sake, I axes your pardon for my violence; yes, I'll give a wide berth to every thing that she calls sightment. But I tell you, marm, once for all, you've taken a liberty that you must take no more; breaking open a seal addressed to me is just as bad as breaking open my sea-chest, and robbing me of my best bib and tucker. And let me overhaul all messages myself, marm."

"Please your honour, my lud," said the bum-boat woman, with an odd mixture of pride, vexation, and humility, "I hired these here rooms."

"Oh ye did, did ye?—when I was mops and brooms? Very well—Poll, let you and me tramp: I dares to say we'll find some other place to take us in."

Nothing would have pleased Polly more than such a move; for, so long as Mrs. Snowdrop remained, she felt that she possessed only a divided empire. But Mrs. Snowdrop whined, and humbled herself into the very dust, and at length conciliated Sir John and Miss Mary Macannister.

The letter was from Mr. Singleheart, Jack's lawyer. It contained some guarded expostulations on the conduct he was adopting; mentioned that he, Mr. Singleheart, would see him early next morning; that he proposed that they should set off for London in the course of the next day, the sooner the better, as there was much necessary business to transact; and that he had taken the liberty of sending him a tailor, who had engaged to furnish him with sufficient clothes in time, to enable him to travel as a gentleman.

This letter enclosed one from Sir Edward Fortintower, to this effect:

"Crown Hotel, High Street, Wednesday.

"Dear Sir John,—You will pardon this liberty, in the knowledge that I take it solely for your good. This morning I was proud to own you as my relation, but the proceedings of the day have almost made me repent of my too hasty avowal. I would never desire you to forget the frankness and honesty of your old, whilst I wish you to assume the propriety looked for from you in your new character. Surrounded as you are, I cannot

come to see you; I can therefore only caution you as your true friend. Follow, in every thing, the advice of your lawyer, and, above all things, avoid excitement in drinking, acting, speaking, and even thinking. For one man who has lost his senses by sudden calamity, thousands have gone raving mad on the acquisition of unexpected wealth. This is a well-known fact. You require as much care and quiet as a person attacked with a brain fever. Let me hear from you at least, and you would do well to see a medical man.

"Your well-wisher,

"EDWARD FORTINTOWER."

Both these letters being written in a plain bold hand, Jack read them very easily. He reflected for some time, and then sent for the landlord, and inquired if there was any one below who had inquired for him.

"Any one!" said the landlord, lifting up his hands in astonishment. "Every one! at least every one has been: there are now between thirty and forty persons waiting to see your honour."

"Any of the Old Glories?"

"A great many of them have been and called—no liberty men—all officers."

"And I denied to them! Mother Snowdrop, Mother Snowdrop, how dare you?"

"Oh, Sir John," said the landlord, "they all took it in good part, and said it was very proper and very sensible. There is still Mr. Slowberry, one of the young gentlemen, below; he has been one hour and a half over his glass of grog in the coffee-room."

"Give him my humble duty—no, no—my respects—pooh—say Sir John Truepenny would be happy to see him, if he is disengaged."

"Don't do any such thing," said Poll: "tell the bilking reefer to tumble up stairs, as the barrownight has some orders to give him."

"Hold your tongue, Poll; do as I bid you—stop—any one come with these letters?"

"Mr. Snitch, the great tailor, with his foreman and first cutter."

"First cutter! does the cabbaging son of a gun sport his first and second cutter?"

"He does, Sir John."

"How many oars does they pull?—has a barge too, perhaps? As good a berth as port admiral."

"No, no, Sir John, Mr. Snitch would as soon get into a cabbage net as into a boat—his first cutter cuts the cloth for the dungs and the flints."

"Well, I've much to larn yet, d'ye see—so let Mr. Snitch come up with his foreman—his first cutter may cut his stick, and you may leave the flints on the Common Hard, and the dungs where they ought to be left."

"Very good, Sir John Truepenny, I vow;" and mine host departed, apparently much edified.

"Shall we play the tailors in, your honour?" said the chief musician.

"Not without you can play the devil."

"We can play 'The devil among them,' Sir John."

"'Off she goes'" said Sir John.

Accordingly, the strenuous band divided itself into two equal parts, one of which played the tune of the "Devil among the Tailors," the other that of "Off she goes;" and, as each strove for the mastery, the clamour was deafening. In the midst of this riot, the midshipman entered with the tailors themselves, and, by his looks of annoyance at the association, he seemed to be inclined to play the devil among them also; but the instruments were too overpowering for the middy; so placing a finger in each ear, he walked up to Sir John, and grinned his welcome in his face.

When the noise of stringed and wind instruments had ceased, there was naturally a little awkwardness in the manner of the present midshipman and the past forecastle man towards each other. Mr. Slowberry, in trying to contemplate the baronet, could not divest himself of the idea of the foremast man; and Sir John, in endeavouring to give the social welcome of equality, could not forget how often the midshipman had addressed him to the effect of "Scull along there, you lazy lubber, or I'll freshen your way with a rope's end."

They looked at each other and laughed, but neither would speak first, lest he should be deemed to be too condescending. Sir John, however, pointed to a decanter of port wine, of which the midshipman filled a tumbler and drank it off deliberately, and with much inward

satisfaction. This acted as the sesame to their lips—each spoke at once, and the next moment they were in a corner of the room in deep consultation; the result of which was, that, shortly after, each party was seen writing a letter,—which was done off hand by the midshipman but was performed by Jack with so many contortions of the face that you would have supposed that he had been making mouths at every letter as soon as he had formed it.

The tailors having received their orders, and taken the necessary measures to furnish Jack with two suits of clothes, the one the plain fit of a private gentleman, the other as natty a sailor's rig as skill could produce, they were deluged with grog, and played out to the tune of "Drops of Brandy."

It was now nine o'clock; the candles were lighted, the hot supper was ready—but where were the guests? There was no other stranger present but Mr. Slowberry, and he, understanding the probable description of persons to be expected, could not be induced to honour the feast with his company. He departed.

After the midshipman had taken his leave, Mrs. Snowdrop ordered the supper to be brought in, and the multiplicity of the dishes caused Jack to open his eyes, and exclaim, "Mother Snowdrop, and be d—d t'ye; Poll, you hussy, what's in the wind now? This is making ducks and drakes of the baronet's dibs with a vengeance."

Saying this he harpooned one of the former with a carving-fork, and held it up menacingly. "If there were hands enough to eat all this, I'm not the man to grudge it; but this is turning the tables upon six upon four to a fine tune—this is three upon forty."

Just pipe to dinner my dear Jack, and you'll open your goggles," said the amiable Miss Mary Macannister.

"Strike up the 'Roast Beef of Old England,'" said Sir John, flourishing his carving-fork with the duck upon it. No sooner had half of the first bar of that appetite-provoking air been murdered, than, marshalled in by mine host and four waiters, dressed expressly for the occasion, in marched the *élite* of the Vulgarity of Portsmouth. Glorious was the display of colours, various

and *recherchés* were the costumes. They had been waiting below for hours, but they were not permitted to intrude upon the baronet's privacy until they were summoned.

Most of the guests were strangers to Jack. His company consisted of ladies prodigal of their charms crimps, tavern-haunters, animals who obtained a precarious existence by singing songs and humouring the follies of the seamen in public-houses, hucksters, and three or four stout and respectable looking mates of merchant vessels.

If Jack was vexed that among all these he saw no old shipmate, he was rejoiced to see that there was not a Jew present. He did the honours remarkably well; and with the exception of thrusting the hot duck into the face of an indiscreet crimp, who had thrust his tongue into his cheek in derision of Sir John's newly acquired dignity, the reception was pleasant and highly gratifying to all parties.

Were we to give a full description of this symposium, and to attempt to do that description anything approaching to justice, it would, of itself, occupy an entire volume. We must be brief, and merely state that Jack sate upon an elevated chair at the head of the table, with Mrs. Snowdrop at his right, and Mary Macannister at his left. Behind Jack's chair of state was displayed his silken banner, with his armorial bearings emblazoned upon it, and it had a very gorgeous effect.

Before the work of devastation began, Jack called the landlord, and whispered him something.

"Three bottles of gin, Sir John Truepenny? Did you say three?"

"Three, you lubber, and the best you have in the house!"

They were placed near him, and Sir John intimated that he should not exceed his three bottles, but that his moderation was not to be taken as a rule for the company. This intimation was received with three cheers.

The assembled fell to with a voracity that was alarming. The noise at first was of that slopping, whistling, grunting description, which comes so rurally and romantically upon the ear from a hog-farm at feeding-time. When every one had eaten, as the French say, *de tout son saoul*, it then became evident, from signs more to be

depended upon than any upon any almanack, that the night would set in with hard drinking. And now the clamour began to arise, and Jack was Sir-John'd and my-lorded to a degree that made him heartily sick at his newly-acquired title.

At this period of the evening, a certain barber, of whom more anon (the poet-laureate cf the amphibious back-slums) seemed to be very uneasily placed upon his seat; and many were the looks that were turned towards him; looks arch with curiosity, or anxious with impatience.

"Silence for the shaver," was now vociferously demanded, and then the tonsorial phenomenon rose, with all the dignity of conscious oratory, and the vanity of much rhyme, and intimated to the noble Jack that he had composed a tributary song to his merits, which he should be proud to sing. Sir John, with an imperial condescension, gave the supplicated license, and, with a little squeaking, penny-trumpet voice, the barber commenced, to a tune of his own, the following lyric:

> "TRUEPENNY is a jolly knight—
> TRUEPENNY is of muckle might,
> PENNY of wrong he maketh right,
> In every place and time
> For should you—standing in no awe
> Of God or man—go break the law,
> PENNY will get you off, and draw
> You safely through all crime!"

Jack interrupted the bard of the soap-sads by shouting, "Belay there, miserable chin-rasper! D'ye go for to think that I am such a born blackguard as that comes to?"

"I humbly protest," said the barber, "most bountiful baronet, that you misunderstand the drift and scope of my song; it is an allegorical shadowing out of your power; not an xposition of your will—a mere *lusus verborum* on your honourable title."

"Well, well," said the relenting John, "since we 've met for a jollification, you may be a little loose or so; but a joke 's a joke, and if the ladies don't mind your horum, why then, heave a-head."

The ladies looked unutterable things; but the barber, being an established favourite, he was allowed to proceed, and he then chimed on:—

"Have I to travel far or near,
PENNY shall be my messenger,
Nor time nor distance need I fear,
With PENNY in my poke, men;
"Have I but PENNIES good and fine,
Men will be bidding me to wine,
Telling me all that 's theirs is mine,
Altho' 'tis said in joke, men!"

"Avast!" said Jack; "just swab that up. I don't understand it, and the little way I can see into it I don't like. There, belay over all, and ha' done!"

The discomfited poet made himself a potential mixture, looked round savagely, drank it at one draught, and held his peace. There was much heroism in that man's composition.

Then there presented herself a fair and fat volunteer of the gentler sex, who sang a long and sleepy ditty about a dove, which dove, through about fourteen verses, rhymed alternately with "above" and "love." The ditty is still extant in the Seven Dials, and is well worthy of the research of the antiquary.

Now, among the motley company was a strange old character—an octogenarian seaman—who had, it was reported, much wealth, and who had obtained it in early life, by being a spectator to that most distressing of all promenades, the walking of the plank. He was a singular, a shrewd, and a morose old character, dressed much after the fashion of the reign of the first George, and he seemed to hold the seamen of this day in something very nearly bordering on contempt. The only name by which he was known was "Noah;" and his fame rested upon three peculiarities; the mystery of his early life, his ancient sea ditties, and his perversity of temper.

Through the entertainment, he had solaced himself with the amiable occupation of casting contemptuous and sarcastic glances at our hero: but the song had a little diverted his resentment, and having, in very homely words, characterised the sickness it had produced upon him, he announced his intention of singing.

This was received with shouts of welcome; and whilst every one was expecting a long and glorious sea burst in honour of Benbow, Drake, or some bold buccaneer, he mystified his audience by chanting the following verses, in derision of the lady's Dove:—

"I have a gallant cock
Crows for me every day,
He waketh me right early still
My matins for to say,

"I have a gallant cock
A comely little pet;
His comb is like the coral red,
His wings are black as jet.

"I have a game-bred cock
Noble he is of kind,
He bears him like a baron bold
His gorgeous train behind.

"His tail is rainbow-like,
His legs genteel and small,
His spurs they are of silver bright,
His foes beneath them fall.

"His eyes are crystal pools.
Where float two globes of amber,
And ev'ry night he percheth him
Beneath his master's chamber."

The lady, who felt her song ridiculed, flatly told him she did not believe a single word about his song, and all the company very energetically expressed themselves as dissatisfied.

Old Noah rose from the table in a passion, spoke something in the praise of one Henry Morgan, damned all upstarts, consigned every one, then and there, to the pit that has no bottom, and walked off in such a humour as could only be satisfactorily expended upon a patient and humble wife.

Then ensued much more singing, with the sea salt strong in it.

"How is your old woman?" said one of the ladies, taking advantage of a lull, to a tall gawky youth who had just escaped from among the hogs of Hampshire, to enter his Majesty's service, and humanize himself as a marine He answered, to the astonishment of all, by a song, and very dolefully he staved out,

"All old women let alone,
For I have one, bone of my bone;
I dare not say my soul 's my own,
I dare not.

"When I come from the plough at noon,
Hungry and tir'd, I 'm such a loon,
To ask my dame for knife or spoon,
I dare not.

"And when I ask my dame for bread,
She takes a staff and breaks my head;
And creep from underneath the bed,
I dare not.

"And if I ask my dame for meat,
My pate from broomstick gets the treat—
When she looks sour, to drink or eat
I dare not.

"For if I ask my dame for cheese,
'Boy, she will say, quite at her ease,
'There, take the rind!' To cough or sneeze
I dare not.

"But soon I 'll wed me to Brown Bess,
I 'll sleep my sleep, I 'll eat my mess,
And to enjoy my happiness,
I 'll dare then."

On the finish of this stave, Mrs. Snowdrop very deliberately, and in her own right, rose and went and soundly boxed the ears of the future marine, telling him to treat the ladies, old or young, with the awe and respect due from such a noodle as himself, and to remember "the mother who bore him."

The band sometimes accompanied the various singers in various tunes, which had a most pleasant effect, as generally the singing was naught, and the music worse.

Then arose, in a most stentorian voice, from a lump of mendicancy, clothed in multi-tinted rags, the following uncalled for and unexpected strain:—

"Oh, when my purse was full, I vow
I might have had both horse and cow,
And jolly drinking friends enow
By the virtue of my purse.

"When my purse grew thin and slack,
When old rags hung on my back,
People said, 'Good-bye, poor Jack,'
Lucky to escape a curse
On my empty head and purse.

"No more to drink, no more to eat,
Men no more civil, women sweet—
The air may be my drink and meat,
Since the draining of my purse.

"Farewell horse, and farewell cow,
Farewell cart, and farewell plough;
Woman, man, I know ye now,
Better know ye since I 'm worse,
Through the draining of my purse.

"That's a very sensible song, said Jack; 'you seem in a woful plight my friend—storm-struck, running rigging all gone, and standing rigging all running. You seem like a hulk of a fellow; why don't you clap your hand to some rope, or tail on to summut, and then you'll be able to bend better sails, and get a shot or so in your purse."

"Sir John Truepenny, I was born a gentleman; a gentleman am I, and the son of a gentleman, who was descended from a long race, all of gentle blood."

"Oh!" replied Jack, "no more need be said about it. But it's vastly lucky for the world that the first sons of Adam were not born gentlemen, for if they hadn't a took to work like niggers, we should all have been in a pretty mess. Should like to know who was the first gentleman; mayhap some of the ladies or gemmen present can tell me."

Everybody rather thought the first gentleman must have been the founder of his or her particular line; for it appeared, by their own confessions, that a better descended assemblage of persons had never before been congregated in one apartment; and the beggar, especially, laid it down as an incontrovertible axiom, that "ill fortune cannot corrupt good blood;" all of which was most consolatory to Jack.

After this discussion, which was carried on with much vehemence, men and women sang separately and together in unison and in emulation; the band had been fed and swilled, and began to feel the sacred fervour of harmony, and would not be silenced, though they vainly endeavoured to silence the vocal displays. Mrs. Snowdrop was proud and loud, regulating and dictating. Poll was tender, loving, and shocked, saying, "The people were so extremely low. Moggy Blatherchops astounded her delicacy by her vulgarity. She was sure Sal Dimity had not washed her face to-day, and that though some people might call Peg of Portsea pretty, she was certain her cheeks were made up of brickdust and hog's lard. It was her intention shortly to cut them all."

But as the orgies proceeded, it was observed that Jack grew more and more serious. He got angry, and Poll thought he never before seemed so savage as when she attempted lovingly to drink out of his glass. He was that night a riddle to her. His potations seemed to have

no other effect upon him than to make him the more dull. The bumboat woman was fast getting glorious, and expiated loudly upon all that she had done for Jack, and all that she yet would do, as she intended to be more than a mother to him and to her Sue.

"Upon this hint he spoke:"—not Othello, but a nigger quite as black, and a great deal uglier. He was not only a tolerated but a much courted buffoon with one leg, who pretended to play upon the fiddle, and wore, with many additions and emendations, a full admiral's uniform. When he was neither in the stocks nor in the house of correction, he was always to be found among the best paid class of seamen; they his prey, and he their sport. The party would not have been complete without him. He rose, placed his gold-laced cocked hat over his black and white wool, took it off again with an air, and bowed to Sir John Truepenny.

This procured him attention at the supper-table, but the fiddles were still scraped, and the bagpipes howled with "damnable iteration."

"Yah, yah!" said the negro, twirling his cocked-hat over his head; then discharging it among the band, he continued, "You no sabby me lor high amiral go make speech—silence, you debbel, spose tink hab no year—Goramity—why you make honest people deaf? Now, hearee! me gib one grand toast—drinkee drinkee much, then when me drink um toast, you dam fiddles scrape like one hell—ah, ah! Now fill ub your glasses—ebery buckra body—here be the health of my lud, duck, prince, little king, Sir John Twopence—may him lib long—hab lubbley wife and lots of picaninnies. One, two, dree! Change for a penny! Hurrah!"

The band made a grand crash—the glasses were emptied, and waved in the air—all rose, and gave with stentorian effect the required cheers. The noise subsided; even the obstinate band became mute. Jack rose—he scratched his titled head—fumbled in his pockets for his tobacco-box without success—looked angrily at Poll—drank off a whole tumbler full of gin, which feat produced a faint cheer—but neither the gin nor the cheer produced any sound from Jack. So he began to shew his arms like a lion rampant, and to move his legs as if he were running up the rigging; he then went through the

motions of pretending to hold the spokes of the wheel, as if he was steering, and then swinging his right arm round and round, he sang out in a clear melodious tone, "By the deep nine;" and after each of these pantomimic actions he dashed the back of his rough hand hurriedly across his eyes, and shook his head mournfully. When he had performed all this, he held out both of his arms before him, closed his fists, and shook them as if he were shaking hands with vacancy. He then waved his right hand with Poll's white handkerchief in it, as if he were bidding farewell to a vessel hull down in the distance. It was very moving; and as Jack looked sad and serious, some of the ladies began to blubber, (especially those who had drank most,) because they could in no manner comprehend what he meant.

Like a practised orator, Sir John gave time for the tender emotions which he had excited to subside; then taking his straw, round, and ribbon-decorated hat, he crushed it flat, and placing it under his arm as if it had been a *chapeau bras*, he grinned like a newly caught baboon, and made the company several very fantastical bows. He then took the bell-pull, and cut off the large brass ring at the end of it, with about a yard of the broad ribbon attached, which he very coolly made into a collar for his neck, and, using the ring as a spy-glass, leisurely surveyed through it every person at table with an air of consummate disdain. Every one was convulsed with laughter, excepting the particular person under surveillance. After this he drew a skewer from out of a round of veal, and having cut it in two, and thrown both pieces away, sate down amidst three distinct rounds of applause.

When order had been a little restored, one Peter Sarney, a noted public-house spouter, who had long discovered that it was beneath the moral dignity of a free-born Englishman to cobble shoes, when the constitution of the country and the political condition of its inhabitants stood in so much need of repair, rose and said :

"Countrywomen and countrymen!"

"We ain't!" shrieked out a dozen voices.

"Ladies and gentlemen! why should I so much disgrace you, by calling you by names that signify the

hydra-headed spawn of bloated and fat corrupt on—corruption, that, with its ravenous and skeleton voracity, spreads the table of gorging repletion, and makes this once happy country a vast arena of destitution and famine—a destitution the more deplorable because it is not felt—a famine the more terrific because its horrors are not scanned by the gross, dull, and over-fattened population? But though not subject to wandering, I am wandering from my subject. You have heard the rich streams of eloquence that just now have flowed, like the immovable mountains fixed in their adamantine foundations, from the mellifluous lips of our worthy host. You have heard it—and, hearing, you have approved—you have approved it, and approving, you have rejoiced—you have rejoiced at it, and rejoicing, you have been glad; but let me tell you—and I tell it you with all deference—that neither your approbation, nor your rejoicing, nor your gladness, have been worthy of the splendid oratory that welled forth from the eloquent mouth of Sir John Truepenny. You have been addressed by a sable son of humanity."

"Da me," said the negro.

"It *is* you, my brother in the black binding—it is you, my dingy purity. Are you not, physically speaking, the whitest of the company?"

"Debbel take de physic."

"I say that you are the least coloured amongst us—it is not you but we that are coloured folks. Read, read, my friends! White is the union, and mixture, and aggregation of all colours—how coloured, then, must we, who call ourselves white, be? And black being the absence of all colour, how absurd is it to call our friend a man of colour, who has no colour whatever?"

"What a lie! He 's laughing at us!" and other disagreeable exclamations, interrupted our orator. He was used to it, however, and so he proceeded.

"Well, my friends, what does all this mean? It proves to demonstration, without the shadow or the colour of a doubt—I told you how the discourse upon colour would apply—it proves that we are bound to give the health, in nine times nine, of the future Lady Truepenny."

The conclusion of the harangue indemnified the company for its length and sublime obscurity. The

applause was terrific. Poll and Mrs. Snowdrop grew scarlet. Jack maintained an imperturbable gravity. The two ladies rose together. The crisis had arrived. The hollow truce was about to terminate.

"I—" said Polly, with amiable confusion.

"I—" said the bum-boat woman, with arrogant assumption.

"You!" said Poll, turning up her nose with ineffable disdain.

"You!" said Mrs. Snowdrop, shewing combativeness in every feature.

"Set down, you fat, old, filthy abomination!" screamed Poll.

"Set down yourself, you common hussy, and let a decent woman speak."

There was the awful pause so usual and so ominous before hurricanes. Jack remained as grave as a tomb-stone, and drank off another tumbler of gin without flinching, to the admiration of everybody. The band was silent, and looked on with trepidation. A little bandy-legged fifer produced a small quivering note, and got his ear pulled for his temerity.

"Go it!" at last exclaimed several encouraging voices, and the two ladies did "go it." Immediately everything within the reach of the one went at the head of the other. The company espoused different sides. At first, mere locality seemed to decide on which side each party should combat. But the order of the fight was soon broken, and all was admired confusion. Jack alone remained neutral, and chuckled over the row. But the missiles were soon exhausted. It was pleasant and very edifying to behold how carefully everybody drained the decanter or the glass before it was discharged at an adversary's head. The consequence of this was, that more were overcome by liquor than by blows. Several fell as if shot, inanimately drunk, after a heavy draught of pure spirits. The band caught the prevailing mania, and rang out, "Britons, strike home!" The hubbub was horrible, but being too violent to last, a sullen lull ensued.

But the angry and the bad feelings of the two principal Amazons were not lulled—those nothing could lull—nothing even make tolerable—but a fistic encounter.

The table was thrust to the wall, the broken glass removed from the middle of the room, the dead-drunk piled up in one corner, and a ring was formed. Neither lady was a novice in the pugilistic art. Each of them would have scorned the feminine and rat-like acts of biting, pinching, or pulling at the hair. They hit out straightforward and manfully, and they were not unequally matched. What Mrs. Snowdrop wanted in activity, she made up in strength and stamina. Jack had seen his Poll fight before, and he knew that she was game; so he looked forward to the result with much calmness, secretly wishing that the bum-boat woman might get a good thrashing.

We must adopt the classical style of the fancy in recording this fight. Both women came to the scratch all the worse for the want of previous training. It was impossible to discover which had suffered most in the previous skirmish, as both were covered from head to foot with gravy, melted butter, wine, and spirits. Betting even: Mrs. Snowdrop for choice.

Round the first. A little cautious sparring. Poll attempted her favourite one, two, but was very cleverly stopped by the bum-boat woman, who threw in a terrific whistler in the bread-basket. Overreached herself, and fell. Two to one on Mrs. Snowdrop.

Second. Polly came up piping at her bellows, but quite game. The bum-boat woman too confident; and, in endeavouring to make play, received a terrible facer, which drew the first blood, the claret pouring out of both nostrils. They closed, and both down: Poll uppermost. Betting even.

Third. Polly too gay. Placed some good hits, and got away cleverly. Mrs. Snowdrop made herself up for mischief, and delivered a smasher on each of Polly's eyes, that made them strike light like a new steel upon a good flint. Both parties piping for second wind. The confusion very great, and the ring broken.

But we have already grown disgusted with the scene, and we shall merely state that several rounds were fought, and that, in the intervals, the music sounded merrily. Already had victory all but declared for Mary Macannister, when the ill-guarded door was suddenly

broken open, and a large posse of constables and watchmen made their unwelcome appearance.

The short row that ensued was intense. In the midst of this confusion Jack shewed the true coolness and intrepidity of a British tar. His Poll was still screaming and swearing, stamping and flinging about her arms, the very centre of the disturbance, and the prize that the constables seemed most bent upon making. The emergency was pressing. Sir John seized the immense bass viol from the feeble hand in which it was trembling, and, lifting it high above the head of the once sharer of his hammock, it came down with the centre of its broader end upon her skull, which it immediately admitted, and let through. Her head poked through the instrument, and looked round with bewilderment two or three seconds; but Sir John knew that no time was to be lost; so, towing her along with this musical grappling-iron, he lugged her to the side door, dragged her in, and locked it; so, before the peace officers could ask, "Where is she?" she had departed in peace, and was nowhere.

A few escaped by the front door as the watchmen entered. The many drunken were wheeled in barrows to the watch-house; the half-drunken handcuffed, and consigned to the same parochial hospitality. The various members of the band, being much too poor to have any douceur to offer, were kicked down stairs into the street, and dismissed.

Mrs. Snowdrop was taken to the watch-house in a miserable plight, but, soon procuring bail, she was led home in a most wretched condition, both of body and mind.

But the constabulary looked in vain for the grand prize. When they broke open the door that led to the best bedroom, through which Jack and Poll, with her head through the bass viol, had retreated, they found the room empty. The fugitives were not to be found. They had escaped by the backway, and it was prudently considered that pursuit would be useless. Thus ended Jack's first day ashore

CHAPTER XX.

Specimen of correspondence worthy of the elegant letter-writer—A landlord, like a stork, judged by the length of his bill— the bill not so lucky as Giles Grimm, the latter being discharged—The light of other days goes out for a time—by keeping in.

PORTSMOUTH, its dirty suburbs and its clean fortifications next day resounded with the fame of Jack, but Jack and his lady had disappeared. No traces could be discovered of them, and this mystery created an interest for our hero of a still deeper intensity. The account, faithful in its leading particulars, but greatly exaggerated, of the previous supper, with its characteristic finale, was the only topic of conversation, with a well-authenticated anecdote, that, after the Blue Posts was cleared, the honest landlord, with his wife, and a trusty waiter, armed with heavy hammers and the kitchen poker, went very carefully over the whole of the house, and smashed to atoms all the old and injured furniture; after which they called in a half-dozen of their respectable neighbours, that they might bear witness to the havoc that Sir John Truepenny's party had made in this once handsomely furnished and respectably conducted house.

Whilst Sir Edward Fortintower and Mr. Singleheart were at breakfast discussing all this news, with which mine host of the Crown had made them duly acquainted, two letters were brought in, the one addressed to the baronet, the other to the lawyer. We will give the last-mentioned first.

"Sir John Truepenny acquaints his attorney, Mr. Singleheart, that it will not suit Sir John's convenience to permit his attorney to accompany him to London for some days; and when Sir John shall repair thither, he begs his attorney to provide a conveyance for himself; for it neither coincides with Sir John's wishes, nor suits with his relative position towards his attorney, to admit him as a travelling companion. It may not be irrelevant to acquaint his attorney, that on all occasions Sir John intends to support the dignity of his order.

"Merely for the information of his lawyer, Sir John Truepenny acquaints him that it is probable that Sir

John may proceed to town accompanied by a gentleman every way worthy to be the associate of a personage or Sir John's rank, honourable descent, wealth, and distinction. This gentleman is Mr. Slowberry, midshipman of H. M. S. Glory; and Sir John requests that his lawyer will use all his influence with the Port-admiral, Captain Firebrass, and Sir Edward Fortintower, to procure a month's leave of absence for Samuel Slowberry, Esq., in order that Sir John Truepenny may meet with no disappointment. Sir John intimates to his lawyer that his, his lawyer's, interests will materially be affected by the accomplishment of Sir John's and Mr. Slowberry's wishes in this respect.

"Sir John wishes to add, by way of postscript, that he intends to take lessons in arithmetic immediately, and that he shall be a rigid examiner into his own accounts; and acting upon the advice of his dear and enlightened friend, Mr. Slowberry, he desires that everything shall be done according to Cocker.

"Blue Posts Hotel, Wednesday evening."

When Mr. Singleheart had read this note, which was written in a bold and free hand, at least three times over, he commenced whistling so violently, that he made Sir Edward look up from the evidently difficult task with which he was engaged. It was the deciphering the following epistle, which the reader will have no difficulty in making out, if he will attend only to the sound,—that being Jack's only orthographical rule.

"honered Sir and very deer friend.

"Yor dish Patch yor um Bell servant 2 com Mand was Due ly receved bulk broke hit Set Era. i wont go Mad yer honer—bilged the grog—Moors the Pitty. Sosh I hates musn't be cut Adrift 2 soon—cause y. a semun wont strip his Masts of his hold rigging till his nu be kwite Red Die. Eye hoft 10 uve thot how behoven i Ham 2 yer honer—there 4 will try 2 mend my Manors. Konsed Dring poor gyles grim as bin Moor than hay pay Rent 2 Me hand brot me Hup handmaid amen of Me, Eye wud bles yor honer nite handy, Hif yor honer wud Gettim dis Charged Cos y 2 be hay pay Rent 2 me Still—mi Du Ty 2 Miss Terturnee, hand

Please Tellim hive haxed 1 Mitchmite ov the Glory 2 rite hay Respect Able letter 2 sasmuch—niver Yew fonk yer honer, but jackal du well yet—lettim have is pree Hout, hand then heelcum the barronit grand—ham Goen 2 kut mystic from the Blewpostesses, sea Inn hasow they Charges eye, hand his low Rue Inn Nation as bin plaid hat the Blewpostesses, Butt hive hordered no Think hand brok no Think, hand dontin Tend 2 pa 4 no Think —But the bum Boat hummen Eye Kal Cull Late will ave 2 pa Haul; sarvesser Rite. Miss Tersloppery the mid Die says sassee has ow eye must larn gallows grappy and hog grappy, with punk 2 hation, hand sin Tax with haxidents—dredful things 2 larn sure Lie. Butt if highmust imust, hand then Ile pis tol yer honor Propper. Hile kepe if you Pleas 1 da or 2 Inn Hobs Sqewer hit Eye cos y—Poll av got 2 hits on her 2 Eyes, wich makes hir luk lik ha Pie Rat, Sea Inn assow she shoes black Cull Hers. the wind his Rit aft, hand Eyemust drive hay 4 hit for Sum Tim. Eye ave got hay sea Grit, hand praps 2, 2 Tell yer honer, Sow, till then yer honer's um Bell sarvant 2 Come and

Sir John Truepenny, barren nit.
Hit set Era."

Like two well-paid sucking diplomatists, the friends exchanged credentials. Both were much astonished at the impudence of Mr. Midshipman Slowberry, who had thus shamefully taken advantage of Jack's ignorance; for it was apparent that he knew nothing of the precious contents of the insolent note forwarded, in his name, to Mr. Singleheart.

"It is but of little use," said Sir Edward, "to speculate upon Jack's doings, for some days at least. Really I don't fear much for him. He has applied neither to you nor to the bank for cash, and the way in which it is apparent that he is defeating the bum-boat woman's machinations, and punishing her for them into the bargain, displays great tact and shrewdness."

"I should, lawyer as I am, and thus bound to respect the laws, wish to break them in a slight manner, by breaking this impudent Mr. Slowberry's pate. Though I am no longer young, my arm is still strong enough to wield a strong cudgel—"

"Nonsense. Leave him to me. I like Jack's feeling for his old shipmate. Let us go to the admiral's office, and see what we can do in the matter.

Thither they repaired, and found three or four admirals with Captain Firebrass, and some other captains. The conversation turned upon no other subject than Sir John.

"O here comes Sir Edward Fortintower!" said Captain Firebrass. "Any news of your kinsman, and my late captain of the forecastle? He has vanished like a water-spout. It is now one o'clock, and no tidings have been obtained of him since he and his girl so cleverly evaded the constables last night."

"I don't know more than yourself—but I do not fear much on his account."

"Oh! I see that screw, the landlord of the Blue Posts—let 's have him in, and hear the true account of his disappearance," said one of the admirals.

This was done, and the whole party were made exceedingly merry at the relation of the various fun that had been exhibited; but they were all seized with a sudden respect for Jack, when they heard that he had kept himself quite sober during the whole evening, and that he had made the landlord bring him three bottles of spring water, which he had passed off for Geneva.

The landlord of the Blue Posts then took his opportunity respectfully to inquire if any of the gentlemen present could inform him where Sir John's lawyer or agent could be found.

Mr. Singleheart immediately stepped forward, and the conscientious landlord placed in his hands a tremendous bill, for supper, lodgings, breakages, and the hire of musicians, servants, and constables—among which items the viol that had served as a pillory for Poll's head was not forgotten.

Mr. Singleheart looked over the bill with unfeigned astonishment, and then announced the astounding sum total to the gentlemen about him. It amounted to two hundred and fifty-three pounds seventeen shillings and ninepence three farthings. Extortion is always very particular as to fractions.

"It appears to me," said Mr. Singleheart, "that supposing there were fifty persons invited, they must have

drunk at least three bottles of the most expensive wines a-piece. Here is glass and china enough broken to fit out any shop in the town. However, it would be silly in me to quarrel with the items, when I dont intend to pay a farthing of the sum total. I have my client's instructions to that effect."

Jack's letter was read, which afforded infinite amusement to all present, excepting mine host. He looked bluer than his own posts, and began a whining expostulation.

"Who hired the rooms?" said Mr. Singleheart.

"Mrs. Snowdrop," answered mine host, ruefully.

"Who ordered the supper?"

"Mrs. Snowdrop."

"Who invited the guests?"

"Mrs. Snowdrop."

"Who ordered the band, the wines, the extra waiters?"

"Mrs. Snowdrop."

"And who destroyed all this furniture but the guests that Mrs. Snowdrop invited, who in their drunkenness have committed all this devastation? Mrs. Snowdrop, to be sure. It appears, by your shewing, that my client had not even touched any of these vast varieties of intoxicating liquors enumerated in your very singular bill. To Mrs. Snowdrop, then, you must look for payment."

"But it was all in the name of Sir John Truepenny."

"And then—supposing Mrs. Snowdrop had ordered it in the name of Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, would your case be better? You have just told us that Sir John was brought to your house completely drunk. He could not, had he been so inclined, have given you a legal order for this expenditure—but he did not—he denies it—he says that he ordered nothing, and that he broke nothing, and very rightly adds that he will pay for nothing."

"But the bass-viol," said Captain Firebrass, laughing. "I'll never own Sir John as a shipmate, if he don't pay for that. I would give a dozen of wine to have seen Poll's head through it, and she taken in tow by Jack, as Jack ought to have done, she being a disabled ship, out of the action."

"The bass-viol must have a case to itself."

"It is already in so bad a case, that a case will now be of no service to it," said Firebrass.

"I see the fiddle down in the bill at twenty guineas. I am struck at the moderation of the charge; get Mrs. Snowdrop to pay it; and afterwards it shall be a matter of account between her and Sir John Truepenny."

The landlord of the Blue Post, thinking that no time was to be lost, posted off, with a fresh heading to his bill, to lay it before the discomfited bumboat woman. What ensued at this meeting we cannot just now record.

Sir Edward took this opportunity to apply for the discharge of quartermaster Giles Grimm. It was not only obtained immediately, but obtained honourably and profitably for the old seaman. He was immediately placed as a pensioner of the most favoured class in Greenwich Hospital, with leave to retire thither whenever he chose to spend there the calm remnant of his days in comfort and peace.

Mr. Slowberry's request for leave of absence met a fate somewhat dissimilar. It flung Captain Firebrass into a passion, and that unfortunate reefer having brought the captain ashore in the barge, and being then in attendance on the outside of the admiral's office, he was sent for immediately.

He entered, nothing doubting the good success of his application, and was, in his own mind, already rejoicing in a month's jovial cruise at the expense of the baronet, besides other contingent advantages that must arise from a connexion so auspiciously begun.

"Is that your handwriting?" was the first terrible question put to him by the terrible voice of the terrible Captain Firebrass.

He confessed "the harsh impeachment."

"Now, don't lie, sir; did Sir John know the contents of this impudent note?"

"I gave it him to read, if you please, sir."

"Did he read it? Was he fully aware of its precious contents?"

"I cannot positively say. I thought, sir, that there was no harm in putting in a good word for myself."

"Your fidelity to your own interests shall be fully

rewarded. I have a great mind to disrate you, and send you before the mast, and thus make you take the situation that the person whom you wished to make your dupe formerly held—only you could never do his duty. It is, therefore, my orders that you go on board immediately, and consider yourself a prisoner until I have settled, in my own mind, some punishment that is meet for you."

"I would rather take it out in drink," was the muttered reply, but in a tone so low that it entirely escaped Captain Firebrass's ear. To him it appeared that Mr. Slowberry looked excessively contrite, as he touched his hat, and retired with a downcast countenance.

Mr. Singleheart and Sir Edward began both to laugh, as the answer tickled their fancy, particularly that of the lawyer. This led to an explanation, but it was not given until a promise had been extorted from the captain that he would look leniently upon the offence.

Trivial as was this circumstance, it operated favourably for Slowberry; for that very deliberate young officer, a little to his astonishment, and a very great deal to his satisfaction, heard no more of the matter.

The conversation at the office then fell upon Sir John and consisted principally of conjectures as to the time and manner of that important personage's next appearance in public. As, however Jack could only verify or disprove them, we must still remain in the dark for some little time.

CHAPTER XXI.

Jack emerges from obscurity gloriously—Hints for making pageants and getting up processions—A barber's ode—Pride and profundity—The pomps and vanities of this wicked world displayed, and something else.

For four long, long days, everything connected with our dear Jack was mystery, doubt, and assumption. He was talked of everywhere, and seen nowhere. He had been put to death in various ways by various descriptions of persons, and had slain himself in as great a variety of

manners. This non-appearance had almost driven thirteen conscientious Jews to suicide, and threw several tavern-keepers into so dreadful a depression of spirits, that something fatal to them was apprehended.

On Saturday night, the rumour that Sir John had departed this life gave place to one quite as distressing—that he had only departed from Portsmouth; for the pious tradesmen of the place would as soon have heard of his death, as that any rival town should enjoy the expenditure that it was thought probable that he would make. In this wish we include only that low class, much too numerous in sea-ports, that prey upon the unwary and the ignorant of both her majesty's and the mercantile navy.

On Sunday morning there was a briskness, a vivacity, and a look of great intelligence upon the countenances of a vast number of seamen and their respectable handmaids. In several places on the fortifications, and in the less genteel parts of the various townships that surround the harbour of Portsmouth, there were small bills posted, inviting all true British tars to witness a British tar's wedding, intimating that, on the return from church, there would be a scramble for shillings and half-crowns, in honour of the occasion. The time was fixed for Monday morning next, and the line of the procession indicated. As the Old Glories were called upon, by name, to attend in as great a number as they could, no doubt remained that the nuptials were to be those of Sir John Truepenny, though there was much conjecture as to who was to be the bride.

This announcement threw three distinct parties into the miserables. Sir Edward and Mr Singleheart were excessively annoyed, and Mr. Scrivener and the fair Eugenia outrageously angry. But what was the annoyance of the one party, and the anger of the other, compared to the rage of Mrs. Snowdrop? It was frantic—it was maniacal. In the first place, she had gone to great expense in preparing the aquatic welcome for her future son-in-law, as she vainly imagined he would be; in the next, she had made herself liable for the repayment of one hundred and thirty pounds that Mr. Scrivener had advanced to Jack; and lastly, and most heavily, she had been saddled with all the expenses incurred at the Blue

Posts. The saddle had certainly been clapped on the right back, but that back was sore with the blows and tumbles she had received in an encounter with the detested Poll, and her heart was still sorer.

We make scarcely any mention of poor Susan Snowdrop. She pined and wept alone. She seemed to live in a world hung with black. She had bidden adieu to everything pleasing. Hope had died within her, and she had vainly wished to have died with it. Now everything wearied the poor creature. Even her novels were distasteful to her. She hid herself from the sight of her mother, and she was only less miserable when she felt herself secure from intrusion, and that her solitude was complete.

The whole of Sunday, the three parties whom we have mentioned were vainly indefatigable in their search for Sir John Truepenny. They were, therefore, content, per force, (that being forced to be content, we use upon good authority,) until the all-important Monday.

The day broke beautifully, and the streets were all bustle very early in the morning. The roadsteads and the harbour poured forth their myriads of blue jackets, among which a large body of the Old Glories were conspicuous by the white ribbons in their jackets, and the laurel leaves in their hats.

The various officers of the navy and the army, all affecting to despise such foolery, found themselves, however, getting the front places through which it was supposed that Sir John would pass. Officers of the higher grades crowded the windows of the hotels, and the port-admiral's residence in High Street displayed at its windows a great shew of rank, bravery, and beauty. Nine o'clock, however, had almost arrived, and, as yet, there was no note of preparation. The gentry began to fear a hoax, and to think of breakfast. This fear was soon dissipated.

As the clock struck nine, every bell in every church rang our their stunning peals. This clamour continued unabated until ten, when the gates of an old and little noticed yard were flung open, and from it the glory of the day emerged.

But, before we give the programme of Jack's procession, we must detail a few of the preparations that were made to receive him on its route. Mrs. Snowdrop was

not a woman to remain patient under injuries, or humble under insult. If she could not procure indemnity, she was determined to have revenge. Just where the principal street made an elbow that turned it towards the church, there was another narrow street terminating in the centre of the convexity. After this turning, the main street itself lost its imposing name and much of its width. It was in this narrow street that Mrs. Snowdrop had placed her ambuscade.

She had very many debtors, therefore many partizans; and the pitiful tale that she had told of Jack's ill usage of her daughter procured her many assistants. She had also corrupted a good many of the soldiers in garrison, and had at her command all the low blackguards that loved mischief for the mischief's sake. The pickpockets were with her—man and boy—and some few of the ugliest and most drunken of the fish-fags.

Mounted in a cart filled with rotten eggs, and animal and vegetable filth of all descriptions, she awaited with a grim joy the bridal procession. Another cart laden with manure was stationed immediately beyond the elbow, surrounded by hundreds of vagabonds well versed in missile warfare.

We must now return to the important Sir John Truepenny, who was totally unconscious of the honours that awaited him. In the first place, with shouts and screams, and the rattling of old saucepans, and with the assistance of everything that could make horrible discord, came all the dirty, unwashed, ill-breeched blackguards, not engaged by Mrs. Snowdrop—a party purely honest in their acclamations, for they were too numerous to be bribed. They were waiters on Providence, and the "pickers up of unconsidered trifles," determined to labour in their vocations should there be a row, and to make one if there was not. All these were stentorian specimens of the *vox populi.*

Next came all the unhired players of the various instruments that rejoiced the inhabitants of Portsmouth. Among these were the halt, the maimed, and the blind. They, too, devoutly hoped to pick up some of the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table.

A party of constables, hired for the occasion, with a prudence not expected from Jack, came next. They

were honest and honourable men, and scorned to hold sinecures. They, therefore, belaboured with their truncheons to the right and left, and all before them—the desultory musicians deriving the greatest benefit from their civil zeal.

A compact and cleanly-dressed body of marines came next. Their orderly and decorous deportment did them high credit. They could not have been more *comme il faut*, had they been on parade. Perhaps their hats, stuck upon fewer upright hairs than usual, were carried a little more on one side, and their pigtails a little more proudly and rigidly stiff.

Then came the most glorious part of the show—a band of women, wanting nothing to make them the pride and glory of their country, but modesty. Being all dressed in white, and perfectly sober, with ruddy health glowing in their cheeks, their appearance was like a *parterre* of flowers on a May morning. They wore no caps, and their hair was simply braided with red and white roses. They walked four abreast, hand in hand, and they gently swung their arms to and fro, as they chanted rather than sang the following silly rhyme, composed by the bard we have before mentioned—the barber—who erected his pole and lathered his customers in Pig's Court, Little White Hart Alley. The residence of a poet so renowned should be handed down to posterity.

"No more in the teeth of the gale,
No more on the high topsail yard,
Shall our seaman lie out and hold hard
As he hauls in the slack of the sail.
His stormsails for ever are stow'd
Bo'sun's pipes shall annoy him no more,
Middle watches he swears may be blow'd
Now bold-bearing Jack's come ashore,
With beauty and money galore—
Jack's ashore

"Jack's noble and true to his Poll,
Although he's a grand barrow-night,
And she can shew love and shew fight
More than any fantistical doll.
Jack says, "A d——d shame it would be,
To throw by the compass ashore
That served him so well when at sea"—
What can a true seaman say more?
With his bride and his money galore,
Jack's ashore!

"Sir John will remember poor Jack,
When he sees him paid off, worn and old.
He's a spooney who need to be told,
Sir John's noble heart will go back
To the time when he watched on the mast,
Amidst the wild hurricane's roar,
And Sir John, for the sake of the past,
Will welcome the sailor the more.
And share with him money galore.
Jack's ashore!

"Sir John, when the king you get near,
As he seizes your honest hard hand,
And wishes you pleasure on land,
Just whisper a word in his ear,
'Bout stopping of grog and the cat.'
And leave now and then for the shore—
How loyal his tars are—mind that—
Do this, God will bless you the more,
With your bride and your money galore.
Jack's ashore!

When these syrens had chanted this rubbish all through, which they did so that every word of it was distinctly heard, they began it again, merely for the sake of playing a more important part in the scene.

After them followed the hired musicians, who played only a bar or two of music between each stave. We can say but little in praise of the uniformity of the band—their habiliments being as various as their instruments, and their persons, instruments, and habiliments being all the worse for wear.

Next followed a posse of watermen, in the centre of whom, borne upon the shoulders of twenty men, was a new wherry—light, yet strong—which Sir John had purchased to be rowed for on the following day. Others of the watermen carried the oars and sails.

Then appeared a vast crowd of seamen, each with a girl on his arm—and all with white favours. This division of the procession marched in most disorderly order; but as they were all merry, and but few of them intoxicated, they contributed a little to the brilliancy, and much to the hilarity of the scene.

Next in order was a well-executed effigy of a Jew, seated on an old chair. Two droll fellows, in the garb of seamen, accompanied this stuffed and painted figure, which was carried on poles by four stout fellows. The two supposed seamen played all manner of pranks with the figure—tweaking its nose, pulling its beard,

making sham bargains with it, and giving it all manner of vulgar abuse. This exhibition being quite level to the ideas of the majority of the spectators, afforded infinite amusement, and drew forth vociferous applause.

This was succeeded by a man bearing three golden balls, and immediately after him a figure made to represent a pawnbroker, mounted and carried in a manner similar to the Jew. Two brazen-faced hussies waited upon mine honoured uncle—and he did not fare better with them than did the Jew with the sailors. They reproached him with having taken his own wife in pledge for five shillings, which he had lent on her to a jolly sailor who had made her drunk, and that he did not find out the mistake until she sobered herself by giving him a sound drubbing.

A few itinerant tumblers and mountebanks followed, with three hurdygurdies, two hand organs, one man with a pipe and tabor, a dancing bear, a dozen dancing dogs, and a few monkeys. This portion of the show was rather a blot upon its brilliancy, as they were very clamourous for coppers from the well-filled windows of each side of the streets.

Several respectable tradesmen, with white favours, now walked arm-in-arm. There was nothing particular about them, but a quiet decorum of conduct, in strong contrast with the wildness of the other portions of the procession.

Then came the more interesting part of the whole. It was a large number of the old Glories, all dressed alike, with glazed hats with the word "Glory" emblazoned in gold on the front; spotless blue Jacks, a white bow in each, silk neckerchiefs tied with the sailor's knot. a snow-white banyan beneath their jackets, and a glorious nosegay stuck in their bosoms, and white jean trousers, finished by white stockings, and very neat little shoes. Not knowing very well what to do with their hands, there being no enemy in sight, they each of them carried a very formidable stick, and thus they formed a body guard to the immortal Jack

Now Jack had hired a light and large spring waggon, such as is usually employed for the removal of furniture. This, by the aid of canvas and paint, he had transformed

into an admirable likeness of the hull of a smart frigate
On the deck of this representation of a man-of-war was placed an elevated platform, on which sat, on two high-backed antique chairs, Sir John and Miss Mary Macannister. There was a table before them covered with green baize, on which stood two decanters of port wine, and between them a large pile of silver coins. There were glasses also. Over the heads of both waved out the ancestral banner of his house, containing the emblazonry of the extinct peerage which was to be revived in his person. It streamed forth gaily and broadly in the summer breeze, and was hung on a lofty staff, the most remarkable feature of the pageant. A smaller banner, with a similar emblem, floated at the bow of the frigate, whilst the union-jack honoured the stern.

On the deck of the simulated vessel, which was a good deal below the platform on which the bride and bridegroom were seated, stood the bridesmaids and bridesmen, consisting of six jolly tars, and as many questionable ladies—questionable in all but their beauty—which was *un*questionable. Together they made a most attractive group, and the only drawback to it was the eternal glasses of wine that they could not dispense with.

This car was drawn by four beautiful bays, profusely decorated with white bows. On a small cushion, in the front of the deck, were placed Jack's old tarry trousers, his dirtiest working jacket, his marling-spike and serving mallet, and the whole was surmounted by two crossed tobacco-pipes. This regalia drew much observation, and obtained much commendation.

Jack was dressed simply, but neatly, as a foremastman of the "Old Glory," wearing the ship's hat. He was elaborately clean, but looked flushed and excited, and, in turns, too bashful and too impudent. He bore in his left hand a tumbler containing red wine, which he placed now and then to his lips, merely sipping, and evidently wishing only to take refuge from his *mauvaise honte* in some employment.

And his Poll—she was glorious as Apollo, and with the slight, the disagreeable drawback of two greenish-tinted black eyes, almost as beautiful. Her look was more than assured—it was magnificent in its impudence. It was not the stern, solemn, grave pride of some aristocratical ass—

hers was the merry triumph of animal spirits, good fortune, recklessness, and consciousness of great personal charms. She had a kindly glance of the eye, a wink, and a smile, for every one. When the mob clapped their hands as she passed, she did not condescend to bow her thanks, but clapped too in very blithesomeness of heart.

Her dress—we have but little to remark upon that, as it was the bridal uniform, and the material was costly. The corsage was very low, and the sleeves so looped up at the shoulders, that they displayed a very large portion of a well-rounded arm. Her waist was encircled by a white broad ribbon tied behind, in boarding-school fashion, with long flowing ends. Those were days of short dresses, and Poll's robes were curtailed to the very verge of the fashion, and a little beyond. But the spectator was well indemnified for the paucity of the drapery by the plumpness of the leg, and the shape of the elegantly-turned ankle. Her silk stockings blushed, at their own exposure, a red deeper than ever silk stocking blushed before. And this was the healthy, jovial, and attractive Poll.

Many were the stoppages, and loud the huzzas, and cries of "Change for a penny!" No procession was ever more enjoyed by the mass. Some of the superior naval and military officers smiled contemptuously; but it was remarked, that those who wore mockery in their faces, passed for neither the best nor the bravest of their class. It is a grand, and ought to be a touching spectacle—that of the hilarity of the over-worked many. The pageant before them was, if you please, foolish; but it was neither won by blood, nor wrung from an oppressively-taxed community. It spoke neither of feudal tyranny, nor of civic exaction and monopoly. It bore no emblems of servitude, and riveted no chains of slavery. It was an ovation to the happiness of humble humanity. All glory be to Jack's bridal procession!

Among those who constituted this raree-show many were sublimated exceedingly, but none more so than Old Giles Grimm, who having, through the means of Sir Edward, procured his discharge, now acted as steersman to the mimic ship, a wheel having been erected near its stern for the express purpose. With wonderful gravity did the veteran turn the spokes of that wheel, whilst his

self-satisfactory operations had no more to do with the course and progress of the car, than has the sovereign of these mighty states with the measures by which they are too often deteriorated. "Very well dice*—dice—luff you may! no near, boy! no near!" with other expressions of the timoneer, were continually on his lips. Exquisite hallucination this of Old Grimm's, but not uncommon; for how many solemn heads of families, who fancy that they rule and direct all, are exactly in the old sailor's predicament.

Our hero was sadly wanting in the look heroical. He could not brazen it out, and he would not betray any appearance of shame; so he looked dogged and sullen, and when any fool, glittering in gold lace, sneered, he looked absolutely fierce. Jack should have kept his eyes fixed constantly upon those below him, and he would have met only radiant and happy faces; but he could not help looking at the first-floor windows, being exactly on a level with them, and it was from thence that the "pishing" and "pshawing" alone proceeded.

When they had got nearly opposite the admiral's house, a stoppage, not certainly intentional on the part of Jack, took place, and the ode in his honour was chanted with singular emphasis. It did not please. Some distinguished officers cried "Fool!" "For shame!" "Go home!" "Get to a madhouse!" with other bridal compliments. At this Jack stood up, and folding his arms, returned their sarcasms with a stare of defiance. The mob cheered him enthusiastically, and would soon have vindicated their insulted hero with a shower of stones. Happily, the stoppage was removed, and the mass moved on, Jack still standing in an attitude of stern defiance. A little farther on, and he came opposite to Captain Firebrass: here the habit of discipline was so strong upon Sir John, that forgetting his wounded dignity, he touched his hat to his old commander. The captain returned the salute with a hearty cheer, and the mob immediately gave "Old Glory" three tremenduous rounds of applause. Jack recovered his equanimity, and again seated himself.

As they passed the balcony in which were Mr. Scrivener and Eugenia Elfrida, the former glared upon Jack

* Dice, the usual way of saying "thus."

like a ravenous beast from which his prey had escaped; and the young lady, with more malice than could be expected in a countenance that was formed for mild and sweet expression, merely ejaculated, "Nasty, brazen-faced hussy!"—words that, most happily for the sake of order, were not heard by the lady whom they were meant so politely to designate.

The happy pair had still to pass Sir Edward and Mr. Singleheart. Directly Jack perceived them, he stood up, took off his hat, and made them respectful obeisance. Sir Edward shook his head sorrowfully, yet with the kindest look; whilst the lawyer doubled his fist at his contumacious client, but the vigour and efficacy of the threat were entirely defeated by the laugh which accompanied it.

The procession passed on——to its destruction.

CHAPTER XXII.

Replete with grand events—A battle right royal, and right royally fought—Væ! victis! "Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye!"—A marriage ceremony unceremoniously performed—The marriage feast, and other important matters.

O FOR a simile! A simile! a simile! my kingdom for a simile! Alas! are not all the best of these poetical amplifications pre-occupied—and the bad among them made intolerable by the still worse way that they have been used? It is a battle simile of which I am in need—and where shall I find a new one? All the animal world has been exhausted, from a herd of lions to a flight of locusts. The rushing winds; the stormy and the storming seas; the overwhelming avalanche; the irresistible thunderbolt; the volcano with its molten rivers of metal; the city-absorbing earthquake; these have all been employed, sometimes well, very often indifferently, and innumerable times execrably, to illustrate the clash and commixing of human battle.

There is nothing left me but the steam-engine. Shall I burst a boiler? No, not now. I cannot spare that grand simile for a novel in three volumes, when I shall want it, under a dozen shapes, for my epic in two dozen

books. At present, therefore, we will aspire only to the narrative.

Now, already had the van of the procession passed by the treacherous ambuscade, when it was met and stopped by the waggon-load of manure which was overturned exactly across the street. This afflicting impediment, which was, at first, looked upon as accidental, packed the ranks into a dense crowd, as those before were pressed upon by those advancing from the rear. At length a halt took place along the whole line, and this brought the bridal car opposite Mrs. Snowdrop's cart, in the elbow of the main street. Impeded, nay absolutely obstructed in front, taken in flank, to use a military phrase, Jack found himself in a false position. He soon found himself in something worse.

"Oh you strumpet—you painted nastiness—how dare you, drab! how dare you!—take that, and that, and that—go it, my boys—now 's the time! Don't spare that noodle of a cully—bridal cake for yer both!"

This was the Amazonian speech of the more than Amazonian bumboat woman. It was the signal for an attack—and such an attack! Eggs of the most fœtid corruption, and filth of the most disgusting odour, covered, with the rapidity of a miracle, the bride, bridegroom, and all the bridal attendants in the car. Both Jack and Poll had more evil tastes in their mouths than ever yet afflicted, at one time, poor humanity. They were also, for some minutes, blinded. Many have suffered from a masked battery, but this battery had the singular faculty of clapping its mask of nastiness upon the countenances of its victims.

It was too much. The lion-hearted Jack, for a short space, bent before it. The ancestral banner of his house went down, and the loud shouts of his presumed victorious assailants proclaimed their triumph.

Now for the battle-cry—"Verum dammee raro rum! Change for a penny!"

"Grim Giles, to the rescue!" and he came all grimly. He too had suffered—he was egg-encased, and his aged eyes bunged up with mud of a very dubious character. But a well-directed dead cat coming full upon his weather-beaten countenance, it cleared his visuals, and he opened his eyes and beheld—what horrors! what shame! what a tarnish to true glory!

There was the beauteous queen of the revels down, prostrate upon the deck; Jack himself was seen with his back to the shower of abominable missiles, and stooping low his head whilst shouts of mockery and laughter spoke of the joys of the treacherous foe.

Grim Giles strode forward and again lifted the ban ner—disregardless of a volley of stones, filth, and the more weighty shots of cats and dogs, living and dead. He did more—he called upon the "Old Glories' to man the decks, and to do their duty—and they did it.

Their difficulties were extreme. Jammed in the narrow elbow of a street, they could neither debouch nor develope their strength; the fire from the overturned waggon in front became most annoying; the horses began to shew symptoms of fright, and after being unharnessed, they began trampling upon the crowd; and above all, they had but little ammunition. When Jack's shipmates got into the car, they faced Mother Snowdrop's battery with three hearty cheers, returned them as much of their own ammunition as lay upon the decks, then gave them the bottles and the glasses, and finally the silver that had been reserved for the scramble.

This last expensive volley turned the tide of success in their favour; for the hungry and penniless ragamuffins, finding that they were battered with silver shot, instead of keeping up the fire, in spite of all Mrs. Snowdrop's imprecations, went heartily to loggerheads with each other for the coin; and Grim Giles, taking advantage of the lull, with the Truepenny banner in one hand, and an immense shin-bone of a dead ass with the flesh and hair on in the other, led the attack upon the cart itself, in which the Amazonian general and her filthy ammunition were stationed, and won it in a moment.

In the mean time, the waggon in front had been taken by storm, and as many of its defenders as were caught were beaten to the endangering of their lives, and plunged in their own filth. The row was dreadful, the confusion intense, and many serious injuries were inflicted. Sensible people in the crowd called upon every one to disperse, and this advice was strengthened by the appearance of the guard from the garrison, and all but the very worst characters made the best of their

way from what they had expected to find a scene of mirth and fun.

Jack did not accompany the attack upon the bum-boat woman; but telling his shipmates to pocket the money that was left, he applied himself to assist Polly and the bridesmaid out of the *melée.* Poll was seriously bruised, as well as universally bespattered; but, though her form was beaten down by the volley that had been showered upon her, her spirit was as lofty as ever. She would not listen a moment to Jack's entreaties to go home and postpone the ceremony until another day; she would not give the dropsical old cat such a triumph—not she. So they contrived to gain the shelter of a house in the neighbourhood, and with an assiduous application of soap and water, and a makeshift change of garments, the happy pair were just enabled to save the time, and got married in the presence of only a very small and battered fragment of their morning's pomp.

After the ceremony, they were conveyed in a circuitous manner, in a fly, to a small house that they heard was to be let furnished, in Porchester; and thus, in comparative solitude, they spent their wedding-day—one of the most miserable on record.

It would be tedious to narrate all the occurrences and accidents that took place at and on the termination of this general riot. It was a merciful dispensation of Providence that no lives were lost. Many were the pockets that were emptied, and sundry the heads that were broken. Before the crowd entirely dispersed, having been disappointed of their promised scramble, they, with prompt mob justice, indemnified themselves by breaking up the car, and appropriating to their own use such portions of it as they fancied might be serviceable to them.

But we must now return to the authoress of all this foul disarray, the vindictive Snowdrop. She shewed but little mercy, and did not experience much. The conquerers endangered her life by suffocation, having rubbed her in the abominable accumulations of her own cart; after which she was taken by the police to jail for assault and riot · and as many persons were dangerously hurt, the magistrates would not admit her to bail. Thus she had small scope for self-gratulation on the issue of her plans of revenge

Giles Grimm having collected most of the parties who had been invited to the bridal feast, officiated as host, in the room of the absent Jack; and, taking all things into consideration, they were more jovial and happy than might have been expected. Giles, however, had the intelligence to see, and the honesty to say, to use his own expression, "that poor Jack was going to hell like a sky-rocket; that it was a hard business, and required a long apprenticeship, say seven years, to learn how to come it grand, and that he hoped some sensible man would take Jack in tow before he foundered right out. For his own part, though he was now snug for life, with his wages in his pocket, a pension coming in as regular as the morning watch, and Greenwich Hospital under his lee whenever he chose to bear up for a snug port; yet, seeing what a fool a thorough sailor made of it ashore, he had a great mind to enter the Old Glory again—that is, if they'd take him. Yet he would wait a little longer, and see how things turned up,—he had been a father to Jack ever since he was as high as his elbow, and so he would be kind to him a little longer—but he must mind, in future, how he behaved himself."

The whole party applauded this resolution. He then continued to this effect: "Messmates, hes and shes—just take a strand out of my yarn—we 've just stowed under hatches a jolly good dinner, and kept it company with wine, my boys, that'll cost the mopusses—what then?—the dinner was ordered, and, eaten or not, Jack would have to tell down the shiners—but vast heaving—Jack's a good 'un; but seeing as how, if he had more money than queen Sheba, he could not stand the firing that's been going on all day at his expense, so we'll just have in the bill now, and count all the marines—so they shan't pitch it into him for wine we've not had. But think ye I'm going to break up the yarmony?—no, no—but we'll drink, for the rest of the day, grog, like seamen and seamen's gurls as we be—and I'll stand treat—so, here, landlord, heave in sight, wull ye—and pass your accounts."

Mine host, much to his annoyance, was compelled to produce his bill which Giles Grimm checked with all imaginable gravity, and, having got the necessary corrections and deductions made, he stowed it away safely

in his tobacco-box. "Now, landlord, we must vear and haul upon my cable, so let 's have a gallon of real Jamaky, and lots of spring water."

This arrangement, was, in truth, more agreeable to the company than if they had been drinking the most expensive wines, for which they had no relish; so, after a little fastidiousness, for the sake of good-breeding, on the part of the ladies, they all recommenced their enjoyment with a double zest. Several sea songs were sung, and much fun ensued. Afterwards they danced, and ultimately they paired off, quite content with the day and its various amusements. Even Giles Grimm grew tolerably composed, and when he had seen the last of his guests (for his guests they had become) out, with a hearty "God bless you, shipmate," he smoked three pipes in a state of ruminating bliss, during which he made very wise reflections on the difficulty of being happy in a station to which one has not been bred; and this gave him so many absurd ideas, that he first began chuckling, and at length fell asleep; and a little afterwards burst out into a regular guffaw of a laugh, as he dreamed of the various adventures of a fish out water with Jack's head on, trying to ride a hunting' with his majesty's hounds, in full chase of a stag.

But where was Jack? Ashore—and as miserable as if he had been married a whole year.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The bum-boat woman and the lawyer—Jack's wedding-day—finds himself not without comforters on the pitiful event—The gentle bride's gentle anticipations—A long lecture on dignity of conduct and refinement of deportment, with much other useful sermonizing.

Is there any one who can pity a vindictive, vulgar woman, who has fallen in the snare of her own evil imaginings? In all Mrs. Snowdrop's schemes upon Sir John, she had been solely actuated by very base motives, among which avarice stood predominant. Foiled and defeated, shame, as yet, had never visited her. The rage, the fury of revenge had mastered, in her breast,

every other feeling. As she lay tossing on the floor in the room in which she had been accommodated in the prison, for she had broken the single chair in her indiscriminate passion, the contemplation of murdering Jack and his bride gave her the only relief of which she was capable.

She planned their deaths by a hundred vile and secret ways. She even went so far in assassination as to devise actual means, and to look out for instruments. She speculated on the probabilities of success and of detection—she imagined herself to have succeeded—and she was glad in the thought, until the idea struck her that she should not be gratified unless her victims were previously aware, before they died, that to her they would owe their deaths.

She at length became quiet and sullen, and seated on the floor, she remained in a state of savage apathy; for there is an apathy that is not so apathetic but that it will brood over dreadful thoughts. While she was in this state of mind, Mr. Scrivener walked into the room, and the key was turned upon him. He shuddered as he beheld the spectacle before him, and looked anxiously at the door. Ashamed of his momentary alarm, he put on his habitual business smile, and thus addressed the woman, who did not even notice him by a look.

"Mrs. Snowdrop—my dear Mrs. Snowdrop—my good Mrs. Snowdrop—really, really now—do not take on so—I come to you as your friend—I am your friend—I wish to see justice done to you—do you not know me, Mrs. Snowdrop?"

"Yes, lawyer; you hold my acceptance for a hundred and thirty pounds."

"A mere trifle, my dear madam—nothing—it is really nothing to a lady of your known property—I wish I held it for three thousand and thirty—ha, ha, ha, good Mrs. Snowdrop!—a hundred and thirty—pooh! to mention a trifle."

"Don't laugh—don't sneer! d—n you—I wont put up with it. A trifle—yes—a trifle to the bloodsucker who gains it by writing a few lines on a bit of parchment—who gains it by usury and extortion—by taking away their all from those that have little;—but for me, who have slaved for every shilling of this money—who have

been tossed in the open boat in sleet and snow and storm—have been cheated, reviled, insulted, by the meanest—Oh you shark among the unwary!—out of my sight—you are a curse to the eyes of a poor lone woman already too much cursed."

"Good Mrs. Snowdrop, I feel for you—upon the honour of a gentleman I do. I come to assist you as your friend; to advise with you as one labouring for your good."

"Nice words; but I think, lawyer, that both your friendship and your hate end all in plucking away the money from the poor wretch that gets within your clutches. How much are you going to charge for this kind visit? —But I won't pay you—I did not send for you—so you may haul your wind and be off, and the curse of the last man that you ruined go with you!"

"Dear Mrs. Snowdrop, why this unnecessary violence? Regard me as rascal if you will——"

"I do—make yourself perfectly sure of that lawyer."

"You cannot be sure of it—I am not certain of it myself. I have very warm feelings towards those whom I love."

"The Lord in his mercy help them!"

"So he does, madam. They prosper—all have prospered who have ever been connected with me."

"Your clients?"

"And they too. Why not? But I don't wish you to trust to my probity or my natural benevolence. We have just now the same interest to cultivate—the same wrongs to revenge, and on the same person. Sir John Truepenny, this upstart, pitch defiled baronet of my creating, I do hate most cordially, most legally."

"What has the hog-pated cully done to deserve such a distinction?"

"Everything that could thwart my interests and wound my pride. But for me, he would have still trembled under the fear of the lash, and died, as he had lived, an unknown and despised common sailor. Now, Mrs. Snowdrop, I will tell you what I have done for him."

He then recounted, in a manner the most flattering to himself, the trouble he had taken, and the exertions that he had made, to trace him out; and he endeavoured to make it appear the most disinterested and laudable

action that ever was inspired by an innate love of justice. "Now," he concluded, "what is my reward? Thrown by with contempt, as a worn-out tool. Others reap the fair recompense of my labours; even my expenses cavilled at and disputed. Independently of the great moral wrong done to me, I am nearly one hundred and twenty pounds out of pocket."

"Here Mrs. Snowdrop clapped her arms akimbo, and closely imitating his mincing voice, repeated his own words, "A mere trifle, my dear sir. Nothing—it is really nothing to a gentleman of your known property. Good Mr. Scrivener, only one hundred and twenty pounds! Pooh! to mention such a trifle!"

"And I would not, as you ought to have understood—it is the base ingratitude of the rascal that irritates me. Now, unfortunately, as he is not in my legal power, I cannot do him the justice that he deserves—but he has wronged you—legally wronged you. I understand that proceedings have been taken against you for a debt which he and his riotous crew contracted at the Blue Posts."

And now the bumboat woman opened the flood-gates of her eloquence. It was some relief to abuse Jack even to a lawyer. In that relief she indulged most unlimitedly. For one hour and a half did he listen to her outpourings patiently—nay, eagerly. When she had finished, he rubbed his hands in a paroxysm of pleasure, and commenced the office of consoler.

"Oh, Mrs. Snowdrop, notwithstanding appearances, you are a very fortunate woman. Now do listen—do be persuaded. Pay this bill of Mr. Layton of the Blue Posts immediately—pay it promptly, and you will have to pay it simply. In this state of the proceedings the costs cannot be much, and I fear that Mr. Layton's costs you cannot recover from Sir John; for, as you ordered everything of Mr. Layton, you are legally responsible. Pay the bill, and I will arrest this betrayer of innocence, this new-fangled Sir John, immediately. But this is not the grand stroke, madam! Oh, no. Bring your action for damages in your daughter's name for breach of promise of marriage. Lay them at ten thousand pounds—get five. What a speech for counsel!"

As he proceeded, his auditor warmed with the same

malignant feelings; and the final result was, that she empowered him fully to act for her, drew the money from the bank to satisfy the entertainer of the Blue Posts, conjured him to get her admitted to bail as soon as possible, and constituted him her attorney in every sense of the word.

Mr. Scrivener departed, highly pleased with the success of his mission, and prepared immediately to commence double legal proceedings against poor Jack.

And poor Jack we have too long neglected—and on his wedding night! Her ladyship, the honoured wife of Sir John Truepenny, had arrived at her new and temporary abode in the very worst of all possible humours. Before she had alighted from the coach, she had boxed the ears of all those within it, not excepting those of her liege lord, for calling her "Poll," as of old. All this was philosophically and quietly submitted to, on the consideration of the pelting and the ill usage to which she had been subjected.

When she entered the house, the storm, instead of subsiding, grew worse, and it was with great difficulty that Jack could coax her ladyship to go to bed, and try to get some relief, whilst messengers were dispatched to their late quarters for a fresh supply of clothes for both, and much consolatory finery for her in particular.

Jack had her accompanied home by two of his old shipmates, and the two bridesmaids. The ladies, having got my lady into bed, retired to another apartment to repair damages, and left the three sailors to themselves. Now Jack was excessively serious, and looked as little like a bridegroom as it was possible to conceive. So, with a sort of desperate sullenness, he ordered a deal table out into the little garden behind the house, pipes, tobacco, and two gallons of swipes.

Brown and Jones, like two good sympathizing messmates, determined to share his melancholy and his beer; so they all sate themselves down with more than Turkish gravity, and soon reposed under a canopy of smoke of their own creating. For an hour no one spoke. So strong was the spirit of silence upon them, that they lifted up the brown jugs to their mouths, and replaced them on the table cautiously.

The day was perfectly calm, and the smoke hung

about and enveloped them, so that they resembled three ships in close action, and the volumes of vapour liberally propelled from the general white obscurity was not unlike that which issues from the maindeck guns.

"Tom Brown!" said Jack.

"Ay! ay!" was the brief answer.

No other sound was heard for another quarter of an hour.

"Jim Jones!" said Jack, still more solemnly.

"Here!" said Jones, using the exact tone of voice with which he answered to his name in the watch-bill. But, for all the purposes of conversation, he might as well not have been there, or have been anywhere else. Jack only puffed on the more furiously. After another lengthened pause, Brown opened his jaws and spoke.

"Sir John!" was discharged from one corner of his mouth, accompanied by a volume of smoke from the other.

"Jack, if you please, Tom—but cut it small—I'm a married man, and every quiet moment is wallyble to me."

"As a pig's whisper, Jack," answered Tom, in a voice remarkably subdued. "You hailed about a glass ago."

"Yes—the old bumboat woman outmanhouved—brought us up all standing. What a broadside! took us flat aback—not a gun ready in our port-holes—not a shot in the locker,—and then her consort, the dung cart, raked us fore and aft—'fore George! I gives her credit. Beat us off. My colours were down—who knows what became of them? That galls me!"

"Sir John Truepenny—" commenced Jones.

"Jack till to-morrow, and would to God it was Jack always."

"As to your colours, Jack, they were triumphant after all. Grim Giles boarded mother Snowdrop with them flying in his hand. I can't but say as how they we e a little dirty—what matters? we won the day. Grimm carried Mrs. Snowdrop's craft, and she is now in limbo."

"Well, I'm sorry for that last," said Jack. "I like the old girl's spirit. Did any one see Su an in the skrimmage?"

"I'll answer for it, no," said Tom. "But what would Poll say if she heard you talking about her?"

"If Poll don't mend her manners—" but what the consequences were to be if she did not, were lost in clouds of vapour. After a long pause, Jack resumed: "Jones, my hearty, I'll tell ye how the land lies. When you get aboard, up helm, and steer straight for the first leeftenant; haul on board your best jaw-tacks, and give my duty to him. You may say Sir John Truepenny's duty then, and ax him to keep my name on the division list, the watch and quarter bill, and the number on my mess, for a short spell longer; for, by all Pharaoh's frogs, I arn't had a comfortable moment since they've Sir Johnned me, without as how it be at this present sitting. But don't log it, that it's sartain; but it's a good thing to have a port under one's lee, if so be as how one should get sick of being a barrownite and a man of fortin."

"There's gumption in that ere notion," said Brown.

Jones assented with a Solomon shake of the head, and the baronet refilled his pipe.

The marine triad smoked and drank porter until five o'clock in the afternoon—a very sedative process to a newly-married man, and not unwise in one married as Jack was.

About this time Lady Truepenny awoke, and seeing her two bridemaids with her, and a profusion of finery ready for her selection, she sprang out of bed in a tolerably happy humour, and, with due assistance, began dressing. But this favourable appearance lasted only until she saw another unfavourable appearance that her looking-glass presented to her. The blackened eyes of the morning were still more black, and her face was also scratched and contused.

Lady Truepenny fell into an abominable passion, that no soothing words could pacify, no attention modify. She did not, however, dress herself the less gorgeously, and bidding her visitors keep their distance, she sailed down stairs magnificently, and was soon in the midst of the smoke of the three jolly sailors, who happened then to be as sad as undined sycophants.

Poll opened her battery. No submission could silence her. This was soon apparent, and all effort to appease her was abandoned. They had no other hopes for peace but in the effects of a good dinner, to which they shortly after sat down. As Poll she had been a tolerably good

girl, but as Lady Truepenny she was detestable, as Lady Truepenny tipsy, abominable. The company bore it all with considerable phlegm, and my-ladied her with great unction.

"My dear Poll," said Jack.

"Poll in your teeth, you low, dunghill-bred varmint! If anybody dare for to go for to come for to try to be so imperent as to call me Poll again, I'll smash his nasty jaws. If you don't know what's due to rank and station, I'll taitche ye, ye beggars. Jack, ye devil—Sir John, I mean, and be d——d to you—good example is thrown away on yer, ye hog! Yer can neither walk, or talk, like a thrue barrownite as ye are, and a curse upon ye! Where's your dignity? When ye spake you spit out tar, and when ye move ye roll about like a tater-hooker in a squall off Kinsale Head—"

"Lady Truepenny!"

"Well, Jack, Sir John Barrennit, what have yer got to say to Lady Truepenny, and be hung to yer?"

"Mer lady, will your ladyship be pleased to be so good as to let us know what your ladyship's honour would be after?"

"Why, Jack! Sir John! the devil! since I'm a thrue female woman barrennit, I means to uphold the dignity, and any other state and dignity that I may shortly come to. So I requires, fust, that you get mother Snowdrop hung, and her tallow-faced darter put in the pillory; then, that I have a coach-and-six to-morrow, and four flunkies in gold lace behind, to go into Portsmouth like a female barrennit; and after I am druve about the town and the fortifications, and over the parade, we'll set off for Lunnun; but we'll take out all the money from the bank first. That's all I want to begin with, Jack: yer —yer don't desarve such a ladyship of spirit, Sir John Barrennit."

"Boarding-pikes and grapnels! Poll, don't hit so hard, or I'll wop you. My lady, but you're muddyrate. You must have——"

"You—you! I'm not to be called you! Your ladyship, if you please, Sir John."

"You be d——d, and your ladyship too!" said Jack, growing seriously ireful. "A pretty notion you must have of a barrownight. Do yer think I'm the hemp'ror

of Marocco, or the great jam of Tartary, who washes their fistes in melted silver, iced and perfumed, and wipes them arter in five-pun notes? There's plenty of knights, and barrownights, and lords, and yearls, and dukes too —if not all in his Majesty's fleet, often enough at the sea-ports, you huzzy! and which of them d'ye ever see riding about in coaches and six, with flunkies in gold lace? As far as I can trust my ogles, they all looks much like other folks, only they be often a precious sight uglier."

"Ah, yah! yer low feller!" said Lady Truepenny, with infinite contempt. "These ye spake ov is mere say monsters—common as salt herrings! A riglar born lord barrennit is worth casks of them. Get to Lunnun, Jack, and see the stuff ye raely be; vally yer dignity as I does; let nothing low come out of yer mouth—may the devil cram it with toadstools if ye do."

We give this only as a short specimen of Poll's style of speaking—which, when she was tipsy, had the least taste of Irish about it in the world, and of her then habit of thinking. In the mean time there was a rapid and great change taking place in Jack's whole frame of mind. He knew that he had been too precipitate, but he still hoped to make all right yet. He did not repent, for a moment, the having kept his promise with his girl, but he began to perceive that he must hereafter carry a tight hand over her. But just then he was very weary, and he desired nothing better, for some hours, than perfect quiet. He had determined, the next morning, to throw off his nautical weeds, dress himself in plain clothes, and place himself and his lady entirely under the direction of Sir Edward Fortintower and his lawyer. Having begun so unsuccessfully, he thought that he had done more than enough to work out the ideal of a bold, dare-devil, harum-scarum Jack tar. He began, also, to think that he had played the fool very little to his own satisfaction, or to that of any one else. Ruminating over these things, he now endeavoured only to preserve peace.

But the amiable Polly's nature seemed changed. She had such inordinate and such vague ideas of her newly-born consequence, that that, and her life of a most continual drinking for the last few days, had not a little

unsettled her reason. She made every one uncomfortable; so much so, that at last, by a secret understanding with his friends, Jack determined, merely for the sake of peace, to make her dead drunk. But she was obstinate even in this, and would only drink just so much, and so slowly, as she pleased.

Altogether, it was a most wretched evening, and the sailors and their girls, notwithstanding their unlimited privilege of the table, grew so much annoyed by the arrogance and pride of her ladyship, that they would have gladly departed; and it was in pity only to Jack that they still remained.

Things came to a crisis. The various liquors at last began to take effect, and the gentle Polly grew outrageous. She rose suddenly from her place, and before Jack could prepare himself, she flung herself upon him, and gave him some tremendous blows about the head and face. He then attempted to force her against the wall, and make her harmless by holding her hands. But rage and drunkenness had rendered her too strong. The whole party were then obliged to assist, and bandaging her hands and feet, they carried her up like a mummy to bed, she screaming and cursing all the while. To the bed they were forced to strap her, when overtaxed nature at length gave way. Her oaths and revilings gradually subsided into indistinct murmurs, which were subdued by sobs, until she cried herself into a profound and deathlike sleep.

Jack returned to his company, and the two women shortly after retiring, he and his shipmates once more retired to the garden, their pipes, and their swipes. They smoked and drank nearly in silence until the day began to break, Jack going up every hour to see how his bride fared in her apoplectic sleep. His shipmates, being obliged to be on board early in the morning, then left, with no favourable ideas of the happiness of being made a baronet.

About four o'clock Jack threw himself, dressed as he was, upon the sofa in his little drawing-room; and thus passed the wedding day and night of JACK ASHORE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Jack puts new rigging over his mast head, and hoists new colours—Don't like it—Meets with strange folks, and hears some unpleasant truths of himself—More mysteries—Gets arrested for debt, and served with notice of action, which action he but little notices—The devil to pay with Poll, and no pitch hot!—Every thing goes the wrong way, and no physic.

At ten o'clock Lady Truepenny was still in a sleep so profound, that her affectionate husband, the exemplary Sir John, first having cast off the lashings with which he had, with so much loving tenderness, bound her, thought that he ought to consult some medical person as to the cause of this impossibility of her being able to awaken. But, considerate man that he was, he reflected that there was no occasion for any thing like indecorous haste; so he carefully performed his ablutions, and taking with him his habits as a civilian, he repaired to the nearest hair-dresser's. He was recognised immediately, for his fame outstripped his approach wherever he appeared. The man was obsequiously active about him. "What would his honour want?"

"No great shakes, my shaver. Just transmogrify an honest tar into a slap-up barrownight. But, before you begin, my hearty, let 's have silence fore and aft."

"By all means, my lord Will your lordship step into my back parlour? My honoured lord's plain clothes, I presume, your lordship. Permit me, my lord. Hum! a nobleman never carries a bundle, my lord."

"More fool he."

"Unquestionably; but so it is, my lord."

In the little back parlour the operation proceeded rapidly. The barber protested, upon his reputation, and on the honour of his fraternity, that he could not do him justice unless he permitted him to talk. Leave was graciously granted; and at the end of a half hour, the knight of the tonsor swore that he had succeeded.

"Walk to the glass, your honour. Behold yourself every inch a baronet."

Jack did so, and was utterly astonished. He did not like it. He doubled his fist, and would have dashed the

mirror to pieces. He did not know himself. He was dressed in the height of the then fashion. Yellow buckskin pantaloons, with the waistband up to the shoulders; a very small embroidered waistcoat, about half the length of those worn in these days of refinement; a Mechlin lace cravat; an enormous frill to his shirt, with a brooch in it nearly the size of a crown piece;—these gave him that swaggering air of genteel ruffianism, at that time so much admired. His coat was made of the best blue broadcloth, with bright yellow buttons. It was fantastically cut, with a very small front, and tremendously long tails. He wore Hessian boots, systematically wrinkled down over his ankles, and his hat was broad-brimmed, high-crowned, and conical, though flattened at the top. His side-locks, that were wont to be the envy of his shipmates and the pride of the women, were, with his thick clubbed pigtail, remorselessly sacrificed; his beautiful auburn hair was frizzled up and made snow-white with powder; whilst a heavy gold curb-chain, and a bunch of tremendous seals, depended from his fob, and gave the finishing touch to his appearance In the language of the day, "he was a very pretty fellow," but no longer bo'd Jack. His feet came to the ground as gingerly as those of a cat skating in walnut-shells; his boots creaked abominably at every motion, and he felt a painful sense of suffocation from the pressure of his expensive cravat.

Jack paced up and down, grumbling and swearing. His free and *débonnaire* action was totally gone; he grew hot and feverish, and the first act of his installation in the garb of a gentleman was the calling for a quart of small beer. When he had swigged it off at a draught, he looked about him disconsolately, made an abortive effort to shove his two hands into his jacket-pockets, which were in the other room; fumbled, in the absence of his mind, for the tobacco-box that he had forsworn, and then, pitching his hat jauntily on the side of the head, he proceeded towards his lodgings, for the purpose of seeing how her ladyship was doing. He felt himself so compressed and bound up, that he walked, or rather limped along, like a veritable *petit maître*.

He had not gone far before he met three queer-looking subjects, the one having the appearance of a broken-

down mechanic, the second of a drunken, heavy, Dutch skipper, and the other very like a strolling player, suffering under the three inflictions of hunger, thirst, and a scarcity of apparel.

They all took off their hats to the prodigiously fine personage before them, and each made his most respectful reverence after his peculiar fashion. Here was a fine opportunity for Jack to come the baronet over them; so he threw back his head, swung his massive gold seals to and fro, and stared at them with sublime superiority.

"Please, your honour," said he of the scanty habiliments, "can you tell us where the new salt baronet has palaced himself?"

"Ah, hey! who d'yer mean, my good man?" said Sir John, playing gracefully with his frill, and giving it a few encouraging plucks forward.

The person thus addressed looked at his companion and nodded, which nod said very plainly, this must be some very great person. "I mean, may it please your worship, a low sailor fellow, that the big wigs have found out is a baronet and a man of great fortune—the more's the pity, says I—''Tis true, 'tis pity—and pity 'tis, 'tis true'—a foolish speech."

"Right, a very foolish one;—but what sort of a chap is this low sailor?"

"A mean-looking, drunken hound, that has just married his trollop. He has been making a precious ass of himself—'Write him down an ass,' as we say in Shakspere—everybody is laughing at him. He has 'no good grace to grace a gentleman,' like your worship, but goes about in jacket and trousers, making a very fool of himself;—'A fool a fool—I met a fool i' th' forest—a motley fool—a miserable varlet.' This gander and his goose are making ducks and drakes of their money. A terribly brazen-faced wench his wife! We know that—don't we my cock-a-doodles?" winking to his two friends, who returned his sign with a knowing leer to the right and left. "Well, this Poll, that he has now made my lady, has kept him spoonily drunk for the last week—made him play the mountebank and jack-pudding before all Portsmouth—and, just to keep her in exercise, wops him every half hour of his life; and were she to wop the life out of the poor zany, ''twere a consummation devoutly to be wished.'"

"A sad tale this, young man," said Jack; "but do 'spectable people say all this?"

"'Our burghers in our streets'—why, 'tis the common voice of rumour; respectable, said your worship? —there it is—they did say he made a tolerable tarry-breeks, though he was given to lush, and sometimes got his hide scored down with the cat—but that money and rank are thrown away entirely upon such a sorry nincompoop—he is a contemptible ass."

"I do begin to see it," said Jack; "but what may your business be with him?—do him out of a little of the ready, hey? Make him drunk first?"

"Why, we might, but the poor fool is such an infernal bore—too much honour to sit with him—a paltry fellow. We could frighten him out of his cash by only looking ugly at him, if the poor knave had the spirit to keep any; but his brimstone hussy never allows him more than three-halfpence at a time in his pocket—our business is with her!"

"With who?"

"With Poll of Point as was—Lady Truepenny as is —at least as long as some of us like. We are going to make her fork out handsomely—'a hundred thousand ducats, more or less.'"

"But what 'll Jack say—Sir John Truepenny, I mean?"

"'I with his poor presence will dispense;' give the poor fool twopence, and tell him to go and make a beast of himself at the next pothouse; and should he not 'unto my words seriously incline,' I shall be seriously inclined to kick him there."

"You will? Now that 's very boldy said, and I like you for it; shiver my topsails, but should he get yard-arm and yardarm——"

"Blitzen! but dere bish someting wrong. Who might dis gentlemens be?" said the foreign sailor.

Jack shrank back into the shell of the baronet again quickly; and adjusting his cravat like a monkey before a looking-glass, said—

"Don't wonder, my good sir, that now and then I comes it man-o'-war fashion. I have the honour to be a land-shark, as the sailors, God bless 'em all, call me— a lawyer, and my practice is among them—I do 'em all

—get 'em their wages—and in the marchant sarvice make 'em bring actions agin their skippers for quilting 'em; you circumstand. Have made a pretty fortin, I tell ye, and only practise now and then for the mere pleasure of doing a good action—dammee—ah!"—and Jack riddled about and looked grand.

"Why, you're the very gentleman for our purpose. Honour, honour, you know, 'mong' thieves. I beg their pardon for classing a lawyer with them; but, as the play says, 'adversity doth make us acquainted with strange bedfellows.' So, sir, my name is Horatio Hildebrand—a travelling denomination."

"A purser's name?" said Jack.

"Not so, sir, for I have no purse, and naught, if I had, that purse withal to fill. But you shall help me. I am merely the friend of these two worthy gentlemen, *acades ambo*. You understand law latin, of course?"

"Of course. Go on—let me hear how you circumstand it. Wrong, I've a notion," said Jack.

"Then you will correct me, sir; but not now—I always translate best after dinner over my wine; but it means, in a general way, that we three will go to the devil for one another."

"You are quite right—I have no doubt about it. Now for your bisnis with Poll—Lady Truepenny.

"Why, sir, this d'ye see is the rights on't. 'The course of true love never yet ran smooth,' and a very rough course we've made of it. We intend to live better for all time to come—hate work of any sort; we three—we, the glorious *acades ambo*, intend to be gentlefolks for the rest of our lives, and Lady Truepenny is to furnish us our means. 'The world,' no, no, she's 'mine oyster, which I with' fright 'will open.'"

"A good opening speech, as we say at the bar," said Jack. 'Heave ahead—I mean haul in the slack of your jawing tacks. State your case to the big wigs."

"Simple—plain as way to parish church. Allow me to introduce you to one of my *ambos*—Johannes Dondertromp, Mary Macannister's first husband—Mr. Jeremy Dwindlebink, doll-maker and carver in wood, Mrs. Donderdromp's second husband, both alive and kicking—that is, if to kick they chose. Now, 'the

chink's the thing by which we'll prove the conscience of the 'king'—no, I mean the queen."

"God bless me! shiver my timbers! What two?—taken flat aback, by the lord! Jam me like Jackson, if a cat's-paw wouldn't blow away my headsheets. The damnable hussy! Two—good!" said Jack, in something like a topsail-breeze passion.

"Oh, I see you are moved, sir," said Mr. Hildebrand. "Three husbands is too much. The depravity of the world is great! This atrocious bigamy shocks you, sir!"

"Bigamy, man alive! Worse, much worse; two husbands is bigamy, sir, but three is a bigger sin, and must be biggeramy," answered Jack; "but, as I take it, a baronet must be equal to two or three common men, this last marriage must make it biggerestamy. The devil split her into staves for rum casks."

"Perhaps, sir," said Mr. Dwindlebink, in a small-beer voice, "your worship means polygamy."

"I owe you one," said Jack, squirting his saliva from the corner of his mouth in the lean chaps of Mr. Dwindlebink. "Polly has gammoned me, by the hooky! and Pollygamy it is. The deceitful slut!"

"Ah! your indignation is natural; but we must be generous. Far be it from us to destroy the peace of a distinguished family—to plant thorns upon the nuptial pillow. We have tender consciences—we are merciful—Lady Truepenny shall settle on us two hundred a year a piece, and graves shall not be more silent. Just a legal instrument, not mentioning the consideration—spare people's delicate feelings, of course. So, sir, if you'll just step home and draw up something natty——"

"Yes, yes—done in the shifting of a topsail; but clink down first; I must touch—queer go—secret service money, and all that sort of thing. Ten guineas to begin with!"

"What a land-shark!" said Horatio, in a most elegant stage whisper. "But you must wait till we get the first instalment. So set too, and begin driving the quill; we'll bring the mopusses in an hour or so. Lady Truepenny must come down something handsome for a commence."

"All that's very good, Horace," said the mechanic; "but this gentleman, if he is a lawyer, must be laughing at us. No deed or instrument you can frighten her into signing can be of any value. All that we can do is to draw as much money out of her as possible, and to stick to her like bricks wherever she goes. Horace, you are always rash and imprudent; but I am sure this gentleman is a man of honour and will not betray us, especially as we will call at his office after our interview, and give him his share of the swag. So, sir, for the present, we will wish you good morning."

"Avast there, my friend! you had better take me with you," said Jack; "my company will prove that you are in earnest, and as I just know all about the house—it belongs to a relation of mine—I can take you slap into Poll's bedroom before that ass of a Jack Truepenny is up to it"

"But where is Sir John?"

"I have good reason to know that he is far enough off from her room now. So come along, my hearties; here's the latch key—all's right; clap on more canvass, and be d—d to ye."

A very short walk brought the four to the house. Jack opened the door, and motioning them to be cautious, they were all soon in Poll's bedroom. She was still sleeping heavily. Jack concealed himself partly behind the bed-curtains, and, with his back to the light, began to give directions.

"She won't rouse, you see; had, last night, many drops too much. Tweak her by the nose—do it gently, you hound. There, she moves—what, off again—why then we must blow the grampus!"

He then discharged the contents of the water-jug on her face and neck, and she opened her eyes, and would have screamed, had not the prompt Horatio clapped his hand over her mouth."

"Hush, my lady," said he, "we are your dear friends, and some of us something more. There is good Mynheer Doudertromp—as Hamlet says, 'what brings you from Elsinore?'—and here is the expert doll-maker—all of us come to share your good fortune, my lady. This stylish gentleman, with the powdered pate, is a very learned lawyer; we shan't be hard upon you;

remember it 's only a hanging matter, so we will be content with fifty pounds now, and we will come to an arrangement for future supplies. We shall all be so comfortable and happy!"

"What on earth shall I do?" said the lady, wringing her hands. "Where 's Jack?"

"Shall we send for him, my lady?" said Hildebrand.

"My gracious God! no. What a wretch I am!"

It is enough to say that the girl understood the full danger of her predicament; so she produced what remained of Jack's money, all her little trinkets and valuables, and the best of her clothes. Having nothing more to give, the gentlemen were pleased to say that they were satisfied for the present, but that they must see her again in the course of a week.

Polly still remained in her bed moaning, and swaying herself to and fro, in the greatest mental agony She scarcely had looked at her husband, and, had she looked attentively, in all probability she would not have recognised him.

Jack had made four little heaps of the money on the table, and four piles of the clothes on the floor, in the most conscientious manner, All the conversation had been carried on in whispers, and Jack had hissed his words through his teeth in a very startling manner.

"We must make haste and be off," said the actor. "This has been a good morning's work to begin with."

"You give all this as a free gift, madam," hissed Jack. "We are no robbers."

"To be sure, to be sure—and thank you: but what story shall I tell Jack when he comes?" said the weeping Polly.

"That three dirty villains crept into your room and plundered it," said Jack.

"Four," chimed in Horatio Hildebrand.

"You lie," roared out the irritated Sir John, sweeping up all the money, and flinging it into Polly's lap. In the next instant he had a trusty cudgel in his hand, and actively it played upon the heads of the intruders.

"I am Jack ashore, you extortionating rascals!"

They retreated with the utmost expedition; nor did Jack cease kicking and striking until they were fairly out of the house. Sorrowfully and slowly he then re-

turned into his bedroom. His lady was exactly in the same position in which he had left her—transfixed with a stupefying misery. Jack was prepared to be angry, but her wretchedness completely subdued every feeling but grief. He took a chair near her, and, after a pause, said, "Polly, are you sober?"

"Oh yes, my dear, dear Jack—what a wretch I am! Do you forgive me?"

"Ah, Poll! how much happiness you have destroyed! But I've been a great fool; I should have looked upon myself as a child, and allowed that glorious fellow, Sir Edward Fortintower, to have taken me in tow. Yesterday I intended should have been the last day of my folly, and to have commenced to day a new reckoning. I should have begun by wopping you well this morning; for, Poll, you have behaved shockingly for the last three or four days."

"I have, I have, dear Jack! do, only do wop me now, within an inch of my life. I deserve it all, and more—it will be some relief to me—indeed it will do me good!"

"But little good, my dear Poll, I can do you now, or you should be decidedly welcome to it. What beautiful plans you have spoiled! I intended to have taken you quietly into some longway-off part of the country, where nobody knew us, and given us both some eddication, and then we should have worked our traverse into fine gentlefolks in a proper and shipshape fashion; but now, Poll, you can be nothing to me but my woman. Why did you deceive me—why did you?"

"Och hone! och hone! I'm a poor lost body. I was very wrong; but your glory came so suddenly that I had not time to think—I have been wild—I have been mad! Why did they ever ruin us by giving us this vile fortin? How happy we were before—how happy!"

"Indeed we were."

"Did I not, Jack, keep all your things nice and clean? How snug we were messed round our gun on the lower-deck! When the sea was roaring and the wind howling, and you came down from your night-watch wet and weary, had I not always a clean and dry change for you, and a glass of saved grog too?—then we were happy! how we used to laugh, and joke, and sing! And our shipmates so jolly and so kind! Och hone! och hone!"

"Dress yourself, Poll, as quick as you can; bear a

hand, there 's a dear soul. Though I don't see what good it can do your d——d husbands, they may send the runners after you; bear a hand, my soul—bear a hand."

"I will not bear a hand, my good Jack—I will not. I'll sit here and talk of the happy past. Let us talk of our messmates, Jack, the good, sensible, old Giles Grimm! with his large Bible on Sunday nights."

"My father—my more than father! where is he?"

"And I so good afloat, and such a drunken wretch ashore. What has he said—what would he say?—I shall need him and his Bible soon. Do you remember, dear Jack, how he used to 'spound the text, 'Watch and pray'—telling us as how he thought that sailors were 'scueed praying so much as others, as they watched more —being generally put in watch and watch—at least, that was his notion; but that when a sailor did pray, he should pray heartily. The good Giles!"

"All this is very well, Poll; but just now neither here nor there. Get up, I tell ye; and now I'm rigged in the long togs, you had better ship my jacket and trowsers, and slip out the back way—do it, Poll, for love of me—that 's a good girl. I'll go to Sir Edward and the lawyer, and see what can be done. Walk to mother Shepherd's, and she" stow you away—I'll send or come in the course of the day, depend on't. Take all the money—you may want it. Whilst you dress, I'll go and keep watch at the door, and should you hear me whistle, be off like a flash of lightning, dressed or not. Good-bye, Poll, and the Lord keep you."

The girl, more to oblige Jack than anxious for her own safety, obeyed; and then Sir John, adjusting a little his dress, disordered by the thrashing he had lately administered, with a heavy heart and an ill-assumed cheerfulness of countenance, sauntered up and down before his own door.

He had not made many quarter-deck turns before a smart, dapper young fellow stepped up to him, and for the second time that morning was asked for the whereabouts of himself.

"I am Sir John Truepenny," said our hero, "and a miserable Sir John am I," he continued in a lower tone.

"Very well, Sir John; you will be pleased to remember that I have served you with this notice personally.

You had better communicate with your solicitor forthwith. I have the honour to be, Sir John, your most obedient and very humble servant, and to wish you a very good morning."

"Holloa! hold on! What's all this about, and who the devil are you?"

"I have the honour to assist in the office of Messrs. Totterclaw and Clubfoot, attorneys-at law, and in this case agents to Mr. Scrivener, solicitor. That is a notice of action for damages, on account of breach of promise of marriage with Miss Susan Snowdrop, spinster. Considering the atrocity of the case, we cannot lay the damages at less than ten thousand pounds. I wish you a very good morning."

When Jack was left alone, he took the document, and turned it over, but he could make nothing at all of it. He shook his head over it till the powder flew about in all directions. But he had already begun to grow cautious, so he folded it up very carefully, and put it in his pocket, with the intention of laying it before Sir Edward and his own legal adviser.

Sir John still kept upon his watch of love, but in a fearful whirlpool of various agitations. He stepped into the house from time to time, to hurry Poll in her act of disguising herself; but she was so much overcome with dismay and sorrow, that it proceeded but slowly. Sir John was once more on his short perambulations, when the lawyer's clerk was again seen advancing towards him, but now accompanied by two fellows, that even Jack's inexperienced eye immediately recognised as tipstaves or thief-takers. He, fearing the worst for the wretched girl, began to whistle, and she, in her bewilderment, instead of making for the garden at the back of the house, put her unfortunate head out of the window in the front, on the first floor, much more intent upon her lover than on her own safety.

"That is Sir John Truepenny," said the intelligent lawyer's clerk, with a provoking smile.

Jack's shoulder was tapped in the usual style, and the usual long slip of parchment put into his hand. But nothing now astonished him. The sheriff's officers gloated on him as if he were their best and their natural prey. Sir John merely asked an explanation, but he

was a little surprised when told that if he did not pay Mrs. Snowdrop three hundred and fifty odd pounds, he must go to jail or find bail—in fact that he was actually a prisoner.

At this intimation, Jack coolly measured them from top to toe, cogitating pugnaciously. But lifting up his eyes, and meeting those of Polly's streaming with tears, he was determined to take everything quietly until he had seen her safely off.

It hardly need be said, that a crowd of officious persons had now collected, for it was well known to every soul in Porchester that Sir John was one of its temporary residents. Jack looked round in a droll, helpless way, and asked one of the most respectable bystanders what he had better do. He was advised to take the officers into the house, and either send for his friends, or hire a conveyance immediately and go to them.

Consequently, our hero went in with the officers, but he was extremely annoyed when he found that they would not permit him out of their sight. To communicate with Poll was impossible, and she, with the infatuation of the self-doomed, would not remove from her fate. Sir John, however, was determined not to leave the house till he knew what was to become of her, and the tipstaves being very instructive as to the manner in which they considered they ought to be treated, refreshments of every description were shortly placed before them.

An hour of feverish anxiety passed away, and poor Jack, from the pacing to and fro overhead, was still sensible that the victim had not escaped. He trembled at every noise, and shuddered every time that the street door was opened. At length, much to his satisfaction, Giles Grimm made his appearance. No sooner had he got him into a corner, and before he could explain to him the state of affairs, the door of the room was violently flung open, and three constables, with the hated Horatio Hildebrand, rushed into the room Jack whistled energetically, but it was too late. Poll was captured as she was descending the stairs, and the scene of distress became terrible.

Sir John was now as anxious to go as he had been before to remain. There was a summons served on him to appear

as a witness, and the immediate presence of all parties in Portsmouth became necessary. Two glass coaches were procured, and, in a short time they were all in the Town Hall before the mayor, and in her sailor's attire Polly was placed in the dock charged with aggravated bigamy.

Every event in Jack's life for the last few days was big with interest, and not only three, but thirty volumes would be requisite to paint all the incidents that arose from them. The hall was crowded. Jack had made himself too ridiculously notorious not to be the gazing stock of every one who could command the opportunity of looking upon him; and as he there stood before the magistrates, a tipstaff on each side, a more miserable baronet, by those even well steeped in misery, could not be conceived.

The evidence against Mrs. Dondertromp was short and conclusive. Bigamy was then a capital offence. She was committed to the county prison to take her trial for her life at the next assizes. Mynheer Dondertromp and Mister Dwindlebink, not being able able to procure any one to be bound for their appearance as witnesses, were committed to the same prison. Sir John soon found securities; and Mr. Singleheart procured him the necessary bail in Mrs. Snowdrop's actions. Poll was taken away in violent hysterics, and Jack now saw himself nearly an isolated being.

His attorney had been civil and attentive, but distant, and Jack felt too much shame to force his company upon him, or to seek that of Sir Edward. When he left the court, he was obliged to have the protection of constables against the annoyance of the crowd.

At last Giles Grimm, who had never left his side, got him into a private house, and when he found himself alone with his friend, his contending and miserable feeling fairly overcame him, and seizing the old man's hands, he burst into tears.

"Cheer up, cheer up, messmate!" said the old quartermaster; "it 's black and stormy now, but it will be fresh breezes and fine to-morrow. Let us dine like rational folks, and have one quiet glass of grog after—you'll do well then."

"Poor Poll! she'll be hanged; and all because they made me a barrownight. She might have spliced with

all the larboard watch of the Glory, and neither of these beggars would have come forrard—but when they thought they could squeeze the gold out of her—the varmin! And I, Giles, must stand up and help to put the rope round her neck!"

"She deceived ye, Jack—that's a plaster for your sore heart."

"She did—but, for a Portsmouth wench, she was a good girl. Eat the dinner yourself: I'll go to bed. The Lord have mercy upon her!"

CHAPTER XXV.

Jack shews symptoms of returning to his senses over a shoulder of mutton—Makes large promises of amendment—A summary of proceedings, and the sum total turns out to be totally disagreeable—Lots of good advice, to be taken at a fair valuation—Too dear, and not taken at all—An interesting interview, followed by an interesting arrangement.

LONG, earnest, and repeated were the consultations held between Sir Edward and Mr. Singleheart, respecting the course that Sir John Truepenny had lately run, his present situation, and his future prospects. That all these follies, and the apparent issue of them, were to the advantage of Edward, he was fully aware, but this very consideration only increased his regrets. The well-meaning and good-tempered lawyer was of opinion that Sir Edward had already done sufficient for the new baronet to vindicate his own honour and probity, and to display the most friendly feelings. He therefore advised an instant return to London, so that he might set his own house in order, and watch his own individual interests. Mr. Singleheart, in order the more effectually to induce him to do this, promised to watch carefully over his client, and, if possible, rescue him from further disgrace, and shield him from fresh exposures.

But to all this prudent advice Sir Edward would not listen for a moment. He stated his intention, to which he declared that he would firmly adhere, not to abandon his cousin, unless he should commit some offence more grave than either imprudence or extravagance. To set

otherwise, he felt would not be redeeming the solemn promise that he had given to Ann Truepenny.

Mr. Singleheart, whilst he applauded the heroism of this sentiment, heavily censured the self-sacrificing conduct that it produced, and, as he could not condemn, and would not oppose, he very wisely resolved, for the present, to say no more on the subject.

Sir John had "turned in" at his new abode, and discovered, when he awoke about six o'clock in the evening, that he had, notwithstanding the acuteness of his misery, slept some hours, and that his sensations of hunger and regret were equally divided, though the lady whom he had so lately elected as the wife of his bosom was very shortly going to be hung.

Of what use is it repeating that man is a mass of contradictions? The trite aphorism does not say enough. Every feeling, every impulse, every principle by which he is actuated, be it good or bad in the general acceptation, is, to the individual whom it impels, neither wholly good nor wholly bad. How easily this might be proved! What good quality of which man can boast, is not resolvable into a mean, or sordid, or vicious one? The catalogue of his virtues is very voluminous. Indeed, he has invented a series of very imposing titles for almost all his motives. Shall we take any of these, the most vaunted, and shew the quantity of its alloy? No. The task is at once so easy and so invidious. The reason of the degraded nature of his best qualities is, that man cannot divest himself of self. All his acts, having reference to his individuality, taint them so deeply with a base selfishness, that he is obliged to take refuge in all manner of false moralities for his justification, and thus applauds such sentiments as "self-love and social are the same."

Let the severely judging bear this in mind, and not be too harsh upon the disconsolate Jack, when, on coming down stairs, he found consolation in seeing that the faithful Giles Grimm had kept dinner for him, and that, on observing the quiet neatness of all around him, he actually felt a glow of pleasure at the idea that his own Poll would, at this peaceful meal, neither annoy him by her vain absurdities, nor disgust him by her too intemperate habits; although he very well knew that at that moment she was subjected to prison discipline, upon prison fare, and her very life in peril.

A shoulder of mutton, baked over a batter-pudding, peas, and new potatoes, with two foaming pots of porter, formed the dinner of the wealthy baronet. Two bottles of port wine, with some excellent American crackers, and a couple of red herrings, composed the dessert, to which Sir John and Giles Grimm did ample justice. The dress of the baronet was, at this dinner, rather grotesque. He had shaken nearly all the powder out of his hair, and ruptured his coat and pantaloons in various places. His neckerchief was in all manner of strange shapes, and the glory of his cambric frill had departed.

Giles Grimm having received his orders that Jack was not yet to be Sir John, they conversed together as old messmates do over their grog. The old sailor was not yet reconciled to the seeing so thorough a seaman in mufti, and so he plainly expressed himself.

"Why, as to that, father, you see one would be ship-shape and Bristol fashion. A tanned sail mended with old and new canvass, as the case might be, is all well enough for a Dutch galliot, but his Majesty's yacht must be as spruce as a girl on pay-day. Not, daddy, that I am over-conceited with this rig. But I tried it on, just to see what way I could make under it. Not much, by the holy! my shrouds are set up a precious sight too taut; and I 've been snapping my standing rigging in one way or another, all day long. I feel like a ship in irons, and can scarcely get my feet to the ground, so sharp as I 'm braced up. But what o' that? I have the heart to be dressed as fine again, if so be it 's my duty. I 'll not flinch. Every man to his station—the quarter-master to the con, and the swabwasher to the head. If I must be dressed like the lord-mayor in my new station, I 'll bear it as I ought to do."

"Very well, my bo; I never doubted your courage, and you 'll go through it like a man. You have headified me with much gumption—but, after all, the Bible 's the place to get at wisdom. You 've only given me another guise of the prabble of the wedding garment. You 've headified me, my son!"

"No, no, dad; I should like to see the rating of the man that could headify you—seeing as how, for head-work, you can go a-head of any fast-sailing clipper as ever hugged the wind."

"How vain you 'll make me, surely! Now, my son, what course do you lie next?"

"To Lunnun, I 'm speculating; but it all depends on the governor. I 've been a confounded ass, and I don't intend to do anything now, till I get orders from that trump of a fellow, Sir Edward Fortintower. There 's what I calls a true barrownight—not such a beggarly, jury-rigged, makeshift stick like myself. You see I 've left off grog; but. as I am very allicholy, do you think it might hurt my title just to have a pipe? Do barrow-nights smoke? There lies the pint. I am ready to make great sacrifices—but a pipe—"

"With mild orrownocko, my bo!—it is a nice pint. But I 'm not a barrownight, nor likely to be—so I 'll vote for myself."

"You will smoke, daddy?"

"I will!" said the old man, with a firmness highly commendable.

"Then I 'm blessed if I don't, for I 'm monstrous dull; I get along as heavy as a bad sailing West Ingeeman through a field of seaweed. My spirits are tangled with cares, and there 's an under-current setting backwards agen my heart, that makes me think that all is vanity and wexation of spirit—'cos why? when a feller gives himself up to wanity, like the ass afore you, wexation of spirit is sure to follow in the wake. I 'm just miserable, and so I 'll smoke."

And the honest pair smoked in silence for a long while, till at length Jack, being overcome by the bitterness of his own thoughts, laid down his pipe, and, looking his old friend full in his face, made the following lamentation.

"You 've been a father to me, when there was no one but you to befriend me—and a good father too; and child, boy, and man, if I ain't shewn ye the love and duty of a son, it ain't becos I hadn't the love, and didn't like the duty, but becos I was sich a fool I didn't know how to shew one or t'other. So, Giles, as my heart 's full, let me make a clear hold, and don't come athwart my [illegible] till I have said my say. When the ship's guns are foul, we scale 'em—we knock up a little rumpus for the time, but all 's clean and fair arterwards. So I 'll [illegible] bang off my foul thoughts, and try, like a man who

is going to swing into heaven from the yard-arm, to make a clean breast of it.

"What a man is born for, his good God that gave him life only knows; but I hopes I ain't 'sumptuous when I says I thinks I was born to the honour and glory of being a sailor—that I was bred up for it, stock and fluke, is sartin—and no one knows so well as you, who had the best hand in my breeding, that that's true. A good sailor I was, and am yet, though I have been fooling about in a 'maphrodite rig—half seaman, half barrownight. As a tar I was a happy dog—had my grievances—what then? I should have growed too proud and impudent without 'em. In this world of tribulation people are not to be so lucky as to be British seamen without some troubles; if it was so, who'd stay ashore? I should like to know that!

"Now, I've been a barrownight just seven days this very Wednesday—a barrownight, father, with a Sir stuck up before my name, like the union jack on the bowsprit. These seven days I have been a man of great riches, though little enough I have seen of it, bating a hundred pounds that I have borrowed of somebody—for whether I owe it to a sharking lawyer, or to the brimstone bumboat woman, or whether I owe it at all, the devil is better able to tell than myself; but little good the cash has done me. Let us balance accounts, father Grimm; let us compare the dead reckoning with the latitude by observation, find the course and distance run as a barrownight, and just see where we are.

"Last Wednesday week they told me I was I, discharged me from the ship's books, made a tom fool of me going ashore, and I made a beast of myself before I got there—insulted a lady in my drunkenness, tumbled overboard, got a wopping from Poll 'cording to my desarts, became spooney, and, when I stepped ashore, was nearly torn to pieces by those vampires the Jews. I, a bold British tar, and a barrownight, was forced to sneak to bed in broad daylight, and was then delivered up, like one bound hand and foot, to be plundered by a designing she-wolf and a vain and conceited girl. Oh, Poll! Poll!—but the fault is all mine.

"But that's not nearly the worst of it, father. I was growing mad. I tremble, I shudder, my heart stops

beating, when I think of it. It was but just touch and go, my good old friend—but just touch and go. The weather-leach of my senses was shaking in the wind—the wind of madness, father! the dark rocks were close under my lee—the blast of insanity grew fresher and more fresh—I mocked myself—I talked rubbish—I fancied myself above and better than all the world, and no longer a mortal man. But another luff, and I should have been a wreck—a dismasted hull, stranded God knows where! and with his blessed light gone from me for ever. But an angel seized the helm, and took me safely through the terrible storm, and gave me a security that I so little desarved. Oh, Susan, dear! sleeping or waking, at home or abroad, alone or in company, may you be in all things and in all ways blest! I would share with her my fortune—I would lay down my life to do her service. How strange it is, father, that I never fell in love with her. May God Almighty bless her for ever!"

"Amen!" said Giles, laying down his pipe reverently, and bowing his head.

"Yes, it is to her tenderness that I owe it that I was not a well-flogged Sir John. It would have been better had it been so. I must have remained quiet till I was cured, and thus all this folly and this wickedness had been avoided. I did love that bonny brave beauty, Poll—perhaps the more for some of her faults; but dear Susan! I think of her only as a petted daughter—she is so young, and so slight, and so pale! did anybody ever think her pretty?"

"Hundreds, Jack, hundreds. They thought her 'mantic, and on one pint, and that pint only, a little odd. Ah! my son, the honourable offers she had from the officers of the Glory. The second lieutenant, a discreet man that knows himself and a sailor's duty, went down to her on his knees, with tears in his eyes. I think her the most hinnocentest female girl that ever was. She often put me in mind of the history of Susannah 'mong the elders—only I took care she should not be insulted. But she is very young, and in a year's hence she'll forget you, Jack; so make yourself quite comfortable. Her beast of a mother—I ask God pardon for calling any woman a beast—will turn to the poor babe after all, for

such mildness, and such sweetness would move the stock of the anchor. But come what will, she shall have all the little penny I have saved, when I lose the number of my mess, and the half of it before, should she want it. Make yourself easy, Jack, she'll forget the baronet in a month, though she might have remembered the sprightly forecastleman for a little longer."

"But she—I shan't forget she in such a hurry. I'll speak to Sir Edward, and have her away from the old wretch her mother. Shall I go on with my confession? That night there was a riot, and my bride that was to be got well beaten, and I cut a most contemptible figure; and, being heartily ashamed of her and of myself, was forced to sneak into hiding until the thing had blown over, and Polly's figure got a little more fit to be seen. I then, as you knows, played the tawdry mountebank, and disgusted my good friends—got pelted and covered with filth, and then married—we won't say what, father, for I did that on principle, as I intended to reform her, or beat her into a mummy. Now here I sit, a pretty sample of a barrownight. My wife is going to be hung—I've been nabbed for debt—I am bound over to appear at 'sizes agin Poll, and thus, after a way, help to tuck her up. I've got a haction agin me for breaking a promise of marriage—and not a crumb of comfort have I had since I left the old hooker until this present sitting—and now I'm so comfortable I could set to and pipe my eye for an hour with a great deal of relish.'

"Your black list is full, chock-a-block, my son, with many griefs; but 'man is born to sorrow as the sparks fly upwards.' But listen to me, my bo, and I'll comfort you better than Job's friends. Take up your pipe again—that 's the advice they should have begun with with Job—for no doubt pipes he had, as he lived in the East. We will take the least sorrow first. You can pay the debt, or you can go to law, and not pay it—that is as it may be; either way you'll have to pay money, which can be of no great consequence to you—so that's settled comfortably. Having made an ass of yourself is bad; but there are so many people, without your excuses, daily making greater asses of themselves, that you will soon be forgotten. Mend the breach of the marriage

promise, by marrying either Mrs. Snowdrop or her daughter—the daughter for choice—or stand fire!"

"But I never made a promise at all to either of them. I must not—I dare not—marry Susan, because I am not half good enough for her, and I really never was in love with her; and her mother is too bad for anybody to marry, and too ugly for anybody to love."

"Think agin about Susan," said Grimm. "I have no wish to make a man of your great advantages and glorious speculations marry anybody; it is a 'sponsibility not for the old quarter-master to take; but just think again about Susan, for the sake of her poor heart and your own. I'll take a whiff or two whilst you calculate."

"I *have* thought, father, and it won't do. Poll has her grappling-irons too fast about poor Jack. Giles Grimm, do you believe in ghosts? Well, I do, though I never seed one; and there is only one I should be afraid of if I did, and that would be Polly's coming exactly at twelve o'clock on my wedding night, and looking all ghastly and black in the face, with the rope round her neck. He must be a brave man who could stand that, and she'd come, I know, for she is so very parvarse—that is to say, if I spliced with Susan."

"But why more if you had poor dear Susan, than any one else, my son? Not that I doesn't think your scruples quite nat'ral like."

"'Cos Poll was always jealous of Sue, though she pretended to despise her; and I promised her that if I got a warrant, or anything good turned up for me, I'd have only her.

"Well, you've kept your promise, and the keeping of it has done for her. The moment Jack Ketch cuts her down, you 're free—but it is a matter for yourself only. I would run the risk of the ghost; that is to say, if so be you should fall in love with Sue; but meddling with matches, a man is apt to burn his fingers, there is so much brimstone in them. So I've done."

"Poor Poll! I wonder if man can save her? To hang such a beautiful sample of a woman—it 's barbarous—downright wickedness. I tell ye what, father, we are the salvages arter all. When I'm made a barrownight in right earnest, I'll speak to the king about it. A sailor's lass ought to be allowed to marry a few husbands,

more or less, Sailor's girls, they go through a great deal of trouble for the navy. Hang her!—it is shocking!"

"It is indeed," said Giles, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A convertible chapter, but it expounds much, and is deserving of attention. Some hints upon bigamy, and pencillings by the way on the use of the gibbet—A father's advice to a daughter respecting the marriage state—How to take advice advisedly, that is, if it be palatable.

Giles Grimm, with the prudence of an old man-of-war's man, had laid an embargo on the house, and declared it in a state of strict blockade; which was a very necessary proceeding, for every one in the neighbourhood, not troubled with too much conscience, thought that the hybrid baronet was very fair prey.

During this day, very many were the unsuccessful knocks at the door; and whilst Jack was making his lamentations, his companion not a little enjoyed the unsuccessful attempts that, he could very distinctly hear, were made in the adjoining passage, for a further admittance. Thus, when Giles Grimm had shaken out the ashes from his last pipe—sad emblem of mortality!—and was about commencing a speech full of unction and pathos, and had in his mind already selected the quotation from the Bible that was to accompany it, a very emphatic salute on the door, diverted his attentions.

"Another Jew beggar, Jack. We must cut and run from this place as soon as we can. They won't take no, it seems. Just reach me that sapling, and I'll clear the decks."

The door opened, and the female domestic, with a good deal of hesitation, placed two cards upon the table. Giles read them, and then he and Sir John immediately rose and ushered into the room, with all due honour, Sir Edward Fortintower and Mr. Singleheart.

Jack so much felt the superiority of his cousin, that he could neither be induced to look upon nor treat him as his equal. Every sentence was commenced with "Your honour," and he could not avoid, from time to time, seizing his fore-lock. and bobbing his head when he was suddenly addressed by him. The same was the case with Giles Grimm; but he still being dressed cleanly as a sailor, this conduct did not appear so unnatural and ridiculous.

At first, both Sir Edward and the lawyer were a little reserved; for, though they much pitied, they could not help being angry at Jack's past proceedings. His self-abasement was extreme, his apologies profuse, and his promises of amendment numerous and sincere. He repeated the lamentation with which he had just favoured Grimm, nearly word for word—confessed himself a child, and a bad one, and with much contrition, asked for punishment and humbly solicited advice.

"You have made yourself, much to our sorrow," said Sir Edward, "a stranger to us This conduct has brought with it its own punishment, and I am glad to see repentance. I speak plainly to you, cousin, and I tell you frankly, that I do not think this change in your position of life will be a change for you of happiness. Never did a person require more self-watchfulness than yourself. Believe me, you are particularly fortunate in having so well escaped from out of the difficulties in which your follies had involved you However, just see the consequences, even now, of your vagaries."

He then put into his hands the county paper. Jack was very leniently treated. It gave a tolerably accurate description of his vagaries, but good-naturedly imputed them to the effervescence of strong animal spirits, on the change of his situation, and his desire to take leave of his old and commence his new life with a man-of-war's man's spree. It instanced many more absurd exhibitions that had taken place among seamen, on the acquisition of large shares of prize-money. Poll's part of the article was the blackest, for the writer of it asked, "had this poor deluded and continually intoxicated young man no friend to step forward and to prevent his damning his prospects in life for ever, by allying himself with a common strumpet? Where was his lawyer?—where this gener-

ous and self-sacrificing Sir Edward Fortintower, of whom we have heard so much?"

When he read this part of the paragraph, the tears actually came into Jack's eyes; and then he fell into a very healthful train of thought. He reflected, that what he had himself esteemed as a good action—the keeping of his promise to Poll—was looked upon in a totally different light by people better instructed than himself. Loftier notions began to steal into his bosom, and he felt a sensation of gratitude at the release of his contract with Polly. This was not so romantic a state of mind as the lovers of melo-dramatic sailors might wish; but, as it was the true one, however injurious it may be to our hero, we feel bound to record it.

"I am humbled, your honour," said Jack, with his inveterate twitching at his hair; "and what I can say or do, your honour best knows."

"I'll tell you, my friend, what you are not to say, and what you are not to do. You are not to say, 'your honour,' and not to pluck out all the hair from the front of your head—particularly now that you have very properly taken to powder. Let us now consider your present situation. We advise you immediately to settle the debt which Mrs. Snowdrop alleges that you owe, with all the costs incurred. It was contracted, though with roguish motives, for you; you must, without hesitation, take up the bill that Mr. Scrivener holds of this woman's for the one hundred pounds advanced to you. As to the action threatened against you for a breach of promise of marriage, give it no thought, for we have a surety for believing that it will turn out merely a threat. Yes, and for this outrageous Poll too, we may manage, if you behave discreetly, to avoid the necessity of your appearing, in person, against her. The proof her guilt is quite sufficient without your evidence."

"But will they hang her, your honour—Sir Edward, I mean?"

"They may, but we do hope not; no doubt but that the judges will take into consideration the laxity of morals in a large sea-port town like Portsmouth. We will make interest for her—but she will be compelled to leave the country. In that case you may make her exile not only endurable, but even advantageous and pleasant to her."

"And may God desert me if I do not."

"Now, Sir John, give Mr. Singleheart a list of all your debts, for to-night everything must be paid. Come to my hotel to-morrow morning in your seaman's dress; be there before seven, and we will all go to town together—you and Mr. Grimm on the outside of the Portsmouth coach. We shall thus avoid observation. When we get to town, you shall travel in a manner more befitting your rank and your station."

"God bless your honour—Father Grimm, why don't you thank his honour?—now 's the time for one of your crack-my-jaw speeches, and you've not a shot in the locker"

"Sir Edward Fortintower, we are much obligated to you; but what rating am I to bear on Sir John Truepenny's books?—for I can't suppose that I am to be hail fellow well met with him in Lunnon; and yet I should like to be near the boy a little while, just to look arter him till he 's able to cast off the tow-rope."

"Well said, honest Grimm. You shall be his *maître d'hôtel.*"

"Mate dotel—what sort of mate 's that, sir—chief mate or what—and what 's the duty?"

"The duty will be to do nothing yourself, and to help Sir John to do the same when he 's so inclined. Only, in your place, I would not give the same privilege to the rest of the household."

"I curcumstand precisely. Please, sir, be so kind as to write down my new rating, that I may get it by heart."

In fumbling for a piece of paper, Giles, inadvertently, lugged out of his jacket-pocket a long tavern bill, and offered the blank side of it to Sir Edward's pencil. Directly he perceived it, he was most anxious to recover the document. It was the bill for Sir John's wedding dinner, which he was not fated to eat, and which not having eaten he had consequently forgotten.

Every one was much astonished at Giles wishing, nay, entreating to be at the expense. This was of course overruled, but it gave them all a very good opinion of the old sailor's disinterestedness. The lawyer refunded the money to him with many expressions of kindness and approbation.

Everything being apparently thus fully and satisfac-

torily settled, the gentlemen (we have not as yet permitted ourselves to class Jack among them) arose to take their leaves, all parties being much happier and more pleased than when they met.

Just as they were about to depart, Sir John wished to be informed if baronets were permitted to smoke, as he told his cousin that he was determined to give his new mode of life a fair trial. He was told that it was a delicate question, but that it need not now be solved; so, till he fully took up his new character, he might with safety indulge in his taste.

"Now, Sir John," said Mr. Singleheart, "we must get to town as speedily as we can. I will not now attempt to enter into details with you. I may just say that your future income will average about forty thousand a year—never under—often much more;—that you will have much to do immediately you arrive in town—many documents to sign; and that you will have to perform some curious services before the king or his representative, for certain manors that you hold. In spite of yourself, you must become a busy and a great character. Do not let this alarm you; with your means, it is much easier to become great than busy—that is, busy to any good purpose. I will now go and settle Mrs. Snowdrop's demands, and to-morrow we shall expect you both at our hotel, in health and spirits, and quite prepared for the journey. No fuss, you know; come as Jack, and not a word yet about Sir John."

"Shall obey you, sir. If you please, I've a small favour to ask. I don't like to part with Mrs. Snowdrop in ill blood; let me go and pay her this money myself; and I think she ought to have all the foolish expenses she was put to in bringing me ashore."

"The feeling does you honour, Sir John," said the lawyer; "but you should remember that, with your own money, you may always do what you like. Now, do me the favour to attend."

He then sat down with paper, pen, and ink, and writing everything in a round large hand, almost like print, he inserted the several items that he was to pay her; he then sent for the necessary receipts, which he drew out, leaving nothing to make them complete but Mrs. Snowdrop's signature. He instructed Sir John to pay the

cash over in separate items, to make the chances of mistake the less, and then gave him separate checks for each item. Jack, who wanted only instruction, proved himself to be sufficiently acute.

During this time Sir Edward had reseated himself, and cultivated the acquaintance of Giles assiduously. He liked him extremely, and was determined to keep him, as long as possible, near Sir John. Everything now being arranged, Sir Edward and the lawyer, with many hearty shakes of the hand, bade the seamen good night, and retired to their hotel.

In the mean time, Mr. Scrivener had been a wary and an attentive observer of all Jack's motions, and of the motions of every one connected with him. He had not, as yet, ostensibly appeared as the baronet's enemy. He was glad of this. So clever and active a man did not fail to be in court, though he kept himself in the background, during the examination and the committal for trial of the unfortunate Polly. Immediately he discovered that Sir John's marriage was null and void, the whole course of his tactics was suddenly and completely changed. He went to his inn with a good appetite and in great glee—a change in his demeanour highly acceptable to his daughter Eugenia Elfrida.

This young lady had endured much. Having placed her fancy fully and strongly upon the handsome sailor, his absurd marriage, after the encouraging hopes that her father had held out to her, had greatly afflicted her. She had, moreover, with all her selfish simplicity, a heart. Her parent never went so deep as that organ in his calculations. Interest and his advancement in life—even the coarser impulses of passion—he could comprehend; but as to the sentiment of love, in its character of an abiding affection, he believed it rarely existed, and, least of all, existed in his daughter.

After he had increased his pleasurable sensations by a good dinner, and wine enough to make him remember it with satisfaction, he began to converse in the pleasantest manner possible.

"Well, Eugee, my girl, take a glass of claret—a bumper,—good—and now give papa a kiss."

"You are very merry, pa."

"I am; she is sure to be hung."

"Who, papa? Oh la! and must I be merry too? but I won't, though!"

"But you will, hussy, when you know who it is; your little heart will dance as lightly as she will when she dances upon nothing."

"How shocking! Father, people in our profession should never make game of hanging. I don't like to hear anything about it; but do tell me if any one is going to be hung."

"Come, guess, Eugee—I'll give you a five-pound note if you can guess right in three trials."

"But how can I guess, if it is not anybody I know?"

"But it is somebody you know: now run over in your mind all the people you know that you think are likely to be hung."

"Oh my! what a compliment to all our acquaintance! hi, hi, hi! Surely it can't be; but then he is so very cunning. Well, my first guess is Mr. Zachariah Snitch!"

"God bless me, girl, what are you saying? You have taken away my breath. My principal and confidential clerk! Come, come, that 's no joke; and the many transactions that he and I have been mixed up together with! That 's coming too near the mark, however."

"Is it, pa? then he is likely to be hung, after all. I deserve a guinea, at least, for that guess."

"You deserve a rod, Miss; when I said 'near the mark,' I meant that you came too near me with your silly guesses—not near the truth, simpleton; do you understand that? I'll not let you guess any more, lest you should make more foolish mistakes. It is that flaunting, tawdry, impudent, common wench, Poll of the Point, that was married yesterday to the sailor baronet; and it now turns out that he is not married at all, because his wife, my lady that would be, has, at this present time, two other husbands proved to be living—how many more I can't say."

"Will they hang the poor woman for that? It 's quite dreadful, father."

"Oh, I cry you mercy, sentimental Miss Eugenia Elfrida Scrivener. Are the solemn and sacred institutions that have been handed down to us unimpaired from our glorious ancestors, to be violated, to be mocked and set at scorn with impunity, by a low-born wretch like that?

Forbid it decency—forbid it Heaven! My bosom swells with virtuous indignation at such turpitude. The laws know no distinction: they are open to all. If she was tired of her first husband, why did she not get a legal divorce?"

"But she married two more; and perhaps she could not."

"I do not see the legal impediment. But such depravity as hers deserves death, and death she will suffer. Well, your sweetheart, my chuck, is again a free man."

"My sweetheart, pa! How can you say so?"

"Didn't he, for love of you, jump into the sea? You saw it—hundreds saw it. He did this even when in the trammels of the woman we are going to hang. What a glorious match he will be!"

"Ah, father, some other Poll will step in and whip him up. You can't hang them all, one after the other. Besides, you told me only two days ago, that he was a low-lived, vulgar wretch—that such a marriage would make me wretched, and disgrace your family."

"That was all perfectly true yesterday, but not so to-day. The man is, of himself, a fine man, and, in good hands, will turn out a splendid one It is a most merciful dispensation of Providence, the hanging of this abandoned woman. Sir John Truepenny's virtues will now have full scope to unfold themselves. Under your care and nurture, and under mine, Eugenia, his amiable qualities will blossom into beauty, and ultimately bear glorious fruit. When he has been your husband six months, he will be a very different sort of person."

"Ah, when!" said the lady, with a deep sigh.

"Soon, very soon, girl! Now the principal obstacle is removed, I see nothing to hinder us. When I have set my mind upon an object, it must present much more difficulty to its attainment than your marriage with Sir John Truepenny, before I will abandon it. Take another glass, my child. Keep up your spirits, and I am much mistaken if by this time to-morrow he is not sitting very comfortably by you. You can look very beautiful if you choose."

"Oh la! how beautiful I will look. May I gaze into his handsome eyes the first time?"

"Don't ask such foolish questions. Look as much,

and say as little, as you like. But I must retrace my steps. Ring the bell, and order pens, ink, and paper, without removing the wine"

In a very brief space Miss Scrivener was selecting in her mind the dress that she would appear in on the morrow, and her father was writing two letters, the effects of which, he doubted not, would forward him considerably in his long-cherished designs.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Just like love, but not that tender sentiment—Jack tries his hand in eloquence upon hands—Makes no hand of it—More morality, and some prison discipline—Mrs Snowdrop much in the dark as might advances—A letter but whether it contain love or law, time must shew—The whole concluded with a peep into a prison.

Mrs Snowdrop's private residence was in a quiet, decent, by-street of Portsea, in a moderately-sized house, which contained all the comforts that could be desirable for one in her station, and something beyond it. Everything about and within the habitation was scrupulously clean, and, thanks to the taste and care of Susan, the only untidy thing ever discoverable in the abode of Mrs. Snowdrop was Mrs Snowdrop herself. Though the house was extremely convenient and roomy, its owner had long ceased from taking lodgers; and since the death of her last *pro tempore* husband, which took place about five years previously to the time of our present narrative, the only inmates were the bumboat woman, her daughter, and a strong, cleanly, and active servant-maid.

The evening-gun had been fired from the guard-ship of Spithead, the band had ceased to echo among the stone traverses of the fortifications, and twilight had begun to temper the glare of the summer's day, when Sir John Truepenny timorously knocked at the door of Mrs. Snowdrop's house. His heart was hushed into respect by the thought of the suffering girl within; and the extreme tranquillity of the place so contrasted to the clamour and riot of the life he had lately led, that, for a moment, his mind acknowledged no higher ambition than

to be the possessor of such a residence, and of the gentle inmate that it contained.

After waiting a considerable time at the door, it was cautiously opened by the servant-girl, and his entrance disputed for some time, for "Missus had gun into the country, and though Miss was hin, she was hindeposed."

From this answer it was evident that Betsey had picked up some of the crumbs of literature that had fallen from the well-supplied literary table of her young mistress.

Sir John was mortified, and to his many questions he got so much of intelligence as to convince him that Susan was not seriously ill, for she was at that moment "reading and crying by turns, and not fit to see nobody."

Jack persevered, and he was too captivating and too handsome to entreat long in vain, although he refused to give the girl either his name or business, but he gave something quite as much to the purpose—a crown-piece and a kiss.

The result was, that Sir John suddenly found himself alone with Susan, in the little drawing-room. At first, owing to his dress, she did not recognise him, supposing him to be some one connected with the affair of her mother's imprisonment. She arose with much trepidation, the book fell upon the sofa, she hastily dried away her tears, and advanced to meet the unknown. They were face to face before she recognised him, and then, for one instant, she stood as if transfixed with some mortal pang, and the next, uttering a low shriek, she fell into his arms.

Not long did she indulge in this weakness. She gently disengaged herself from the sustaining bosom that she loved too well, and sat herself on the sofa, for she was still very faint. Jack stood silently before her, really awed by her presence; and when she requested him to be seated, instead of placing himself beside her, he took possession of the edge of a chair in the very centre of the room, and for the first time commenced making a [illegible]ous inspection into the state of the lining of his hat. [illegible]assured by his timidity, Susan addressed him.

"Oh, Sir John," she exclaimed, "you do not act [illegible]dly in coming thus to see a poor lone girl."

"Upon my honour, Susan! may I never see port again," (Jack forgot he was not at sea), "if I did not expect to see your mother here. I own that, at the door, I heard she was in the country; but I had not the heart to go back. I come to make peace with her, and to bid you good-bye, for I'm going to London early to-morrow morning."

"So soon!" she said, with a slight start; "but it is much the best it should be so. Have you not heard that my mother is in prison?"

"In prison, Susan—here 's a pretty go! I have been so occupied with my own fool's scrapes, that, on honour, I only heard that she was put in the watch-house. Tell me all about it."

In as few words as could convey the information, Susan explained to him that she could not be allowed to be bailed, as two of the persons injured in the riot she had originated were not yet pronounced out of danger; though, from inquiries she had made, she learned that those two persons were walking about very comfortably. She further told him that her mother had placed her affairs unreservedly in the hands of Mr. Scrivener, and that she, Susan, suspected that he had not done his best to procure her liberation, and she was sure that he was advising her mother to act very badly indeed. On this subject she would not further explain herself.

"But I must leave you now, Sir John, and go to my mother before she is locked up for the night. She is in a dreadful way, and requires all my pity. She is treated well enough, considering her situation, but the frame of her mind is horrible. Oh, I dread to meet her!"

"Then don't go, Susan. You are too delicate-built a craft to stand such a breeze. Let me face her for you. I'll take her broadsides as quietly as the rock of Gibber-halter, and when all her shot's expended, I dare say I shall be able to victual her with something comfortable. Stay at home, and I'll be back in an hour."

"But, John, I am her daughter; and though I feel the tie neither a tender nor a strict one when she is in prosperity, yet in prison, friendless and half mad, my heart yearns towards the being who bore me, and I love her—in spite of all, I love her. Oh my mother!"

"Well, well don't cry, there 's a good girl—swab your

delicate eyes dry, dear; and go, if it is your duty. But just give me the names of any one who is likely to become her bail."

"Oh, there are plenty, Sir John: here are the addresses of four persons; and I could give you as many more. Indeed, people say that she is very hardly used, and that you, begging your pardon, Sir John, are at the bottom of it all, by the means of your great friends and your lawyers. I don't believe a word of it."

"God bless you for that, my dear girl! Now go to your mother. I'd walk with you, and be glad and proud too; but, after all that is past, your carracter, you know, Sue, might miss stays."

"Good Sir John; but little character has my mother's mode of life left me. Lord bless me, my short and young life has been one of continued storm and misery ever since I left school. But my innocence must sustain me, John; and there is one who loves and cherishes innocence, and that love is beyond all price."

"It is, Susan, and stick to it like pitch. Tell your mother I'll see her to-night if I can, and that I'll try to square yards with her, and part friends, for her dear daughter's sake."

"Do you know, John, all that she has done, all that she wishes to do, to you?"

"Don't I? and so, you see, so much the more I'm behoven to do her all the good I can. The devil may never turn her heart, but you may, Susan. I wish you were my daughter, instead of hers."

"It is a kindly wish, John, but not mine. You can be nothing to me now—not even my friend. I have been very foolish, and, what is still worse, I cannot feel sorry for my folly. I have not been so good as I ought to have been, but oh! how much better than my mother would have made me!"

"I tell ye what it is, Sue, so you'll attend to a plain sailor's plain speech. I take it cursedly amiss that you say we are not any more to be friends; but that's some of your rumstick stuff—for let all go to blue blazes, if I know whether I am standing upon my head or my elbow. I'll be more than a father to ye. Let that pass at this present. Now, mark ye me, if any one says you are not good, and not vartuous, I'll punch the liar's head

while I can stand—even if I were twenty times a barrow-night. Now, Sue, trip off with your pretty little pit-a-pat feet; and if you could get a little colour in your cream-white face, why, Jack's heart would be lighter for it, that 's all. I won't go with you, you knows why—and that 's why, too, I won't kiss you; but shaking hands, you know, Sue, ain't stoppered at all. Bless my eyes, and so you call this tiny little piece of wax-work a hand! I could stow away a dozen of 'em in my flipper; and how soft! Well, well, if I ever felt anything like it, I'm jammed; but it 's wondrous pretty, certainly—take it away, you witch, for it has sent a twitching right up my arm; not only to my shoulder, but across my breast too. Now go, and, please God, I'll be with you and your beetle-browed mammy before another hour."

Susan departed, leaving Sir John in a brown study upon the nature of hands, and not at all aware of their intimate connexion with hearts.

"It is surely a charming piece of God's handiwork, that hand; and I never noticed it before. My fist and my fives make a wonderful spread, and the ends of my fingers are as stumpy and as hard as pieces of old junk—really I can't say that they *are* handsome, and I think I'll be obligated to run a few knots under sail, before I shall be able to find a pair of kids to wedge 'em into. Susan's hand has made me ashamed of my paws, now, for ever and a day. I 'spose hers are just such hands as angels ship—flippers only made to smooth down the feathers of their wings of glory, and the sunshine of their bright hair. But Poll, poor Poll; she 's got a hand worth three of it—that is for size, and washing a shirt, and giving a fellow a clout on the head—and that last a married man 's as well without. I say it who knows it. But Sue's tiny little hand is just fit to take a cobweb of a handkerchief and wipe a man's forehead when he 's a weary, or to pat him on the cheek when he 's happy. I should like to have its velvetty softness placed over my heart just for a minute, that she may feel how it would beat under it. But she is far enough off now, and I 'spose I may make sail on my own course, without the tattling poison-dropping tongues saying that I consorted with her in the evening."

Jack, having finished this soliloquy, which he really

spoke aloud as he paced up and down the room, went about his business.

Let us retrogade a couple of hours, and visit Mrs. Snowdrop in her confinement. Having put on the semblance of a better temper, she was removed to a more commodious apartment, but it still bore all the dreary aspect of a prison. It was badly ventilated, and that first of blessings, light, was almost made hateful to her by having to struggle through the iron bars of a single window. The floor was paved with stone, and the little furniture that the room contained was of the most sordid description. These, of themselves, were but petty annoyances, to which the bumboat woman would have scarcely given a thought, had they not all been associated with the idea of restraint. To hardships she had been accustomed from her infancy, and perhaps few persons less regarded physical suffering. But the deprivation of liberty was wormwood and gall to her. She would sit from daylight to dark, in the most horrible weather, in her open boat, in the open sea, without repining. She had more space for motion now, but it was in a prison, and she was in agony;—and she was so weary too. Even imprecations afforded her no relief.

The gloom in her apartment was as profound again as that of an ordinary room, as the twilight began to deepen, and she became impatient. She flung her heavy frame, in despair, upon her iron bedstead; it gave her no relief, and, with a curse, she began shouting for one o the turnkeys. He made his appearance immediately, and knowing well her capabilities of rewarding him, he was always surlily civil to her.

"Is that wretch of a daughter of mine come yet?"

"No, Mrs. Snowdrop. She won't be here this half hour."

"This half hour, you—you—you key-turning scoundrel! Why do you say it will be a half hour first? May the grass be on your grave soon!"

"Fair words, fair words, if you please, good Mrs. Snowdrop. You told the young lady herself, though she begged with tears in her eyes to stay with you, not to come till eight o'clock. Shall I tell you the very words that you used?"

"Do if you dare."

"They was cruel ones; they was indeed, missus."

"Cruel! I want to know who in this grinding world is kind. I don't know of one in the whole world but myself. Have I not been kind to Susan, very? Given her the best of heddications, and never intended that she should have put her hand to work whilst she lived. And she hasn't, except when she liked it herself. And when she ran after her fancy man, I didn't much mind that; but her romantic stuff made me sick. The man was well enough—and when he turned out to be a barrennit, how I slaved for both of 'em! hand and heart, labour, care, and money—did I spare them? Ungrateful beasts that they are! then he, poor fool, to take up with a gaudy painted trollop—a trollop—faugh! and she to quietly cross her arms and say, 'All is for the best, mother.' I'll best them yet."

"I could tell you summut, Mrs. Snowdrop, that would make your heart dance with joy, but I won't unless you promise to behave kindly like to miss when she comes."

"Out upon you, reptile! who gave you leave to make terms with your betters? Don't you make me pay, like Jews as you are, for my pitiful accommodation, and I am to be insulted into the bargain? Out of my sight! Thank God, I have still one friend left."

The vituperated turnkey withdrew, saying, "A wilful woman—she is distraught, and that's the best that can be said of her."

"Yes," continued Mrs. Snowdrop, when she again found herself alone, "I have one friend left; a real one —a clever, sensible, smooth-speaking man is Mr. Scrivener; but not for his cleverness, not for his good sense, not for his kind words—and God knows, just now, I want kind words enough—is he my friend; but because he will assist me to be revenged upon that sot who despises me and my daughter. Oh that that daughter had but a little of my spirit! Good Mr. Scrivener who feels for me, says that she must swear that he made her some promise of marriage, or that he ruined her; and the hard-hearted wretch, who does not feel for me, will neither swear to one or the other. I'll make her, by G——, for one or the other he must have done. Why did she leave her happy, plentiful home, and her fond

indulgent mother, for all the hardships of a lower deck, if he did not promise her something; I can't comprehend it. What can her books have put into her head? The girl, though pale and slight, is likely enough. I never did reproach her, I never should have reproached her for being no better than she should be with the men—with her prospects, she has a right to do as she likes, just as her mother did before her; but then, arter all, to stick herself up for innocence and vartue—it is too bad—and not to join me in helping to have my spite out against that Jack barrennit, is worse, ten thousand times worse. There 's no duty in the world now. Everything is going to sixes and sevens. I dare say, if she has a child by the rascal, which is likely enough, she won't swear it to him, not she, because she has not lost her innocence. Faugh! what right has she to pretend to more virtue than her mother?—not that any one can say that I am not an honest woman. I was always true to my husband for the time being; and to be constant to one man at a time is as much as can be expected of any female—at least in a seaport town."

It was thus that this unhappy woman, in her obscured views of morality, continued increasing her misery, and "nursing her anger to keep it warm." When she found the excess of her rage really inconvenient to her, she turned for consolation to her newly-acquired friend, Mr. Scrivener. "Yes," she exclaimed, "he will help me to my revenge—he will not see a lone woman like me wronged and insulted—but he might have got me bailed by this time. No, no! I wrong him, and that I will never do. It is a burning shame to lock me up here, because fools broke each other's skulls. I only flung rotten eggs, mud, dead cats, and other harmless things. Talk, after that, of the liberty of the subject! if one mayn't fling dead flesh at a piece of vamped-up, painted carrion like my Lady Truepenny—a precious lady!—when she found her own pillory to stand in gratis, and for nothing! where's the rights of a free born Englishwoman? Mr. Scrivener, my friend, where are you? you should have been here according to promise, an hour ago; but I dare say that you are doing your best for me!"

The door opened, and the turnkey, with a grin on his face and a letter in his hand, entered. At the same time,

a figure stepped past him, and went and sate itself down on the bed in the darkest corner of the room. Mrs. Snowdrop rushed forward too eagerly to observe this, and seizing the letter, actually pushed the man out of the room, and placing herself directly under the fast-waning light, commenced to read it.

Her broad and swarthy features, through the darkness of which the red of health glowed on her cheek-bones, her heavy and yet active frame, her wide chest, and her ill-supported and redundant bust, shewed her to be at once strong and slatternly. Her eyes and hair were of gipsy blackness, and her dirty cap was huddled up on one side of her head. Notwithstanding all this, there was something like regularity in her features, and great shrewdness in their combined expression. Her countenance formed a dark but significant volume, in which all the passions were traced in the strongest colours. The book was now fully displayed, and, believing herself alone, there was not a page of it that she attempted to conceal. Her transition from curiosity, through various contending emotions, until she reached frantic rage, was gradual, awful, and almost grand. The tragic look of the curse-denouncing priestess* was there, though the language of the tragic Muse was wanting.

With a look of pleasure she unfolded the paper, and began to devour its contents, with that leisurely gratification with which an epicure would sit down to a favourite dish. She read aloud, and made her reflections as she read.

"'My dear Madam!' (Sweet, good gentleman! it is your true gentleman only that knows how to pay a respectable person, a householder, and a fundholder, proper respect.) 'Before this I should have done myself the honour of kissing your hands'—(kiss my hands!" said she, surveying the monstrosities, which were only a little less, and a great deal blacker, than Jack's, our resplendent hero's; "kiss my hands! well, that's civil; but one can't very well keep them so nice here as could be wished. I am sure he might kiss my lips, and welcome. Hoity, toity; we are not so old yet—not five-and thirty, as I'm honest—and he's a widower, and can't be fifty yet. Perhaps he's heard of my three per cents. and

bank stock. I should like to see myself sprucely dressed—and so would he I reckon. If I were laced up like Susan, or dizened out like that infamous Poll, I dont think I should know myself—fact—but sitting down in a boat among legs of mutton, soft tack, cabbages, turnips, and potatoes, for twelves hours on a stretch, is not good for the lower part of the figure, and makes me look rather squabby. But I can leave off bumming whenever I like; and perhaps if I was, I might grow back to be little again. Let us see what the dear man says besides; it is a real treat to read his billy-do,—such a fine plain hand in the bargain!)—'of kissing your hands; but a deep consideration of your interest has alone stayed my too willing steps.' (Kind soul! but he need not have stood upon so much ceremony.) 'This consideration has led me seriously to reflect upon our mutual position as legal adviser and client.' (Client—what 's a client? Think I know, but not sure—wish Susan was here—client must mean something very good, or he would not call me one.) 'But that tie, my dear madam, it is my painful duty to acquaint you, we must sever for ever.' (Well, never mind, there 's no occasion for any severity about it—let that tie go—there's many a better- daughter will talk by the hour by ties—ties of love, ties of friendship, ties of matrimony—that 's the right tie after all; and your jolly tar has his ties too—his long ties, short ties, and topsail ties; but all these ties may be broken; but there 's only one tie that I know of that will last man or woman their lives, and that 's Jack Ketch's—that I should think of dear Mr. Scrivener and that particular tie at the same time is so odd—but light hearts have light fancies. Let us read on.) 'My honour, my conscience, and the purity of my intentions,'—(purity of intentions is good, I like that;) —'have caused me to take a calm review of our complicated positions, firstly, as regarded between you and me; secondly, as between my old and respected friend, Sir John Truepenny, and myself; thirdly, as between that excellent baronet and yourself; and fourthly, as between the complicated relations of all of us, taken singly and collectively.'"

When Mrs. Snowdrop had read this paragraph quite through twice, her features became rigid, and her brow darkened. "'Excellent, old, respected friend!' Can he

mean that filthy Jack? Why, he does, indeed! Am I really alive—if living, am I not mad? It was but this morning that no abuse was bad enough for him. As to his firstlys, and secondlys, and other gammon, it's all Hebrew Greek to me. On my conscience I believe he's a rogue at bottom. I am a miserable deserted woman. What next does the cutpurse say? 'If you will weigh all these considerations so maturely as I have done, you will rejoice to find that I have come to the conclusion that it would be highly indecorous on my part to act hostilely against a man who must look upon me as his best and first friend, seeing that it was I who originated and brought to a happy maturity that train of evidence which has terminated in the establishment of the undoubted heir in his rightful rank and fortune.' Here's treachery! the scarlet cheat knew all this this morning. Let's see some more. 'Therefore, I must most respectfully decline any further communication with you, lest it should give offence to Sir John.' (Is it come to this—to this?) 'I would not go so far as to advise you to drop proceedings against that distinguished individual—in conscience, I cannot persuade any person from going to law—but it must be distinctly understood, that, in deference to Sir John, I can have nothing further to do in this business. I have no doubt but that the attorneys in this place, Messrs. Totterclaw and Clubfoot, will do your causes ample justice. And now, madam, as we are to conclude all transactions with each other, it will be incumbent on you to settle the little account between us, of nineteen pounds and a fraction, due to me, as per bill enclosed, for various legal services; therefore, I will trouble you to hand me forthwith twenty pounds, which you will perceive will be the exact sum, charging thirteen shillings and fourpence for this letter.

'I am, Madam,

'Your obedient servant,

'SIMON SCRIVENER.'

"'P.S. In the matter of procuring your release by bail, it would be highly improper for me to take any steps, as your further imprisonment may be agreeable to Sir John Truepenny, as it will secure him from any future outrage on his person, and from the annoyance of low abuse.'"

The latter part of this letter Mrs. Snowdrop read with eager rapidity, and then the burst of her rage was terrible. She loved her money dearly; and, in this document, she contemplated the loss of some hundreds of pounds, and the completest triumph for the man she was so unjust as to consider her enemy. The rage of a peer of the realm is held to be interesting, at least in a book; that of a prince of the blood is to be watched with eagerness, and its outbreaks to be listened to attentively; but when majesty begins to be in a passion, how awful is the contemplation of its eccentricities! But, in the eye of the truly philosophical observer, human souls and human rage are equal; at all events, the short madness of anger is wonderfully the same, in its outward aspect, in all persons; and for choice, for power of expression, and for natural energy, the fury of the bumboat woman is preferable to the more regulated rage of the prime minister. We well know which is the lowest and the most vulgar. The bumboat woman may rise into nature, and approach sublimity, in the expression of her irritated soul; but the great ones of the earth, when they lose themselves in anger, and cease to surround themselves by the affectations of their position, are despicably little and wretchedly vulgar.

Mrs. Snowdrop tore her hair: king David could do no more. She cursed her enemy deeply, bitterly, and in language stringent and metaphorical: the curses of some of the sovereigns of Judah may have been more rancorous, but they were not more grand. This same cursing is certainly a great relief to misery, and, as such, is not to be despised. It is, moreover, of the highest antiquity, having been with man from the beginning. It is wicked, for it came in the world with sin; and, generally, it is very offensive to be witnessed. We shall, therefore, pass in silence the wilder paroxysms of this woman's rage, and view her in the moments when the sense of her desolation came black and horrible upon her.

Immediately the stoniest heart looks about for pity, it begins to soften. It would then fain spare a little, in order that it might itself be spared. It is then not absolutely selfish, for it has made the unwilling discovery that something beyond self is necessary to it.

"I am tortured beyond my power to bear—those that

oppress me are strong—they have the iron hand and the willing heart—they are above, and how much stronger than me, miserable poor woman that I am! I have none to protect me—none to side with me—lone, lone, lonely—very lonely, indeed, I am. This villanous lawyer should be murdered—cut off from the pleasant earth totally; he makes misery, and then mocks at it. Can the devil do worse? I have been fed, mind and body, upon coarse food, yet can I feel injury, and insult goes to my bones. I am a poor lone wretch—I know it —I know it. I have no grand name for dirty doings—I know not how to varnish a filthy act by a sounding title. A gentleman cuts his enemy's throat, or drills him to death by a pistol-ball—I pelt mine with a few eggs; his murder is an honourable satisfaction, and my act a low outrage. But I am forsaken utterly, utterly! no friends, no upholders. I once had a daughter, but she has gone over to the enemy. I would kneel down and curse her too, only I remember when she was a wee little puny thing, and I cannot."

"I bless you for that word, my dear, dear mother!" said Susan, coming forward in the gloom, and flinging her arms about Mrs. Snowdrop's neck.

"Uncoil yourself from me, viper!"

"No viper, dear mother, but a loving, devoted daughter. Your heart is still with me—you cannot deny it."

"And dutiful?"

"O yes! and dutiful. Teach me your dangerous business, mother. No stormy weather shall ever make me shrink from the sea; no cold deter me from going out; no rude insolence shall make me neglect your interests. Stay at home—enjoy your ease; any sacrifice you can ask of me, any task, any labour you can impose upon me—all, *all*, I will eagerly, joyfully do; but I will not swear that John Truepenny ever promised me marriage, or that he or any other man ever took an improper liberty with me."

"These are fine words, miss! As to the labour that you would so kindly take off my hands, I can't but say but that I thank you for the feeling—that's fact; but if it is not always a pleasure to me, it is a want that I should not be happy without, I'm so used to it. But ah

this gammon about you and Jack—who ever heard of a girl going off to a young fellow on board a man-of-war, merely to presarve her vartue, and talk long yarns out of books about it? Nonsense, nonsense! if you have made a slip or two, I am, Sue, just the mother that 'll stand by you; for I know what it is to be a woman, and, as a fond woman, what it is to be tried. Do you the same by me as I do by you—be honest and candid—assist me to work out my spite against this upstart tarpaulin that has treated us both so scurvily."

"Do you know, dear mother, that there is much, very much, of love and kindness in all that you have said, though you wish to believe that I am infamous. God knows, that after the imprudent, the very wicked step that I have taken, I have no right to stand upon character—it is gone. It is a dreadful punishment, but I have fully deserved it. My only consolation lies in this, that I am not only innocent in act, but also in intention. I had read of princesses following their lovers disguised as pages—my judgment then had not been sharpened by misery; and, if there is any truth in woman, believe me, mother, that I went on board to John, not to be his paramour, but his servant and his slave. To me, when he saved my life, he appeared so grand, so beautiful! As I floated out to sea among the bubbling waves, how bravely he flung them aside—he rode them as a master spirit would a wild horse—he shook the spray from his curling locks so majestically! And shall I ever forget his look of hope and cheerfulness, as he placed his left hand under me, and said, 'Don't be frightened, pretty maid! Nothing but a ducking; only keep your head up, and look at me. That's a brave girl! You are the only good-looking mermaid I ever clapt my ogles on.' Mean words these, mother, I know, to treasure up and to doat upon. Shall I ever forget them? Never—never—never! They come into my mind whenever I am alone, and I fancy I hear them amidst the laugh of festivity. How often are my dreams made blessed by them! In health they are my joy—in sickness they shall be my solace; and if they are but upon my lips on my deathbed, I shall die happy—these mean, vulgar words!"

"Daughter, you are far gone. You love this Jack Barrownight!"

"I do, indeed, mother, fondly—with a zeal, with an adoration that belongs as much to religion as to love. He's a noble creature, mother—a very noble spirit; and as yet he does not know it. Shall I plot to injure him? I have but little to offer you, mother—my life is but little worth, and my soul I cannot give you—but I would freely part with the one, and almost peril the other, to turn your heart towards him—to cause you to look upon him with kindness."

"He wishes to defraud me of much money. Let him do me justice, and I will forgive him."

"Defraud you, mother! how little do you know him! He has seen me—this glorious being has seen me—he came to our house in order to make friends with you, for he knew not of your imprisonment. Oh, how kindly he spoke of you!"

"Did he? Perhaps—I say only perhaps—I have thought too hardly of him, for that she dragon, that painted Poll, is most to blame. How did the poor noodle get away so soon from his modest and blushing bride?"

"Oh, mother, that woman is no bride of his. Poor creature! she is now confined in the county jail, to take her trial for her life, for having married two husbands before she went to the altar with John; and it is certain that a disgraceful death will be her doom."

Until this moment the daughter had sat near the mother, her caresses half repulsed and half permitted. But when the mother heard this announcement, she started from her chair, and, with a ferocious triumph in her eye, she shook Susan savagely, placing her heavy and strong hands upon her shoulders, and, with a strange noise between shouting and laughter, she exclaimed,

"Daughter, is this true? Only say it again, and say that it is true, and I will forgive you—I will bless you!"

"Ah, my mother," said the poor girl, her tears flowing freely, "it is only too true."

"God, I thank thee! now am I revenged! But I will taste a sweeter morsel yet. If it cost me a hundred guineas, I will get close to her at her last moment, and mock her in her agony."

"Mother, this is dreadful—it is impious! She is in the hands of her country, and shortly will be before the tribunal of her God. She will die the death of a felon by

the law of her fellow-creatures, and yet her God may pardon her! Crush not the bruised reed—place not your foot upon the head bowed down to the dust. Henceforward, to you she can only be an object of pity—let her be one of forgiveness too. Mother, dear mother, it would let sweet light into your heart, and clear the black cloud from your brain, if you would kneel and pray for her. Try it—even now—even now."

"You gentle tyrant! would you make a fool of your old mother?" said Mrs. Snowdrop, much softened. "I have not prayed for many years—the words would clog my throat, and suffocate me. When I begin, the struggle will be great—I must wrestle with my sins alone. But, daughter, for your sake I will do it."

"May God bless you for this, as I do! But say to me, this moment, that you forgive her; and, in the solemn language of the judgment-seat, wish her a good deliverance before man now, and before God hereafter."

"I forgive this person from the bottom of my heart, and may she find a good deliverance before man now, and before God hereafter."

"Oh, my mother!" said Susan, flinging herself again into her arms, and kissing her with raptures of affection, "I am so happy now. For years I have not been half so happy. But I feel strangely tired. Let me go to sleep where I am—only for a little while—as I used to do when I was a baby. Won't you, mother? it is so delicious!"

Mrs. Snowdrop replied only by a fond embrace, and gathering the slight form of her daughter upon her ample person, and placing her pale face upon her bosom, she remained immoveably still. Yet the tears burst from her eyes at first with difficulty; but love had opened her heart, and then she wept freely, and in a short time wept herself into peace and happiness, even whilst, once more cradled in her arms, her daughter slept.

But there had been two witnesses of all this scene—Sir Edward and Sir John. Admitted by the turnkey, they had not been observed in the twilight, and not knowing at what moment to interrupt the mother and daughter, they now thought it wrong to interrupt them at all; so, in perfect silence, they retired as they entered. They were both much affected; indeed, Jack could not

at all understand his feelings. When they were seated in the keeper's room, Sir Edward asked his cousin how old was Susan.

"Not yet seventeen, and yet the trim-built little craft has sense enough for seventy."

"She has virtue and goodness enough to redeem half the wickedness of this not over rightcous sea-port. Tell me, dear cousin, the whole of her history."

So Jack, in his simple, straightforward manner, told it; and, just as it was finished, Mrs. Snowdrop sent for lights. They, upon hearing this, concluding that mother and daughter must be sufficiently composed to bear intrusion, entered with the candles.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Begins with many amiabilities—There is much settling of scores, and everything looks pleasant—A ride on a coach—Listeners seldom hear much good of themselves, though the hearing often does them good—Jack dines on the road, and afterwards throws one of the company out of the window.

"WELL, mother," said Jack, after much other conversation, "so we've squared yards, and can moor alongside of each other, and lend a friendly hand if need be."

"John Truepenny," said the bumboat woman, "we have both made two flaming noodles of ourselves. Everything has gone on lately in a manner I can't understand—least said soonest mended—a cow makes a bad hand at a hornpipe on account of her cloven feet, 'and I can't very well walk up hill,' said the grindstone—from all which I gathers that I have put my finger in a pie where it had no business; so I must pay for the baking of it to the tune of some hundreds."

"Not a farthing, mother—not a farthing. We 'll trim ships, and shift ballast in the ramming home of wad and shot."

"You are very kind to say so, Sir John. You are looking merry and well, the which I am glad to see, but the law and the lawyers are all on your side, and I expectates that I shall be left here to rot in gaol, until some

fool's pate or another is healed, that I had no more hand in breaking than you."

"No, your anchor is short stay a peak, so you may let fall and sheer home as soon as you like; but this gentleman, who allows me to hail him as cousin, is Sir Edward Fortintower, and he having the gift of the gab, will read the articles of war to you."

The bumboat woman dropped him a very low curtsey, and folding her arms before her, waited to hear him speak, with an air of deep respect.

"Mrs. Snowdrop," said Sir Edward, "I make your acquaintance in a happy moment. You are free to walk out of this prison immediately. The order for your discharge is lodged with the governor. I have become responsible to the magistrates, that to-morrow you will procure the necessary bail to answer any charge that may be preferred against you at the next sessions, for assault or breach of the peace. There is no likelihood of any being made against you; we have compromised several little affairs arising out of your obstructing my cousin's procession. It appears that you have been kept here mainly by your own lawyer, to answer some ends of his own."

"The villain! Read that, Sir Edward," said Mrs. Snowdrop, giving him Mr. Scrivener's letter.

"Well, Mrs. Snowdrop, all I can say is, that, at the price of twenty pounds, you will purchase your dissolution of all connexion with him, most cheaply, if Sir John Truepenny suffers you to purchase it at all."

"Not a shot on my account shall mother fork out; upon that point I am up and down positive, as stiff as the dolphin-striker."

"My cousin takes the just and honourable view of it, Mrs. Snowdrop. Here is pen and ink—now we must go to business."

So, to the utter astonishment of the bumboat woman, and the unbounded admiration of her daughter, cheques on the Portsmouth bank were given for every expense to which Mrs. Snowdrop had made herself liable during Jack's week of madness. Altogether, this amounted to nearly five hundred pounds, law expenses included. Besides the enormous and fraudulent bill of the landlord of the Blue Posts, and the acceptance for one hundred

and thirty pounds held by Mr. Scrivener, Jack paid her most liberally for the outlay to which she had been put in fetching him on shore; and added also the twenty pounds, Mr. Scrivener's last demand. Joy and gratitude made Mrs. Snowdrop speechless; but the strong and deep emotion did her infinite good, and had a lasting and most beneficial effect upon her.

When all this was settled, and the receipt given, Jack, forgetting the powder in his hair, which had been hastily re-beflourred by a barber before he had called on Sir Edward, began scratching his head violently, so that the white drift fell in showers upon him. This trituration of the scalp was Jack's invariable outward demonstration of perplexity, not in thought, for no one thought more vigorously or more justly, but in the want of words to shape that thought properly.

"Well," said he, "I can't launch it—that 's flat; and yet I must try. Missus Snowdrop, do ye know as how I likes ye for one thing—mainly I do—it 's your spirit."

"Thank ye, Sir John, I 've had a little too much of it in my time—a good fire 's very well, but when you come to burn the house down——"

"Very true, mother; but still, spirit 's the thing I likes; that was a precious good skrimmage you knocked up at the corner of High Street—it was well and seamanly done—upon my soul I enjoyed it! Taking us on the broadside, raking us fore and aft a head, whilst we hadn't a ha'porth of starnway, and no room to tack, was a glorious manœuvre! I enjoyed it, mother!"

"More than I can say—furs are not pleasant in warm weather—the cat would not be skinned in the dog-days, for fear of taking cold. Puss was wiser than I. I got the worst of it, Sir John, every way."

"Well, so you did. I tell ye, I enjoyed it. How much, mother, might it have cost ye?—a pretty penny. Come, be good-natured—I want to laugh at you—and the more it cost you, the better the joke for me. Do, Susan, there 's a dear, make your mother tell us all it cost—it is the only satisfaction I require."

"Why," said the bumboat woman, "I was just stark mad. But you won't laugh so much as you think; for the rapscallions were ready enough for mischief without being bribed to it. There was the hire of the two carts,

one load of soil, seventy dozens of rotten eggs, twelve men one day's labour each—and, really, that was all; the volunteers brought their own ammunition, and they were to be paid by the plunder. Really, six pounds would more than cover all expenses."

"It must have cost you more, mother—must indeed. Such a glory of a row—such a super-rarity of a spree—cost only six pounds? Impossible!"

"True, indeed, Sir John; for I don't reckon the damage done to the enemy. There I had you, Sir John."

"Well said, mother—very well, indeed. Now, I enjoyed that skrimmage amazingly, and let me see the person that says I won't pay for it—I should take it as an affront. It is a pleasure I think dirt cheap at the price. There—now we are all square."

"Pleasure of being pelted, going to church to be married, with rotten eggs! Well, there 's no accounting for taste, Sir John. The dirtier the hole, the more comfortable the toad! When you next marry, if you 'll double the pay, I 'll double the bobbery, and give you an odd dozen of eggs into the bargain."

"No, no, mother, we 'll sheer off," said Jack, laughing. "Out of your last batch of eggs we hatched nothing but mischief. However, when next I am going to church, I 'll send and tell you."

"A bargain! your hand upon it!"

"A bargain! my hand upon it!" said Jack, shaking the lady's hand.

Such a manual meeting, considering the amplitude of the meeters, was seldom to be met with.

Through all this interview, Mrs. Snowdrop acted with much sense Ardently longing to know in what light Jack regarded her daughter, she still refrained from making any allusion to the position in which they stood, the one to the other.

Now that she might immediately have enjoyed her liberty, she seemed to be in no haste to avail herself of that blessing. The conversation then became general, in which Miss Snowdrop, by the delicate encouragement of Sir Edward, was induced to bear a part. This gave the good baronet an opportunity of introducing a subject that he had previously discussed with Jack; and,

without much difficulty, the mother was persuaded to concur in the views of the two baronets. To Susan, it was a blessed anticipation. The plan was, that, for two or three years, she should be placed as a private pupil, or, in the language of those days, a parlour boarder, in some first-rate establishment for the education of young ladies, and for which Sir John Truepenny was to be at the sole expense; Mrs. Snowdrop guaranteeing, on her part, immediately to execute such a deed, that she could not be able afterwards, in a fit of ill-humour, intemperance, or under the influence of some unprincipled adventurer, to alienate from her daughter the bulk of her very considerable property.

Mrs. Snowdrop had sense enough to discover, that if anything could make her the mother-in-law of a baronet, it would be this arrangement. She therefore joyfully assented to it when it was fully explained to her, though, at first, she had made some little difficulty at being so long deprived of the society of a daughter, about whom, until that moment, she had appeared to care so little.

It was finally arranged, that that day week Mrs. and Miss Snowdrop should be at Miss Anne Truepenny's, in order to carry this judicious plan into execution; Mrs. Snowdrop undertaking to sign the necessary papers in London, and then proposing to return to the old profitable, but disgusting, business,—for now, having something definite, and even magnificent, to look forward to, she was determined, by all possible means, to increase her wealth —a resolution fraught with woe to the jolly tars.

Susan was all gratitude; but, as the drama of her and Jack's adventures proceeded, she gradually became enlightened as to the prospects and the positions of both, and to hope the less, in just the same proportion that her mother hoped the more. She imagined Jack to possess, intrinsically, great talents and splendid abilities—that he would soon be aware of his immense advantages, and grow commensurately ambitious. She was fully aware that he had never felt any passion for her; and she was more humble in her estimate of her personal attractions than the fact warranted indeed, if to be unlike Poll in her brazen and bold beauty was to be plain, very plain indeed was Susan Snowdrop.

At an early hour on the following morning Jack was

again comfortable: he was seated, dressed as a sailor, outside the Portsmouth coach, with Giles Grimm on one side of him, a soldier's wife on the other, and nothing worse before him than his brilliant prospects, and his long clay pipe. Human happiness could not have been more complete. The untried but glorious future was leading him forward; he had high health, a warm heart, and objects near him on whom to expend that generous warmth. He was conscious of a superiority that yet he could not fully comprehend. If, in these moments of his exhilaration, he forgot his Poll, and only thought of Sue as a nice, interesting little girl, can we blame him?

Sir Edward and Mr. Singleheart travelled as inside passengers. Nothing particular occurred until the coach stopped, that the passengers might dine. People actually dined on the road, going between Portsmouth and London, in those uncouth times. In order to avoid publicity, the two seamen were booked by the name of Brown, and passed as father and son, and the baronet and the lawyer were called two Smiths.

On the outside of the coach, Jack had heard many things not extremely to his advantage, and he could very well collect from the general report, that he had no better character than that of a drunken swab, who would squander away his wealth in the most discreditable manner, and finish his career either in a prison or a workhouse. At all this, Jack was too happy to feel offended, and contented himself with resolving to give the lie to this prophecy, not by words, but by his conduct: an excellent resolution, but much more easily made than acted up to.

Jack and Giles, at the invitation of Sir Edward, sate themselves down to dine with the inside passengers. Hence arose a mighty squabble. A coxcombical, finical, over-dressed man, and a fussy dowager-looking sort of woman, were horror-struck at this profanation. The landlord was sent for and well scolded. The two Smiths were told to their faces, that they were low fellows for permitting two common sailors to sit at the table with them, and the old lady peremptorily ordered the said Smiths to rise and kick the said sailors out of the apartment.

The Messieurs Smiths, however, took no notice of this premonition, but commenced eating and drinking as un-

concernedly as if there were no angry fat old woman, or vapouring, conceited, middle-aged man, in existence. Now, the latter, unfortunately for him, construing their silence into awe, and their contempt into cowardice, calling up a look meant to be terrible, he asked the masticating party if they knew who he was, and be damned to them. At this civil interrogatory each of the party looked up at the inquirer, from his plate, as much as to say, "Do you?" and then continued very composedly their agreeable process.

"By jingo, if I did not scorn to dirty my hands with such low fellows, I'd pull your noses all round. Here, waiter! have you another apartment for this lady and me to dine in?"

"Nothing but the tap-room and the kitchen, sir."

"Well, lay a cloth for us in this room—and d'ye hear, bring me half-a-pint of port—and d'ye hear, waiter? bring all the dishes here, before you take them to the other table—I was never so insulted before, in all my days. Was you, marm?"

"I purtest it's abominable—low creatures! I can't abide a sailor man anywhere but on the stage at Sadler's Wells—they be sailors there! not such vulgar things as these here. Don't you, sir, find an intolerable close smell of pitch and backky?"

"Those filthy blue jackets, marm."

This told so well that the lady felt tempted to go a little further, and declared she was quite overcome with another strong scent, as if bad soap were worked up into a lather.

"Quite right, marm; I know a hairdresser anywhere by his trail. Two barbers, depend upon it—the old 'un the master, the young 'un the apprentice. How they can afford to travel inside, and pay for a dinner with gentlefolks, is a mystery."

"It *is* a mystery, sir—without they are spunging upon the sailors, just paid off, or got some prize-money, perhaps. Ask the sea brutes."

"I say, you sailor men—have you been just paid off?"

"Yes," said Jack, and you 're just going to be."

"Insolent fellow!" said the lady.

"Oh, poor devils, when they get a little money, while it lasts they always make beasts of themselves, and

insult their betters. The couple of barbers are the worst—pitiful rascals!"

During the whole time of dinner the stranger continued in this strain. He opened his eyes a little when he heard Sir Edward recommend Jack always to drink claret, and endeavour to acquire a taste for it; and he opened them still wider when he found them all drink it at fourteen shillings a bottle.

"The poor seamen's money, marm."

It was the last remark that he was permitted to make upon this interesting subject. The coachman, all civility and obsequiousness, came to announce the coach ready. He had recognised our hero and his friends, and had made all the people at the inn acquainted who were the illustrious party they were entertaining.

"Coachman," said Jack, "give this half-crown to the ostler, and tell him to strew a few layers of dung under the window."

"Yes, your honour," said the lord of the whip, vanishing obediently.

"Your honour!" said the stranger—"the scavenger after that."

Jack now rose, and being, as we before stated, a very powerful man, he seized the stranger by what Jack called "the scruff of the neck," with his right hand, and "the tie of his breechings" with his left, and coolly lifted him off his feet. The small man kicked a good deal, and gasped a little—but words he could utter none.

"Marm," said Jack, in a peculiarly sweet voice, "I'll trouble you to open the window, for I am going to throw your friend out of it. Don't be alarmed, marm—this is only the ground floor, and there 's a bed made for him to fall upon; you really had better open the window, marm—for if you don't, I shall send him smash through it, and that may cut his delicate face. Very well, marm; I and this gentleman be very much obliged to you. Now, sir, you have had your half-hour's fun at our expense, let me have my half-minute's diversion at yours, you foul-tongued blackguard—don't for the future abuse a sailor—don't again, you puppy, mistake silence for the white feather—remember, for all time to come, that it 's rather dangerous to speak ill of a sailor, and that it is

downright madness to insult his friend—d'ye hear all that?—answer me, you capering anatomy. I'll shake you till you do." And Jack shook the suspended little man till his limbs seemed to be flying from his body.

"I hear, sir," said he, panting for breath.

"Your honour, if you please. Did you not just now hear the worthy coachman call me your honour, you ill-mannered cub?"

"I hear you, your, your hon—non—ner!"

"Very well; now, as the parson says, ashes to ashes, and dung to dung."

And the little insulter flew through the opened casement, amidst the roars of laughter of all the passengers, and every one connected with the inn.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Jack in London—Excellent advice—Lord Chesterfield made easy—This chapter should be studied by rural and naval gentlemen, and all upon whom the rust of rusticity adhere.—The end of the lesson is a fiddle, a hornpipe, and a jollification.

The party repaired to a quiet hotel in the Adelphi, where they were likely to excite no observation, and that evening Jack was obliged to undergo the infliction of some two hours' very excellent advice. Jack promised all things, and even went so far as to say, that to oblige his cousin he would drink a dozen of claret daily; but he petitioned fervently for permission to drink it after the manner of grog, qualifying its acidity with one third its quantity of rum. Not granted.

"Hard drinking, Sir John, is the besetting sin of the age. It is the standing reproach of our country;—a vice, my dear relation, that you are too much inclined to fall into. Fly from it, as you would from a pestilence," said Sir Edward, with all the gravity of a master.

Sir John was a little awed and a good deal puzzled by this sitting, standing, falling, flying caution; and, to prove how much he respected it, swallowed his next glass of claret without making his usual grimace of contempt. Sir Edward continued his oration, Mr.

Singleheart every now and then tapping the table with his glass to awaken the attention of Sir John, when he fancied that it might be flagging.

"I should be very sorry, Sir John, to part you from your truly fatherly friend, Giles Grimm; but as no inducement can be offered him to make him assume the usual garb of a civilian, we must find some occupation for him which he can perform in a sailor's dress, and which will not necessarily place him about your person. We cannot introduce him into the drawing-room, or walk with him on the promenade; nor can he perform the office of major-domo, either in town or country, with credit to you or satisfaction to himself, unless he totally cast off the sailor, both in dress and manner. Now, cousin, as yet, I've not disposed of any of my superfluities—those superfluities that are not deemed superfluous to a person moving in our respective ranks, but which to me, in the present state of my fortune, are very superfluous indeed. There is my cutter-rigged yacht, lying off Greenwich. She is a smart vessel, and one, Sir John, which your knowledge and seamanship will not despise. I will dispose of her to you at a fair valuation, and you can instal Grimm as its commander—and, for a careful old sailor, a very pretty command it is."

"Done!" said Jack, his eyes sparkling with delight.

"We will consider that as settled. To-morrow I would advise you to remain quiet, and by the next day you will have the proper adjuncts of a gentleman."

"Junks for a gentleman—we never cut up junk for such nonsense!"

"By adjuncts, Sir John, I mean dress, equipage, and everything that others can do for him—the indispensables are what only he can do for himself. Now, dear cousin, these latter are the most difficult to acquire—we must see what study and instruction can do for you."

"I am very willing to larn, cousin."

"But, in the first place, we must begin by unlearning. You must avoid all sea phrases—you must accost people, not hail them—you must take leave of them, and and not part company—you must sit down on a chair, or a sofa and not moor ship—and when you hand a lady to a seat, you must not tell her to bring herself to an anchor."

"Very good, Sir Edward; I'll chalk all that down on my log-board."

"You will do no such thing, cousin of mine, you will merely record it in your memory."

"Ah, ah, cousin of mine! I've caught you tripping; use no sea phrases, says you, and here you are talking of re-*cording* things up in the memory; and wrong arter all, for we don't say cord, but lash; when we would secure a thing, we say *lash* it—we lash up a hammock, lash the colours to the mast, and so on. I will lash it up in my memory, Sir Edward, but I'm a lubber if I either 'cord or record it."

"Remember it, at all events; and on shore, when we wish to go from one place to another on foot, we walk —we do not roll, and we stop, but do not bring up all standing."

"I circumstands."

"You understand. I do not say there may not be such a word as circumstand. Of the fifty-nine words acknowledged by our great lexicographer, that have the prefix of circum, circumstand does not stand among them."

"A curious circumstance," said Jack, not exactly knowing what to say, but knowing he ought to say something. "May I ask, what a legs-he-cogs-raffer may be? —legs must have something to do with standing, in course —but I am puzzled about the dittos at the end of his rating"

"We will leave the dittos alone, and the lexicographer too, for the present. When I am not understood say so. Do not touch your hat when you are spoken to. Lift it reverently from your head to a lady, bow to a gentleman, and don't be too eager to shake hands with anybody, at least for some time. Pardon me, cousin, but to be gripped by your fist is like being caught in a mild man trap. Wear gloves continually night and day, and make as little use of your hands as possible; rowing I absolutely forbid; and walking with a heavy stick must not be thought of. Your teeth are handsome, very—but still a little stained with that odious tobacco. You must go to a dentist, and scrupulously follow his advice. You may smile as much as you will—your smile is really cheering; but your laugh, it is so boisterous—it is like the rattling

of artillery passing over a pavedroad. Cousin, you will rarely see me laugh."

"The more's the pity."

"Oh! we don't laugh in our walk of life—you may indulge in a chuckle—yes a chuckle,—but heaven defend me from your cachinnation."

"I wish it was more catching, that's all; and that you would be the first to catch it. Why, I've myself seen you laugh like a monkey that has just stolen a cocoa-nut."

"That has been among ourselves. I am speaking of your conduct in mixed society. And, cousin, don't make sorry comparisons, and break awkward jests, on any but myself, and those who regard you as I do."

"No offence, Sir Edward—none I hope; but a merrier little fellow than a monkey, with a nut in his fist, in the middle of a hogany tree, I never clapped eyes on—no offence, cousin."

"None in the least, my dear cousin: only, till you have seen a little more of the world, I would advise you not to jest at all. One of the best jests I ever heard of, cost the poor maker of it his life."

"I should like to hear that jest, cousin. Though I should know it, I'll take care not to tell it."

"It is an old story. When Tiberius succeeded Augustus as emperor of the Romans, the former withheld a very valuable legacy left to the public by the latter. The unfortunate joker of whom I was speaking contrived to let Tiberius see him whisper into the ear of a dead man. The emperor very naturally asked the meaning of such a proceeding. The presumptuous wit replied, 'That he wished the departed soul to signify to Augustus that the commons of Rome were yet unpaid.' For this bitter jest, the emperor caused him to be slain on the spot, and thus carry the news himself."

"May all such emperors be rammed, jammed, and dammed, into a two-and-thirty inch mortar, and blown as far into the sky as they ever will get;—that's Jack's vardict. But go on, cousin, I undercumstrumbles your drift."

"Undercumstrumble! Spirit of Doctor Johnson, bow down and listen! I think, Mr. Singleheart, that for the present we had better leave his cacology alone."

"I thinks you had better, seeing as how—"

"Not a word about it, Sir John. To improve your deportment and make you presentable, we must procure you immediately a dancing and a fencing master, and a professor of the broadsword would not be amiss. A teacher of English, and a writing master must be engaged immediately. A French master is indispensable, and a smattering of Italian requisite. A classical master must not be neglected; Latin for a few hours daily, for the present, will be sufficient; and in about a year hence he may commence the Greek language."

At this enumeration, Sir John looked dreadfully chop-fallen; and at the prospect of the Greek he commenced a most dolorous whistle.

"Don't be discouraged, my excellent young friend. You are yet in the prime of youth, and great things are expected from you. The pages of history are teeming with examples of what may be achieved by application at a late period in life. It is well authenticated that Galgerandus, a rich man of Mantua, being troubled with the spleen, now called *ennui*, from having nothing to do, at the age of fifty began to learn the Greek, Hebrew, and Syriac languages, and became so eminently proficient in all of them, that he left behind him forty and three volumes written in these tongues, on astrology, alchemy, and permitted and forbidden magic; all of which, to the great misfortune of posterity, are now lost."

Jack looked up with a very puzzled countenance, and innocently asked if all this happened a long while ago.

"In the thirteenth century."

"That accounts for it—poor gentleman, I pities him—for I dare say baccky and grog warn't invented then."

"I think, Sir Edward," said the lawyer, "that you are teaching my client too fast."

"Very probably, but we must do our best. You know well what vast motives sway me, to make him in manner worthy of what I believe to be his intrinsic goodness. However, we will bring the present lesson to a close, by merely asking him if he has any taste for music."

"Ain't I? Many will be the dull hour on board the Glory, now Jack's a barrownight."

"Baronet, dear Sir John; how often I am obliged to correct you in that single word."

"Well, I'll mend apace,—music—fetch me a fiddle, and send up old Grimm, and if he can stand it without dancing, I'm a spooney."

The fiddle was soon procured, and Jack struck up a tune with so much truth and spirit, that the two gentlemen were amazed, and whispered to each other in raptures, "This is true genius."

The effect of the old tune upon old Grimm was curious; he hitched up his trowsers, then thrust forth one leg and shook it to the tune, then the other, then both together; at last he jumped up, and fairly danced all through the sailor's hornpipe, long cut, and long and short shuffle complete, quite to his own satisfaction, and to the ineffable delight of all the party.

The rest of the evening was passed more as if they had been in the lower deck of a man of war than in a quiet hotel near the Strand. In spite of the gentility and gravity of Sir Edward and the lawyer, Jack made them as merry as himself, and they confessed that he was, in his own rough way, a *master spirit.*

CHAPTER XXX

Very short, but decidedly to the purpose—Jack visits his town residence incog.—Gets on board his yacht, and he and old Grimm, like two schoolboys, play the truant.

The following morning discovered Jack yawning dreadfully over masses of papers and parchments, and Sir Edward and the lawyer vainly endeavouring to fix his attention. At length Sir John fairly gave in, and begged of his cousin, as a great favour, to permit him to go with Grimm, incog., and visit his own house in Cavendish Square, and afterwards the yacht at Greenwich, both of which had been made over to him by Sir Edward. He wished to do this as a stranger, and he gave many reasons for it.

Sir Edward, not choosing to make his influence appear onerous, gave the necessary letters to his steward, who was to be Sir John's hereafter, if approved of, and to the person in charge of the yacht.

In Cavendish Square the two seamen met with a great

deal of insolence, and in spite of the earnest recommendation of their master that respect should be shewn to them, they experienced nothing but superciliousness and contempt. All the events that we have narrated had passed so rapidly, and were as yet known to so few, that none of Sir Edward's establishment was aware of what great changes had taken place, and of what still greater changes were at hand.

It would require at least three chapters to detail the various ludicrous incidents of this visit of the unknown master; but we have not the necessary space for the detail; it is sufficient to say, that Sir John followed his cousin's advice, and chuckled exceedingly. After he had had his own door slammed in his face before almost the whole of his establishment, because he had not fed them, he and Grimm made for the nearest waterside with all dispatch, and, getting into a boat, were soon on board the "Ann."

Those were glorious moments, when Jack first stepped on board. He actually crowed like a cock with his sense of enjoyment His words were thick and hicuppy with intense pleasure. Grimm's delight was almost equal to his own. Every part of the craft was examined and dwelt upon. All met their approbation. Of course, a shroud or so wanted a little more setting up, and a rope here and there hauled a little more taut. But it was so pleasant to find these trifling faults.

There were on board six men and two boys, all well-dressed and clean. There were still two vacancies, the one for the commander, the other for the cook. Grimm did not then know the happiness that awaited him in the first appointment.

They afterwards went below, and the cabins were their admiration. When they were no longer exposed to the gaze of the crew, they shook hands together for nearly five minutes without speaking. Their joy was too deep for words. They then examined the stores, and found them ample, and also an excellent supply of spirits and choice wines. They rang the bell, and had a delicious lunch. As Sir Edward's letter told the person in charge to treat the visitors as he would himself, and to obey them in every particular, Jack found no obstacle to all his wishes.

But suddenly our hero grew peevish and fretful, and kept muttering to himself, "He would be d——d if he did—wouldn't give it up—sooner be keel-hauled—old Grimm might have the house in the Square if he liked—would make as good a barrownight as himself—better—but as to the handling of this here craft—tell that to the marines." At length he spoke out.

"I tell you what it is, father, you shan't command this beauty."

"Never supposed I should, my son."

"Ah, didn't you? So much the better for you. But you shall be my first luff. So finish the grog, and turn the hands up—up anchor."

"Ay, ay, sir," said Giles, quite officially; "but you know, Sir John, that you promised to be sure to be home to dine at six, and it 's now nearly four."

"Well said, father, but we'll just make a reach down, and try a course or two for an hour, or may be an hour and a half; and then we'll have a chaise-and-four up to town. I must see the darling under canvass—there 's a nice breeze, and off we go."

The anchor was weighed, Jack himself took the helm, and away they went, the very happiest of human beings. Who then thought of the dark rooms in the hotel? Even the prudent Giles forgot them. Everything was lost sight of but the excitement of enjoyment. They were soon round the Nore-light; one of the men had killed a couple of fowls and roasted them, and at the very time that Jack should have been sitting down to dinner with his cousin and his lawyer, he and Grimm went into the state cabin, and ate the most relishing meal that they ever yet enjoyed.

After the wine and grog had played its part, no one thought of going back. The weather was delightful, the breeze a sailor's happiness. So they stretched out to sea, settled the watch, and then wrapped themselves in Elysium. Next morning they made the English coast, and towards the evening, the "Ann," with a yacht colour flying, was manœuvring about the fleet at Spithead, from which Jack and Giles had been so recently discharged.

They did not make themselves known, and thus, perhaps, enhanced their pleasure. However, they passed

under the stern of the Old Glory several times, without any apparent reason for so doing.

It was three entire days before they returned to their moorings off Greenwich! having, during all this time, been the happiest of the happy. When Jack had seen all snug, and was about to leave, he felt rather queer, and very much afraid to meet his good friend. He had a great mind to stay on board altogether, and to send Giles up as his substitute; but the remembrance of all his cousin's kindness prevented him, and so he determined to meet his anger, and humbly to submit himself to his reproof.

On the evening of the fourth day from his departure, Sir John, and Old Grimm at his heels, were seen stealing into the hotel, like two strange dogs fearful of a beating.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Not much to the credit of our hero in one sense, very much in most—Being his own master now, he takes to himself an instructor, worse than himself once, [illegible] very considerably—He generalizes in his studies, and becomes Gentleman Jack.

The incidents of drollery, and the laughable absurdities, into which Sir John precipitated himself, or was drawn into, it would be impossible to narrate in any publishable compass. We must therefore epitomize, and content ourselves with saying, that Sir Edward was indefatigable and forbearing, and Mr. Singleheart attentive to his interests, and not unsuccessful in giving him some necessary habits of business, and making him tolerably well acquainted with the extent of his fortune, his resources, and the many advantages of his position.

Sir John himself was determined to try his new state of life for a year, and to sit down earnestly and laboriously to attain those acquirements that would adorn and dignify it. With many a sigh, and with a reluctance that amounted nearly to agony, he relinquished the command of the "Ann," his beautiful yacht, to his old fatherly friend, Giles Grimm, conscientiously believing that, of the two, Giles possessed the happier lot. He endeavoured

to find some consolation in increasing the crew, and in giving his commander strict injunctions to spare no expense in making his boat the crack craft on the river. We hardly need say that he tried for the victory in all sailing matches below bridge, won many of them, and on these occasions always took the helm himself.

Sir John took possession of his town house in Cavendish Square, much to the dismay and confusion of the steward, and those inestimable characters who make brilliant the servants' hall. Jack admonished them in excellent quarter-deck language, and they discovered that if they felt inclined not to perform their duty with diligence to himself and his friends, and with courtesy to strangers, they had better enter their names upon the books of another ship.

Sir John, for the present, gave it out that he intended to receive no company, and to visit none. He had become an object of the greatest curiosity, which was greatly increased by the life of seclusion that he led. He had very little to do in surrounding himself with all that was necessary, for all the furniture that was not heir-loom he purchased of Sir Edward, as well as his equipages and horses.

The only incident that we shall mention in the quiet tenor of his life, happened when the Stultz of the day called upon him with some brilliant specimens of his art, in order to try them on; and the person who brought the bundle was the identical little gentleman whom Jack had pitched through the window at the inn. This rencontre made the man civil for life, notwithstanding that he was "by trade a tailor." The reader must bear in mind that no man ever yet reached that state of degradation that would make him confess himself a tailor simply and naturally; he is a tailor, it is true—but *only* by trade.

Mrs. Snowdrop and her daughter Susan had paid their visit to town; the mother had secured the bulk of her fortune to her daughter, and the latter had been judiciously placed in an establishment where all that is useful might, all that is ornamental must, be acquired. Susan accomplished both. All these arrangements were made without the young lady having had the opportunity of thanking Sir John in person, who paid the expense, or Sir Edward, who had carried them into

effect. We must take leave of her for the space of more than a year, being well assured that she will not neglect the glorious opportunities afforded her, of becoming as accomplished a young lady of her a[illegible]s any of whom this accomplished metropolis could bo[illegible]

Sir John had been used to discipline, and [illegible]aturally possessed perseverance, and great powers of [illegible]rance—and endure he did. Master succeeded m[illegible]r, until he had learned to distinguish each of the [illegible]en that attended him by his peculiar rap at the door. The wearisome individuals! Notwithstanding that they possessed that which Jack was desirous of acquiring but an humble share of, he despised them heartily. He condemned their pedantry, he abhorred their meanness, and was thoroughly disgusted with their sycophancy. They were all, of course, procured by Sir Edward, and some of them returned to him bitterly complaining.

The first fencing-master Jack had so thrashed, so pummelled his ribs by successful lounges in tierce and quarte, and so seamed his face by cut over thrust, that the man actually was afraid to meet him the third time, and another was substituted, who was esteemed as a superior player and a harder hitter. He fared still worse. He was rather arrogant, and a Norman. He roused Jack's mettle by driving at him a little savagely, perhaps in order to tame his pupil, to begin with, perhaps to give him a favourable opinion of his vigour and science, and perhaps to convince him that Jack was not the proficient he fancied himself. Now Sir John had been taught this particular science of the small sword in all parts of the world—he had become attached to it—and, neglecting all the graceful, had studied only the effective. He had a great length of arm, and about ten times the vigour of muscle of his master, who pressed upon him more earnestly than was requisite; and though he could not touch him, he made use of some ill-natured sarcasms upon the ungainly manner in which he made his parries.

Monsieur Lescrimant grew enraged at this impunity from his most scientific and vigorous assaults; so, summoning all his vigour, he expended it in one vengeful thrust, which Jack coolly put aside with a wrenching half-circle, that nearly twisted the man's arm out of the socket of the shoulder.

"Sacré nôm de Dieu! que vou êtes bête."

"What's that, Monsieur Crappo? bate! it's you that's bate; look out, my fine fellow!" said Jack firing up—and a terrible thrust he made.

The parry of the master was correctly scientific, but his arm had not the nerve to ward the blow—it merely changed its direction, and taking a higher course, struck the wire mask, the button was snapped off, and the foil entered the parchment cheek of the Frenchman on one side, and passed out on the other. Sir John had to cure him, and afterwards made him a pecuniary compensation—but Monsieur declined giving him lessons for the future.

Sir Edward called upon his cousin to remonstrate upon his violence, and then our hero heard, for the first time, with unfeigned surprise, that he was to learn to fence, not to enable him to defend himself, or to offend an adversary, but merely that he might acquire the graces of position, the elegance of attitude, and the deportment of a gentleman The third fencing-master found him as docile as a tamed husband.

"They might have told me so at first," said Jack, "and saved the foils. However, it has been of some benefit to Monsieur Lescrimant, as it has given him a dimple on each of his parchment chops. He was as ugly as a mad dog before, and now he's improved to a baboon on the broad grin."

The broadsword was then the fashion, but as Jack knew that this was taught for what it really indicated, he punctually broke the heads of all his masters at the first lesson; so there were none found who would undertake to complete him in that branch of the art of self-defence. It was pleasant to see men with bruised limbs and bandaged heads assert that Jack knew no more about the matter than a baby.

The greatest praise that Sir John could extort from his English master was that of possessing an excellent will. Jack loathed the very sight of him. But he hammerred over his lessons fasting and full—half asleep and wakeful—in good and bad temper—with an industry and a zeal that deserved a better success. Both master and pupil looked upon his orthography with blank despair. As the former could give no reason why believe and receive were differently spelled, the latter thought they

rules of orthography more arbitrary than the Russian articles of war; and as he had no other guide but memory and sound—for all rules depending upon derivation were out of the question—his improvement in spelling was as limited as anything in the world that can boast of limits.

Dreadful and certain were the cramps in his fists, in improving his hand. This obstacle to advancement he overcame in time, and wrote in a tolerable character. He came on in arithmetic very kindly, and made considerable progress in drawing. The returns for his application in the French language were *nil;* and the Latin elicited some of the most dreadful and new-fangled oaths that spite ever discharged, and ingenuity ever invented. But his good cousin wished it—so he thumbed his Eton grammar and swore on.

He took lessons in chess regularly, which was a great relief to him, and he became an excellent player; nor had his mathematical master any cause to complain of him. A professor of chemistry attended him three times a week, in order to give him a general notion of that science, which was just then a staple in fashionable conversation.

But, amongst his annoyances, Jack found some pleasures. His music-master was in raptures with his great talents, and though he experienced, at first, much difficulty in reducing Sir John's genius into the necessary trammels of art, when that was accomplished there was every prospect, not only of his becoming a first-rate performer, but a gifted composer also.

In Jack's own language, every lesson he had to battle the watch with his dancing-master; but we must suppose the dancing-master at last conquered, for Sir John ultimately could restrain his natural activity so much as to walk a minuet with accuracy and grace.

In addition to all these studies, he took private lessons in riding and driving; and, as this was the reign of Mendoza, and the Prince of Wales of the time patronized boxing, Sir John would willingly have received a course of lessons in what is called by its admirers the "noble art of self-defence." But the professors had enough of Jack in their first lesson each; for he so be-whacked them and be-pummelled them, notwithstanding the gloves, that, with bandaged heads and blackened eyes, they all declared that he was unteachable, and had not the least requisite to become a pugilist.

The minor graces were not forgotten, for our hero took forty-three lessons, and an introductory dissertation, in the science of gracefully picking his teeth. This may be doubted by the young of the present refined generation, but their papas thought that everything that was worth doing was worth doing well.

Many a time within the hour, and for hours together, did Sir John long for the fresh breeze upon his forehead upon his own natural domain, the forecastle. Often, when exhausted and disgusted with his indefatigable, attempts, to make himself a gentleman, would he have compounded gladly for a middle watch in a tempestuous night, and the ship trying it under storm staysails. Gladly would he have exchanged his Eton grammar and his Gradus for the lead and the lee-mainchains, though the line might be encrusted with ice, the ship gunnel under, and the captain in an ill humour. But he was determined to persevere to give it a fair trial, and then, said he, "If I can't weather baronet point, why, it's up helm, shiver the after-sails, and bear away for the blue jacket and the tarry trowsers."

Now it happened that this very sentiment, exactly thus expressed, was one day overheard by his master in elocution, and very severe indeed was the reprimand that followed. Jack was all humility, but he thought it a much worse tyranny than ever was exercised by the most tyrannical post-captain that was ever made unbearable by that worst of combinations, idleness joined to ill-nature.

How heroical was the martyrdom of our hero, may be, in some little, understood, when it is known that he had totally abstained from smoking and chewing tobacco, and from drinking anything stronger than the lightest French wines. Excepting when he rode or walked for exercise, he never left the house, and it was sealed against all visitors, with the exception of Sir Edward and Mr. Singleheart. Everything, with these limitations, was made as comfortable to him as possible. A clever, humble, young person was installed as his amanuensis, and so quiet was he in his deportment, and so amiable in his manners, that Sir John had need of all his fortitude, and the cautionary eloquence of Sir Edward, to prevent himself from making him his gossip and his familiar friend. During this period, female society he had none, and both the

lawyer and Sir Edward had great misgivings, that some fine day, either Jack's cook or his housemaid might be ntr duced to them as my Lady Truepenny.

Many, and most ingenious, were the attempts made upon our hero's acquaintance, but they all proved unsuccessful. All letters were answered by Mr. Hawkins, the amanuensis, to the effect, that, for the present it was Sir John Truepenny's intention to remain in perfect seclusion; and personal applications were met in the same manner. Jack was always at home, but never visible, with the exceptions before stated.

Many were the bribes that were resisted by the conscientious amanuensis to procure for applicants only one little half-hour's interview with the eccentric baronet. No one was more indefatigable, both by personal attendance and by letter, than Mr. Scrivener. His importunity became, at last, so annoying, that the door was closed against him, and his letters were returned unopened.

Three months did Sir John persevere in this discipline. All that were fashionable were, or pretended to be, out of town, but Sir John visited none of his estates, being kept in London for the sake of his various masters, and wishing not to appear before his tenants until he had rubbed off some of the rust with which the salt water had so much encrusted him.

If any one course of proceeding was more calculated than another to make of our baronet a first-rate lion, it was that which was adopted by him, at the earnest entreaty of his high-minded and disinterested cousin. All manner of exaggerated rumours concerning him were rife, and they were as contradictory as they were numerous. One set maintained that he was a mere sea Caliban, and as drunken a swab as Stefano; another, that he was an unique model of marine heroism—that he was perfect in form, and polished in manner—that he had been an officer, and was a gentleman—and that his avoidance of the world was nothing more than his contempt for it, proceeding from his highly rational and philosophical character.

One very strong party of female saints met in conclave, and came to an unanimous decision that he must be a heathen—and such a rich heathen; nay, more—such a rich, unmarried heathen. The gates of Heaven, according to them, actually creaked on their hinges with

pain that, as yet, he had made no effort to enter them. They had some thoughts of proceeding in a body on a conversion-crusade—indeed, the young and the pretty strongly advocated this measure, and had it not been for some squabbles about preference, they would have boarded him, with the Whole Duty of Man in one hand, and the Seceder's Hymn-book in the other; but they finally adopted, as a preliminary proceeding, the inviting him to a love-feast, accompanied by a gentle admonition touching the narrow and straight path.

Jack sent his love to the concocters of the love-feast, and told them that he had no time at present for feasting, and still less for love; and, as to getting into the narrow path, he hoped that there was elbow-room in the one that led to paradise, or worse luck for him, as he had not yet been able to conquer a terrible roll in his gait.

This answer, written in Mr. Hawkins's best hand, was seriously taken into consideration. The elderly saints thought it very wicked and very rude, the younger that it was sinful, but funny, and that the water-bred baronet might yet, in the character of a sinner saved, escape the fire that was hissing and roaring for all those sinners that would not be saved precisely in their own safe way of salvation.

The *roués*, and the whole and half-bred men upon the town, whetted their tusks, and looked out keenly for their prey. They said unceasingly, the one to the other, "When will he come out?" "When will he shew?" And some of the leaders played at hazard among themselves for the first plucking of a pigeon so well feathered. In the mean time, Sir John, unconscious of the sensation that he was creating, grumbled and grew fat.

For our own part, we do not think that the plan adopted for thus making our sailor suddenly a gentleman was a judicious—it certainly did not prove a successful one. He had the rudiments of too many things thrust upon him; he mastered nothing—he accomplished but very little; he knew only enough to know the extent of his own deficiencies. This made him, by turns, bashful and impudent; it was depriving him, in a great measure, of the blunt honesty and the amiable *naïveté* of the sailor, and giving him instead nothing but a mass of non-

naturals, that destroyed all the simplicity of his character by adding a little to its refinement, and but a very little indeed to its elegance.

This three months' probation had made some marked physical changes in Jack. He had become much more corpulent, and his wind was certainly not so good. His hands had become very soft, and excessively white, but they really looked larger than ever—perhaps they had partaken of his general obesity, and their exquisite colour made their size the more remarkable. His fine curling auburn locks were frizzled into fashion and deformity, and not a freckle or a weather stain remained upon his fair countenance. It shewed only the purest red, and the most delicate white. His teeth, however, were resplendent. Upon the whole, he was more of a beauty, but less of a beautiful man. Silly girls and luxurious women would have said that the change was glorious. But men, and Jack himself, liked it not. Every morning, when his valet had shaved him, and powdered and made up his head, our hero would shake it wofully over the glass like a dredging-box, and mutter despiteful things about monkeyfied heads being thrust for a spell into "the mess-cook's flour-bag."—Nevertheless, *Jack's a gentleman.*

CHAPTER XXXII.

Jack vindicated—Sir Edward makes the best of a bad business—Jack makes his *debut* before his rich cousin-heiress—Makes himself very agreeable, although he gives good advice—Shews how to treat a fit of the sulks successfully, and does other great things besides play upon the fiddle.

JACK 's a gentleman. Such a gentleman! Sneer not, ye mongrels, who ruin tradesmen, and who would ruin yourselves, had you anything worth ruin to prey upon. In all the intrinsic essentials, Jack was a gentleman; but much more so before he attempted to clothe himself with the vile artificials that made the current gentlemen of the day. In his rough dress, on the forecastle of the man-of-war, the spirit of the gentleman was strong within him. He scorned a dirty act, simply because it was

dirty. Among seamen he was the foremost, yet he was never arrogant; in his own circle, always ready to protect the weak, to repel the aggressor, and to stand up manfully against oppression. He was generous, in a station where the exercise of the least generosity brought with it its concomitant privation; for when he gave, he gave almost his all—and he was continually giving. Beneficent peers—almsgiving bishops—munificent millionaires—did your giving ever deprive you of the whole, or even the half, of your dinners? When the benevolence of any of you sends you to bed supperless, take great glory to yourselves, and say that you are "as generous as Jack."

And sailor Jack was very polite too. So attentive to the wants, so considerate for the self-love of others. His was not the humility of ostentation. He loved to see everybody in his place, and himself in the lowest. And this was a self-denial so beautiful. His song was, among five hundred men, allowed to be the best, and he sang it gladly when it was asked for; but was more gladly silent when others sang. When he said that Bill Bobstay sang "Sweet 's the ship that 's under sail" better than himself, he was believed—no one ever dreamed that he would disparage himself in order to bait for praise. Jack was never known to lie; he was a gentleman, though he would get drunk, chew tobacco, and had been flogged—still we say, that on the forecastle Jack was a gentleman.

And Jack is now a gentleman on shore, but not so excellent an one, because not so natural. With his new coating of gentility he had slipped on some flimsy affectations, very recommendatory to his present associates. But never mind—his three months' probation is over, and Sir Edward pronounced him to be—a little more of the gentleman.

To Sir Edward Fortintower it is now our duty to return. He was a strong, but very far from being a perfect character. It was very doubtful whether he would not have contested the inheritance with Jack, inch by inch and year by year, had it not been for the influence which his mistress had exercised over him. Having resolved to perform the noble part, he had a great deal too much sense not to perceive that such a part could not be

successfully acted by halves. In real generosity there is no compromise—magnanimity admits of no medium.

But this sacrifice pressed heavily on his heart. His regrets were unceasing. He had naturalized himself as a man of great wealth and commanding influence, and his falling away into poverty and comparative insignificance corroded his spirits. Perhaps his virtue was the greater, in proportion to the pain it caused him to endure. Certainly, in the common acceptation of the word, he was not heroical. He did a great act of justice; he did it manfully, and thoroughly, but he did not do it gladly.

He had need of all the consolations—of all the tenderness of his beloved, to stimulate him to this trial, and to support him afterwards. At first, Anne Truepenny was much grieved to find that this self-abandonment of the pomp and circumstance of life was an ordeal so bitter to her betrothed; but she afterwards considered that it was more noble to walk through the fire when the flesh shrank and the nerves quivered under the flames, than when so covered with the armour of rectitude, and so safe under the shield of high-mindedness, that they might curl around harmlessly.

In his present strait, Sir Edward acted with consummate prudence. He took the most scrupulous care that his five hundred a year was well secured to him. He sold everything not belonging to the inheritance, to his more fortunate cousin, for quite its full value. He immediately entered himself for the bar. He went into private lodgings on a second floor; and, after a little amiable coquetting with the minister, upon an understanding that he was, for the next parliament, to be brought in for one of the close boroughs, he gave his adhesion to the party in power, and was rewarded with a sinecure of seven hundred a year.

This could not have been called ratting; for in the days of his affluence, he had voted as often for as against the ministry. But it was certainly the knell of his independence. He was no longer listened to in the house, and had no further any trouble in hearing, seeing, and judging for himself.

At the time he was about to relieve Jack from his embargo, produce him to the world, and then permit him to shift for himself, his income was about fifteen

hundred a year, and his expenses within one hundred. But of this, seven hundred were enjoyed only during the minister's pleasure, and was contingent on the stability of the party then in power. This was very precarious, as lately the opposition had made head considerably. But, at the worst, Sir Edward might still consider himself as a man of property.

Much to his satisfaction, and not a little to his astonishment, he did not lose caste among his friends and acquaintance. They observed the prudent course of his actions, the unbounded influence that he exercised over his cousin; they more than tripled, in their opinion, his private resources, and looked upon him, decidedly, as a rising young man. No one doubted but that he would, one day, marry the great heiress; and being still a senator and a baronet, in the outward demeanour of all men and women he was still the courted guest, and the vaunted acquaintance.

Now, as he had fulfilled every stipulation, not only in spirit but to the very letter, he called upon Miss Truepenny for the performance of her part of the contract, which was to endeavour to prevail upon her grandfather to join her in a petition to the Lord Chancellor to set aside, by a decree, what they both now thought the very absurd provisions of her ancestor's will.

This was the most delicate as well as the most difficult undertaking that two young lovers could have proposed to themselves. But Anne was not the person to flinch from what she now considered to be a sacred duty. Owing to the very great age and infirmities of her grandfather, they had decided that they should make one great trial for his consent, and thus avoid wearying him by a continued application.

He had already been made acquainted that a nearer person to the honours of the house to be resuscitated into grandeur had been discovered, and that thus, in the person of Sir Edward, the intent of the famous will could not be accomplished. He had received this intimation with the calmness usual to his character. He had made no remark upon it, but seemed saddened to a very great degree, for one who, like himself, had long ceased to give expression to any emotion. Ever since this intimation he had drooped, but without any marked ailment, or any complaint issuing from his passive lips.

It was on the first day of October that this great question was to be tried between age and youth, prejudice and passion. Sir Edward had been with Sir John as early as nine o'clock. Mr. Singleheart had accompanied him. The first part of the interview was passed in that which, disguise it under what name you choose, was really an examination into Jack's progress in schooling. It was done with all manner of delicacy, but it was done effectually. Upon some of these studies they praised his progress, in all, his perseverance. They also perceived an unequivocal alteration in his manners; but whether this were a subject of congratulation, or the contrary, both the examiners hesitated to pronounce.

Whatever might be their opinion, nothing but the greatest and the most sincere cordiality then subsisted between all the parties.

They next proceeded to make Jack thoroughly cognizant of all the matters relative to Sir Edward, Anne, and himself; and finally, the great object the two lovers had in view, and that on that very day they intended to see what could be effected. His presence, they informed him, would be most essential.

Jack heard it all with deep attention, and when he fully comprehended all the bearings of the case, he was seriously afflicted.

"Cousin," said he, "you have been doing your best to gentlemanize me. God knows it has been a wearisome job to me—working against wind and tide—foggy weather—and all hands on deck constantly. Whether I have made much headway, you are the best judges. What I've gained on one tack, I'm thinking I've lost on t'other. I'm like a long nine overloaded. They've rammed home wad and shot till they've punched all the powder out of me, and it's a doubt to me if ever I shall be able to go off at all. But thank ye, cousin, all the same—and again, again, dear cousin—for an honester fellow I never fell athwart hause of before. You see I can't hurt you by my grip now—my hands are as tender as the rump of a new skinned pig, but my heart's as tough and as true as ever, and you shall have the girl—if watching and working will do it—so let's go to the old commodore, and give him a broadside to that tune."

"Your honesty and goodness of heart I never doubted,

John. But we must be very gentle here. Old Mr. Truepenny is actuated by feelings of which you can form no idea. You are the very man that this absurd will contemplated. Will you take the lady and the fortune? They will both be offered to you."

"May I be d—d heartily and everlastingly, if I do! No offence to your sweetheart, cousin. Why not take all this cursed fortune you gave me?—only leave me that beauty of a yacht, with bub and grub, and Jack's content."

"But it won't do, John. You represent the elder branch of the family, and it must be in you that the honours of the family are revived. An intermarriage with any but the head of the Fortintower family would take away all the benefit of the will; and, though we both derive from females, you inherit by the elder branch. I think I have, more than once, made that clear to you by our genealogical tree."

"Why yes, cousin. But that jennylogical tree seems to be all dead wood. It looks like so many blocks, newly painted and varnished, hung out upon lines to dry one under the other; and if so be I'm the head of the family, why it's more a block than before, for I sartainly believe, notwithstanding all my learning, that a blockhead I was born, and a blockhead I shall die. But let us come to the point, and then we'll luff up and haul round it if we can. *It seems that I am a branch of this ginnyjogical* tree."

"Genealogical."

"Well, well, jennydogical let it be. Now, seeing as how that I am a young man, you can't expect, cousin, that I should commit suicide, and hang myself upon my own branch of this here tree; but anything short of felo do you see I'll do, for I am plaguily in your way, surely"

"Well, Sir John, I certainly cannot expect that you would jump down your own throat—but we'll just jump into your carriage, take up Miss Truepenny, and then see how the land lies? Is that the right expression, John?"

"That is as it may be; if it is low land you're looking out for—why, you may ax—ask I mean—how it lies; but if the land is high, like Beachy-head, you should say looms. But I believe, while I pity his ignorance, that it is as hard to make a sailor of a landsman as to purfessional

nieeties, as it is to transmogrificate me into a gentleman."

The party then repaired to Harley street, and Sir John was introduced with due form to Miss Truepenny. The baronet placed himself in the fifth position, then threw his right leg out into the second, then drew himself up into the first, and dropped the lady one of the lowest and slowest bow that ever was offered at the shrine of beauty. All present kept their countenances admirably. It was evident that the dancing master had been abroad, and that at the minuet-bow his pupil was quite at home.

Miss Truepenny, notwithstanding she was prepared to see a handsome young man, was positively surprised at beholding so perfect and so blooming a specimen of humanity. For one moment, on beholding her, Jack forgot both Poll and Sue, and the next he thought of them both, and muttered—"Blest if she a'n't more of an angel than Susan, and, as a woman, more of a beauty than Poll."

"What were you pleased to observe, Sir John Truepenny?" said the young lady, in a tone, which, while it strongly reminded him of Susan's, possessed a more faultless modulation, and made his nerves tingle to his fingers' ends, for Jack was an enthusiast in music.

"Madame—Miss Truepenny — marm — I was only thinking a thing that perhaps it would be rude in me to say, and yet there was no harm in it either."

"Then by all means oblige me by saying it," said the lady.

"Saying it, madam, is easily said; but how am I to do that? I am like a chimney sweep on May-day; I have a little tinsel and gold leaf, and a few bows of ribbon put over my natural self—so I'm neither one thing nor t'other. If you ask me as a gentleman with three months' learning, I shou'd stumble at every third word; if as a sailor, I could pour in my answer like a well-delivered broadside, point blank; but then it would be all too rude and uncouth for your delicate ears. I cannot open my mind to you becomingly."

"Speak it as a sailor, Sir John; and more gracefully, more becomingly, you cannot speak. In my very heart I love a sailor."

"Do you so, miss? then God bless you for that kind word, and may he that loves you love you with all a sailor's honesty and sincerity, and then the glory of the gentleman will be something better than mere moonshine. But I don't doubt him, madam—I don't doubt him. I was going to say as this, that if such a sweet little cherub as yourself would smile upon the life of poor Jack, as the song says, I would go upon another tack than cousin Edward. If I were you, Ned—I call you Ned, for the first time, as I wishes to look on you as a brother tar—if I were you, Ned, I would not stand shilly-shally about this will, and that will, and t'other will—I'd mind no other will but my own and this dear lady's—I'd splice at once; and if you hadn't enough to rig her out, dock, and victual her—and she ought to be rigged out like a queen, docked in a palace, and victualled every day with a banquet—if I couldn't do all this for her without labour, I'd work my hands off, and then she'd honour you the more for it. But the Lord love ye, innocent children as ye are—as if you hadn't a home to go to, or money to spend; there is my town house, and my two country seats I never saw, and my income I don't know how to spend. Splice, I say, and I mean it—I know what I am offering, and what I am trying at—I offer you what seems needful for your happiness, and I'm trying for my own. I think I shall fail at the trade of gentleman. I should be as happy as the day is long in my yacht, and a snug little cottage, either at Greenwich or Gravesend. It would not do to settle me at a regular seaport; the temptation would be too strong—I should be entering a man-of-war again, either for the sake of an old shipmate, or for the craft's crack rig—or, perhaps, for the mere fun of the thing, and that I liked it. Now for your whimsies and your scruples; after all I'm but an interloper; had it not been for a rogue of a lawyer, I should still have been coiling down ropes on the fo'castle of the Old Glory. Let that pass—but for your scruples—I won't make you a downright out and out gift of my fortune—I only ask you to spend the greatest part of my income to keep up the honour of the family. His majesty, God bless him, might have told the Admiralty to make a warrant-officer of me, but he'll never make me a lord; but here's Ned—he's a cute chap, sharp as a nor'easter in Janivary, and knows

on which side his biscuit 's buttered—if all 's true as I hears."

Miss Morrison, Miss Truepenny, and the lawyer, gave way to a hearty laugh at this sally, in which Sir Edward very considerately joined, though he thought the mirth a little too much prolonged.

"Well, cousin, you're a parliament man already, and the king made you a baronet a little while ago for your own merit!—as to the stuff about a vote in the nick of time, that must be all gammon. You've a conscience, Edward, and if any lubber was to tell me that you voted against it, I'd punch his head—that 's all."

"But I thought," said Sir Edward, "that you had led such a life of retirement that calumnies of this sort could not have reached you."

"Pooh! since I've been ashore I've seen more treachery in three months in one little room, and that 's my study, than would last a fleet of twenty sail of the line for twelve years. I name no names, for the poor devils can't divest themselves from their nature. Most of the masters you sent me came like so many spaniels, and first licking the dirt off my shoes, began to try it on you, always beginning by plastering you with praise, and then comes their *but*. So, at last, whenever they came to this infernal but, I made it a rule just coolly to give the chap a clout on his nob. Many 's the squabble I have had for your sake. I hope this habit won't go with me into society."

"I sincerely hope not. The rascals!" said Sir Edward, with just the proper degree of virtuous indignation.

"Now for the rest of my plan. You are spliced, and then you'll take your pretty wife up to the king, and speak out boldly, and ask him to make a lord of you. Mayhap he'll say, 'You are not rich enough.' 'There I have you on the hip, your majesty,' you'll say. 'It is true that an interloping son of a gun of a cousin of mine has just stepped in between me and my estate—but Jack 's a good fellow—yes, you may go so far as to say that; and then you may put in a word about poor Poll, and ask him not to let her be hung; then you'll crowd sail and go ahead by saying, 'Jack and I have agreed that what 's Jack's is mine, and what 's mine 's my own.'"

"What, in those very words?"

"As near as may be—I don't think you'll mend 'em—when you want to be understood, there's nothing like plain sailing. Very well; then the king will very naturally say, 'But what's to become of Jack?' Then you'll up and tell him, 'He's easily provided for—a thousand a year will be the utmost he can spend, and much more than he can spend, with credit, upon his yacht and his cot—for I shall attend to the pay and victualling department myself; but I would recommend your majesty to make him a custom-house officer—that would give the fellow a little to do, and a very good pretence for shoving his craft into all manner of holes and corners, besides a protection to his little beauty and her crew.'"

"Very well arranged, friend Jack"

"His majesty, in course, can't see any objection. Then you goes at him to make you the lord, and, in course, again says he, 'Well here's Miss's fortune;' for surely, when you are a lord, that's all that ever was required; and, to my thinking, I have managed the whole matter for you in an upright and downright creditable ship-shape fashion. Now try and mend it."

"I can't make you understand, friend John, that Miss Truepenny's fortune is to be available only to the representative, the head, of our house, and that person is yourself. However, we will take time to think over the matter; for we are not going to be so simple and so hasty as to accept forty thousand a year upon the first asking. That would be a folly, and an easiness of temper unpardonable. No, no, we are not to be caught in that manner. In the mean time, let us go and see what old Squire Truepenny has to say on the subject."

"Not yet, my beloved Edward," said Miss Truepenny; "my grandfather is never visible until one o'clock. In the mean time, let us prolong our conversation, for I do assure you I enjoy Sir John's society amazingly. Will you have the goodness, my dear sir, to make a few more arrangements for Sir Edward and myself? Sir Edward, *especially*, requires some prudent person to think for and to advise him."

"No doubt of it, Miss—not the least doubt of it in the world No blame to him—none. In course, as

a parliament speech, or the buying of a coach and horses, or the handling a coffee-cup, or the backing and filling in and out of a room, why, I'm no' more to him than a jolly-boat is to a first-rate; but for matters of prudence, and what's to be done in life, and a knowledge of the world, and a seeing right through men, I think Jack's his master. Not that I'd undervally my cousin's gumption. But he has not had the proper eddication. He never served aboard a man-of-war. For matters of business on a large scale, give me the thorough bred sailor."

"Sir John, Sir John, how can you talk this way?" said his cousin, laughing. "How often have you confessed to me, that in this world, so new to you, you are like a babe in the wood! Am I to take instruction from babies, although they may be six feet high, and were brought up by the hand on board of a man-of-war?"

"Cousin—marm—Mr. Singleheart—you don't take my meaning. There s the doing of what's right, and the manner of doing it. Now, this here's a sample—this pretty lady—God bless her dove's eyes—asks my fine cousin Edward to give her that music book from t'other end of the room. No offence, Ned, but ten to one, what does he? Why, first of all, he grins and shews his handsome teeth! then he lays the broad of his hand flat upon the lappel of his coat; and then drops you a bow, that, with ducking down and plucking up, takes a minute by any glass in the fleet. That done, he grins at you again, and makes a speech, swings himself round upon his heel, and then makes sail; he stops three or four times to compliment one fine lady, and make a congee to another—all very beautiful to look at —but Miss wants the book."

"Excellent, my worthy Sir John—I do want the book—but pray don't hurry—I could listen to you for hours. Well, he has reached the book."

"Not yet, marm: first of all he looks at it. He thinks it is rather dusty, and that puts him in a quandary. He don't want to spoil his white kid gloves—and he would not dust it himself for a guinea a whisk—so perhaps he pulls the bell; and when the servant comes, the man looks round the room like a dog that

has lost his master in the fair. All this while miss wants the book—and yet, cousin is doing the most proper thing in the world. At last, Sir Edward says, says he—for he had fallen into talk with a big-wig—he says, 'Oh, ah, Thomas, yes- true—that—a—ha—book—is a little dusty—not fit to be handled—eh?' So the man travels down stairs for summut, and the book is polished; and, by this time, if Ned hasn't forgot all about it, he says, very composedly, 'Just take that book to your mistress.'"

"No, no—I protest," said Sir Edward, a little annoyed at Jack's successful attempt at mimickry.

"Yes, yes—the thing has happened to me often," said Anne, excessively amused. "Now, my exquisite Sir John, let's hear how the man-of-war's man would do it."

"Do it, miss; before you could say 'do it,' it would be done. Off like a shot, and back as quick and as straight as an arrow."

"But the book is dirty, you know."

"What o' that? If it was as dirty as a lawyer's conscience—no offence, Mr. Singleheart—he would polish it with the tail of his coat as clean as a bone when the ship's company is six upon four, before he placed it in the lady's pretty hands."

"Now for the application, Sir John—that is, how does this bear upon the business of life?" said the lady.

"How does it bear? Point blank upon it. The real downright business of life isn't so much as you think—it is made up of a few principal acts—so all you have to do, is to do them right, and do it quickly—go right an end on for what s proper—don't stop for the shilly-shally, the bowing and grinning, and the posturing, to make people stare. Now I 'll tell ye why, with all my knowledge of the world, I 'm like a babe in the wood—because this long-shore world is a world of little things, where the manner of doing trifles is everything—all seeming, marm—all seeming. Here have I been learning, for three tedious months, to eat, drink, talk, and walk; and, to my notion, I could eat, drink, talk, and walk, a great deal better before I took lessons—at least, more to the purpose."

"I like him excessively, Edward; upon my word, I

think he 'll make me a convert," said Anne. "My dear Sir John, pray go on."

"No, Miss; I don't think you 're laughing at me, for that wouldn't be generous. But I do think that you are a little surprised that I should be so bold as to let you understand that the mind that is, as it were, swaddled in down, is likely to be a little weakly and soft, or so. But don't ye think that I 'm for despising all the little elegancies, the carving and gilding, the filagree gingerbread work—only don't overdo it—don't let it weaken the timbers, like the Old Glory's figure-head, and be damned to it—saving your presence, marm—but that infernal family party had as nigh got me six dozen—but beg pardon—you gave me leave to speak like a sailor, and I 'm going through the water at a precious rate."

"Well, all I can say is, that I would sail with you at this rate for hours. But you must not have it all your own way. Every society, Sir John, and every circle of every society, and every family of every circle, have their peculiar manners. I know that you will not only do honour to our class of society, but to our particular circle, and to our family also. You will soon acquire a little of the polish of our manners, and I only wish we could be as certain to acquire a little of the sincerity of yours. But I am playing the orator—and I am sure, just now, I could learn more of Sir John than I could teach him. Tell us what you really think of our way of living, as it is likely to promote your happiness," said Miss Truepenny.

"No, no, with submission, Miss, I won't talk any more—I will sit and listen. I am really ambitious to become one of your circle—and as I intend to be a baronet out and out, I shall do all I can to become elegant, and that I 'm determined, please the pigs."

"Very well—I like you extremely; now let me see you make some attempt. Never mind Sir Edward and our good friend Mr. Singleheart. Suppose that you and I were alone; suppose me not in the best of humours, and that I wished for something elegant and refined to amuse me, and make me a little less the naughty girl—and suppose you had dropped in merely accidentally, and found me sitting this way.' What would you do?"

Anne flung herself upon a sofa, affected a pretty pout,

and began with a graceful pettishness to pull to pieces a fine nosegay.

"May I do what would come into my mind, and no offence?" said Jack, looking very archly.

"Why, yes," said the lady, with a little hesitation; for I am sure you would not deceive me, by doing or saying anything that *ought* to give offence."

"I don't know—I'll try not. When shall I begin?"

"Directly;" and the lady looked in worse humour than ever.

Jack turned his back and retired a few paces, and when he faced about, everything seemed changed in his identity. The party were astonished. They confessed to themselves, if acting, his present acting was inimitable; if, for the first time, he had assumed his natural character, his past acting must have been a miracle. He advanced gracefully, he trod lightly, and approached the young lady with an elegant awe, whilst she, between admiration and mirth, could scarcely keep her countenance.

Mimicking Sir Edward's voice and manner, he began —"My dear young lady! has any one presumed? O la! dear me now! Those pretty, pretty flowers! happy flowers—to die the velvet death of that tiny white hand. Is it not better to perish like those flowers at once, under a beautiful eye, than to grow old and withered, and become a shrunk-up stalk—and then to be cast aside at last, because we have become odious and disgusting? —no—let me die like the dolphin, the most glorious in the hour of his death. That rose, you have torn it to pieces—yet every piece is still beautiful—I defy you, Miss Anne, to remember that flower but by its beauty —though you have destroyed it, there is something sweet and—and something like a ship that's under sail —even in its ruin—it did *not* die of age—"

"Sir John, who has taught you this?" said the lady, utterly surprised.

"Taught me! dear Miss Anne. Nature—but it is not mine—I have looked into your heaven of a face and saw it all there—and have only been taught by nature to read off what I see, just as the master, when he takes a lunar, reads off from his sextant the degrees and minutes. But there is much more in that lovely book that I can read, yet words have not yet been made for it—and

never will be, till we get up aloft, where there is a better light by which to read so fair a book. I know, as my master in elocution says, that 'I am rude in speech' —I only speak right on—tell you that which you yourself do know—a plain, blunt man; but were I an orator, as the—the—the chaplain is — there was a chaplain that would draw a smile from those lips—but all my golden words are spent—and you are still sorrowful. Music has charms to soothe — oh — we should never mention anything rude. You will not talk—will you listen to me? I cannot talk myself—if you had a fiddle in the house!"

"A fiddle," said the lady, jumping up with animation, and forgetting her assumed character, "you shall have one directly, my dear Sir John. But you bewilder me— you have used words and sentences that quite astonish me—and then your manner—so different, so very different—so soft and yet so natural!"

"Well," said Jack, "I don't know whether you like it, but I don't. I used to play the she parts in the stage-plays we got up, and so learned the trick of talking soft like a woman; and as to the words, why, when I try hard and think, I can put them sometimes together, but not for long."

"The fact is," said Sir Edward, "that you are born a poet."

A fine cremona was soon procured and placed in Sir John's hand. He played several popular airs and sea tunes, but all with variations and fantasias after his own peculiar untaught style; and much of this was so touching, so soft, and so exquisite, that it drew tears of silent pleasure and deep emotion from the eyes of Anne Truepenny, and affected even the sterner nerves of the gentlemen. When Sir John ceased, he said to the lady, "If it ever should be my lot to endeavour to make love to a person like yourself, I'll take good care to belay my jawing tacks, and scrape into her good graces."

"Believe me, Sir John, with very little effort on your part, you will accomplish anything and everything. You had better take care, Sir Edward—I don't know a person who might become a more dangerous rival; I like him already excessively. Let us now go to my grandfather's."

They repaired thither, but from that morning some undefined feeling of jealousy and dislike to Jack sprang up in the bosom of Sir Edward. He disowned it himself, and would have quarrelled with any one who had charged him with it. There it was nevertheless, and adding daily, nay hourly, to its growth. Pity is it, and much to be deplored, that our best fortunes do not always arise from our best feelings; for this very unjust dislike, instead of entailing a penalty on Sir Edward, promoted and afterwards accomplished his highest wishes, and that, too, without involving him in any act of guilt, or of apparent injustice, to Sir John, beyond the injustice of the dislike itself; whilst to the sailor baronet it entailed upon him a crowd of miseries, that wrecked his gallant heart, and nearly stranded him for ever. What a sad thing it is, that the finest moral sentences are often so little in accordance with truth! Men make them, but fortune disproves them. It is a happy thing indeed for Virtue that she is her own reward, for really she seldom gets any other, at least in this world.

Now, without fully understanding his motives, Sir Edward was resolved to leave his cousin henceforward to his own resources; and many excellent reasons occurred to him for so doing; as, for example—the world should not say that he kept him, for his own interest, in leading-strings—that he really had talent enough to be independent of his advice—that when he found he had to trust to himself, he would be more wary, with many more reasons of the same description:—but the real one for this proposed abandonment did not occur to him—that he was jealous of him.

In their way to the old gentleman's Sir Edward was serious even to sadness; but this excited no surprise, as it was considered that the nature of the meeting might more than account for it. Miss Truepenny was employed upon a review of the best arguments to use to forward their mutual views, and the lawyer was arranging in his own mind the different steps in the anticipated application to the Lord Chancellor; whilst Jack was far away in his thoughts from all of them, he being then with his Poll in prison, and speculating upon the result of her trial, which he had interest enough to get postponed for one session; and he ardently wished that he should be able

to avoid appearing against her, as the evidence was complete without him; and that this might be the case, he had some very good grounds for believing.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The important Truepenny will argued—Old age obstinate and youth grasping—Pros and cons, and a set speech pro, well conned—Jack gives excellent counsel, and, in his turn, is counselled to put his cousin's handsome nose out of joint—Gives a flat refusal to flatten his relation's nose.

Mr. Truepenny had passed the age when he might have been termed a very old man—he was ancient, and was looked upon, not only with awe, but with wonder. He seemed not to belong to the surface, but to the bowels of the earth, for there was the mouldiness of the grave upon his features. We have already said that he was very deaf, yet his eyesight was still tolerable, and his voice, though reedy, sufficiently loud for the purposes of conversation. In everything that he did he seemed to act more like a machine than one whose moving impetus was that of an immortal soul. He woke and slept and ate with the punctuality of a sun-dial—which, when rightly read, we look upon as the most punctual thing existing.

He lived only in the past, he breathed in the present, and he stood so nearly upon the threshold of the eternity of the future, that everything passing around him was to him matter of the smallest interest; with one single exception—that of working out the intent of the will of his ancestor. It seemed that for this Providence had spared him beyond the age of post-diluvian man.

He was seated in his principal drawing-room, in a high-backed arm-chair, well furnished with cushions. There was but a dim and solemn light diffused through the apartment. To his left and to his right sate two old men, one the family lawyer, and the other a venerable, and, with the exception of Mr. Truepenny, the only surviving trustee to the will—a trust that he had inher-

ited from his father, and which he had already devised, by his testament, to his son.

Supported by Sir Edward Fortintower, Anne Truepenny advanced towards her grandfather's arm-chair, and stooping down, kissed the old man upon his forehead. A faint irradiation, the spectre of a smile, passed over his rigid features, which then quickly settled down into the marble of insensibility. For many years her kiss had been the only talisman to cause even that shadow of pleasure to wander, like a lost spirit, over his countenance.

Sir Edward did not even dare the familiarity of shaking hands. He bowed reverently. Sir John Truepenny, as he advanced up the room, and caught a distant view of the elder, started at beholding a living being so very old. He bowed also, and, with Mr. Singleheart, remained standing at the foot of the table. Anne sate herself down on a low chair beside her ancestor, and taking his cold and shriveled right hand between her own hands, looked up with anxiety and tenderness into his eyes, which still possessed the speculation of humanity. They seemed like two sparkling pieces of jet, embedded in moss.

Sir Edward, at a grave motion of Mr. Truepenny, had seated himself near the family lawyer, Mr. Winterton. It was some time before any one spoke, when, at the motion of the aged man, Mr. Winterton, in a loud, dry, unimpassioned voice, with no apparent consciousness that the direction of a vast fortune, and the happiness of two young creatures, depended upon the decision, read from a paper as follows:—

"'We have met, at the petition of Sir Edward Fortintower and of Anne Truepenny, to consult on the expediency of taking proceedings before the Lord Chancellor, in order to annul the trusts under the will of Stephen Truepenny, so that the estates under the said will may be enjoyed by the present heir, Mortimer Truepenny, Esq., and his granddaughter Anne, his sole heiress in remainder, to the intent and purpose of preventing a further accumulation of the said property, for the attainment of various objects specified in the said will.' Are you content, Miss Anne Truepenny, to join in a petition the Lord Chancellor to effect this?"

"I am—I much desire it," said the lady, emphatically.

"Are you content, Mr. David Dropandic, speaking as a trustee?"

"I would first hear what says ancient Mr. Truepenny. May my years equal his!" said the old man.

"What does he say? A worthy man is friend Dropandic; but has one failing—he can't speak out. Have had him on my knee as a child—he could speak out then; but he grows old, and loses his voice—what says he?"

Thus spake Mr. Truepenny.

"He says," roared out Mr. Winterton, "that before he speaks he would hear your opinion, and that he may live to number your years."

"He said so? hey!—did he say so?—he is not so wise as he was, and yet a very worthy man is Mr. Dropandic. A winding-sheet and a comfortable coffin—those are luxuries of which foolish old men are fearful. David Dropandic, you are a hale man yet; but wish neither to live nor to die. Trouble not yourself: your living and your dying are cared for. Fear God, David, and speak up always."

"I will, worthy Mr. Truepenny, I will take a note of your valuable words," screamed out Mr. Dropandic, at the same time taking out his tablets.

"Are you content to petition the Lord Chancellor?" resumed Mr. Winterton, in his usual loud key, addressing Mr. Truepenny.

"As yet, gossip Winterton, I am not content; on the contrary, I am discontent. I require quiet—I pant for quiet—I am disturbed, and I am discontent. But still, I will hear reason. Let me hear reason. Who is going to make me hear reason? Generations have held this will sacred—let the reasoner mind that, and then let him reason—I will hear reason."

"Mr. Truepenny," said Sir Edward, quite as loudly as if he had been addressing the Speaker in the House of Commons, "I rise with the full intention of blinking no part of this very delicate question—a question, Mr. Truepenny, that involves the disposition of immense property, and the happiness, I may almost say the existence, of those near, and who ought to be—and, I am not out of order in saying, who are—very dear to you."

"Keep up your voice, young man, and speak slowly," was the encouraging interruption.

"I will keep up my voice—I will measure out my words; and I have only to add, how much I regret that this momentous task has fallen to the hands of a person so utterly unworthy and incompetent as myself; but had any other honourable member, person I mean, come forward to relieve me of this great responsibility, not only would I have gladly surrendered this important motion to his guidance, but humbly and gladly would have followed in his steps."

"Little Anne, little Anne—what is the young man talking about?—I hear him, but comprehend not—did he say he was unworthy and incompetent—a solemn deed set aside for one unworthy, and—"

"For me, dear grandpa—for your little loving Anne."

"Well, well, I will hear reason—but the youth must come to the point, or I shall go to sleep."

"Such wills," resumed Sir Edward, "as that under consideration, are directly against a true social polity. Wealth is only valuable in its dispersion—and it is, or it ought to be, fully understood, that the community at large suffer immense property to be accumulated in the hands of the few, solely because such accumulations tend, ultimately, for the benefit of all, by bringing capital into operation in such great quantities. that important works may be undertaken, employment diffused, and thus fresh capital created."

"That is very sensible—but let every man look to himself. It is the Truepenny interest that is now the question, not that of the community at large," said the old man, wit' more energy than could have been expected from him.

"Well, let us consider the will only with a reference to its own intents, and the aggrandizement of the Truepenny family. Before Sir John's existence was discovered, I, in my poor person, seemed marked out as the organ by which its originator's most sanguine wishes could be accomplished. I was then the acknowledged head of the Fortintowers. My supposed property alone was equal support the dignity of the peerage, not only suitably splendidly—whilst the accumula ion of the True-

penny estates has become so immense, that princedoms could not exhaust its revenues. It was contemplated by the founder of this property, that no inconsiderable portion of it was, at the right time, to be expended in the purchase of those honours that, I think, I can myself procure without any expense whatever. I enjoy the confidence of the minister of the day, and I am not disagreeable to the sovereign himself. Though my present income is all too little even to support me as a gentleman, yet you must bear in mind that when I was affluent enough to hope for a peerage upon my own capabilities, I hesitated to obtain it until I had joined my fate with that dear lady's, and thus together had we worked out the intents of this absurd will."

But here Mr. Winterton spoke: "I have, Sir Edward Fortintower, protected and upheld this will for fifty years with all my legal energies, and watched over it with all my legal experience. In my hearing, it shall not be called absurd—it is a superb, a glorious will—there is a clause in it that provides, whilst its conditions are unfulfilled, that the attorney who shall watch over it shall receive five hundred per annum. My father, and my father's father, watched over it—and gloomy will be the day when the trustees shall unite to set it aside—and let me tell you, Sir Edward Fortintower, that you can claim but little merit for your forbearance in not pushing your fortunes when you were in the full enjoyment of your income—for that income was never rightfully yours."

"Mr. Winterton, do not make me your enemy. I did not know that the Fortintower estates were not rightfully mine, and the promptitude with which I relinquished them should shield me from any imputation on that subject."

"Right, right," said old Truepenny. "It is a good boy—bring him hither, child, and I will shake hands with him; I will—"

It was the first time that Sir Edward had been so honoured, and it emboldened him accordingly. He thus proceeded:

"Pray, Mr. Winterton, do not consider me your enemy. I am sure that you do not wish, for yourself and for your descendants, to create a freehold in this will. No Lord Chancellor would suffer that. Small has been the labour

and little the anxiety that you and your ancestors have endured for so many five hundreds of pounds, derivable through this singular will. I verily believe that it could be brought within the statute of mortmain. Yet I will speak like a man of business, Mr. Winterton: if the trustees and the heiress shall join to petition to the setting of it aside, and you will throw no obstacle in the way, I will, when the document is pronounced null and void, undertake to make you any consideration that you may choose to name."

"The youth is reasonable—these be reasons—he cometh to the point," said Mr. Truepenny. "He hath shewed Mr. Winterton much reason, but me, none."

Mr. Winterton looked warily, first at Sir Edward and then at Mr. Singleheart. Jack certainly muttered something—for his lips were seen to move, and some sounds nearly approximating to "d——d rogues" were indistinctly audible. Mr. Winterton said not another word during the conference.

"Set aside this will," continued Sir Edward, "let me marry the lady to whom I have been so long betrothed. Though my fortune is gone, my talents, my standing in parliament, my political influence, are still the same. Miss Truepenny's wealth is so great, that the loss of mine will not be missed—and the junction of the two families, with the attainment of the peerage, will fully and conscientiously fulfil the intentions of your ancestor; though in the mere words it may not be so. I now present to you, Mr. Truepenny, Sir John himself, who will, as far as he is concerned, fully bear out all I have said. I have spoken nothing of our hearts—nothing of the affections—nothing of our two years' engagement. Speak, Sir John Truepenny, and tell Mr. Truepenny that you consent to the setting aside of this will—which stands between me and happiness, and the happiness of that dear young lady."

For the first time old Mr. Truepenny regarded Jack attentively, who, in his turn, stared on the awful antiquity. Jack was taken so much by surprise, that he forgot his dancing-master, and his master of elocution, and every other master; he found himself seizing the hair over his forehead, ducking his head, and scraping back his right leg, after which he hailed him as if he

were himself on the forecastle, and the old man in the foretop.

"Please your honour, as far as I undercumstumbles—that is to say, understands this here foul bause—cut the will adrift, and let it float to the devil. 'Cause why——".

"Sir John, Sir John," said Anne, reproachfully; "why not speak now, as you spoke to me in the drawing-room not two hours ago. Dear grandpapa, he can be the gentleman if he likes, and something better—he can indeed!"

"I was play-acting then, Miss, and this is too serious a matter for joking. Mr. Truepenny, if the two young folks like each other, let them marry, and God bless them. I have already offered them all my fortune, bating the yacht, and enough to keep her and me afloat; there 's more than enough for them both, and the peerage into the bargain. Then settle the will among you; it 's out of my soundings altogether. Wouldn't say anything disrespectful to you, old gentleman, but if that pretty sweet young lady is your own flesh and blood——"

"Sole remnant of our house," said the aged man, emphatically.

"There it is," said Jack. "You long-shore folks never talk about the *heart*, but it is the *house;* and whilst a sailor would be thinking of a warm bosom and kindly feelings, you are all maundering about bricks and mortar, or names upon tumble-down tombstones. Fie upon it! Let 'em marry, old gentleman, and there is pudding enough still in you for to see a brace, or perhaps three young 'uns bawling out great-grandpa into your deaf lug. To cousin Edward, I say, marry, with or without the good of the will, and trust to God; to you, old gentleman, let them marry, and give them all the property when you lose the number of your mess, and as much as you can spare before; make them blest, and that 's the way to get God's blessing yourself. Don't look on me in no light, for I am only an interloper, and much more ready to give up all than I was to take it—always bating the yacht, and the keeping it in ship-shape. If I was to speak for a dog-watch at a spell, I couldn't say more to the purpose No offence, old gentleman—

I would treat you with just as much respect, if I saw you begging on a couple of crutches at my door."

"He means well, dear grandpapa, he does indeed," said the young lady.

"Let me see him—let him come closer to me," said the old man. "A comely youth—nay, he is surpassingly handsome—a right proper young man—rough—a little rough—and he is the eldest—the representative of all the proud Fortintowers—and the Truepenny blood in him still stronger than the feudal. Granddaughter, I see with a light borrowed from a world beyond this—he is the fitting man for your husband—a better man, a more beautiful man than his cousin of the many fine words. Marry *him*, daughter—and not only my blessing, but the blessing of all your race now in heaven will descend upon you, and upon him—and upon yours and upon his. I know it—I see it—I prophesy it—He stands thus glorious in his youth—daughter, I say, marry *him*—the bold-bearing, the honest, the sea-nurtured!"

"My poor Edward!" was the only and scarce audible reply of Anne.

"Moan not, groan not," continued her grandfather, not hearing the intent of her exclamation. "Your destiny will be splendidly fulfilled by this son of the ocean. What lacks he? In what is he wanting? Place him beside the other—compare them. Have you no eyes, Anne Truepenny? your ancestors look down upon you for your decision."

"I have already decided," was the brief proud answer of Anne, rising up from her grandfather's side, and placing her hand in Edward's.

"But that decision must be revoked—he of the elder branch is the better. Has he not been generous?—does his honest rudeness offend you?—in how little a time will that wear away! I would not require you to do this suddenly—but it must be done, for it seems the bidding of destiny. Take time, and then give me your answer."

"I have but one to give. I cannot be false—it is so much easier to cease to be the heiress—is it not my Edward?"

But Sir Edward was altogether disconcerted. The altar he had dedicated to his self-love, and which he had so scru-

pulously kept inviolate, was overthrown at one blow, and its fragments trodden upon with contempt. He wanted neither for just nor good feelings, but he could not manfully bear up against anything approaching to contempt; and there was no redress for him, for all the indifference with which he was regarded by old Mr. Truepenny.

A heavy, fearful gloom, that lasted for a considerable time, now settled upon the conclave. No one seemed inclined to speak, and the aged man closed his eyes, and it was thought that he slept. At length Sir Edward spoke, and though he began by saying, "Gentlemen," his words were more particularly addressed to Jack. They did him but little credit. They were at once querulous and irascible. Without actually blaming any one, he tried to make it appear that he had been dreadfully ill-used, and that the immense sacrifices he had made were repaid only by adversity, and regarded with indifference.

"Cheer up! cheer up!" said Jack! "What ho! shipmate; the wind will veer round a point or two. The old gentleman that is corking there so snug may think better of it. Perhaps he expects that I'd take the lady after all—and so he trusts to time—to time, when the hour hand of the dial of his life is on the point of twelve, and he may hear the next chimes in eternity. As to Miss Anne, I wouldn't have her, cousin, while she was in love with you, if all the generations of the two families since Adam was an oakum boy in Deptford Dockyard, and had been doing nothing else but making wills that it should be so. Let somebody drop that in the old gentleman's lug when he wakes up. No offence to the lady, for a sweeter creature the summer breezes never blew upon. Take her at once, as I ha' said before, and think yourself the luckiest dog that ever growled. If it were possible to chop—which it isn't—you might have the two fortunes—always barring the yacht—and I'd take the lady in her——O whillaloo! manners!"

Now, had any one else said this, it is very probable that Mr. Truepenny would not have heard it; but Jack, when in earnest, generally made noise enough. The old gentleman had never, in his life, been more awake; he opened his eyes, he waved his hand, and said—

"I honour that honest sailor. He has well reminded

me how precious are the few moments that are still vouchsafed to me. We must not, we will not, lose time. Answer me, Edward Fortintower, and answer me solemnly—but first pause before you reply, for the answer must be final. Will you take this maiden to wife fortuneless, pennyless?—for, assuredly, if she does not marry the sailor, the will must take effect."

"Assuredly," said Mr. Dropandie.

"Mr. Truepenny, Mr. Dropandie, Miss Truepenny, before I reply, let me also put to you all a solemn question," said the agitated Sir Edward. "Will you join to set aside this most iniquitous will?"

"O most gladly, my dear Edward," said the lady.

The gentlemen shook their heads in silence.

"Then must I reply. In the first place, I denounce these two old men as most unjust—most wickedly unjust; on their heads be all the misery that their fatal obstinacy most surely will create. I will run all risks. I will gladly, joyfully, eagerly, marry Miss Truepenny to-morrow—if you will only promise to make an effort to annul the will. Most rapturously will I risk all chances of the law's incertitude, and endure most contentedly the law's delay. But I prize too much the happiness of this dear lady to entail upon her, by an imprudent marriage—a marriage in which there would be no hope—the proud wretchedness of gentlemanly poverty. Give us but hope, and I will meet all privations, face all difficulties; refuse this, if you will, but your obduracy shall not make two persons aristocratical beggars for life. That is my answer. Have you heard it?"

It was heard—and but too well. Anne became excessively pale, and she had much difficulty in overcoming her temptation to shriek. She preserved a death-like silence. Jack doubled up his huge hands, and looked marling-spikes; but his anger as suddenly gave way, as he muttered, "All's right—Ned 's only going to gammon the old 'uns." Mr. Singleheart looked round upon Sir Edward with surprise and displeasure in his countenance. The two old trustees alone seemed unmoved. Then the oldest of them lifted up his voice and spake.

"He has been tried in the balance, and found wanting. But it becomes not me, nor any who bear our name, to arraign this young man for the love of lucre, or for a

sinful devotion to the pomps and vanities of this wicked world; for have not we, from generation to generation, persisted in this wickedness? I am aweary, and I fain would be at rest. I have sinned with my race, and at the hands of this youth have I been reproved. I have lived to see the last, the most beautiful, and the best of our house, rejected. Have I lived long enough? Methinks I have. But this world now interests me not. It is to me as a room in a road-side inn. I take no further thought who shall occupy it after me. I have done with it. I am about to take my long journey—would that I could say in peace! Anne has been rejected—I care not—and yet, why does this heart still flutter?—rejected! Anne, listened to the advice of him whose voice will soon be silent. Cleave unto the sailor youth He is the worthier vessel."

"My more than father, I cannot. I have loved once, and for ever. Edward may break my heart, but who can make it false? In my inmost soul have I married him, and if I may not live his wife, I will die his widow."

"Then hear my resolution. There stands nothing between the accomplishment of the will—of this deed so sacred to our family—but your engagement to this young and worldly-minded baronet. I ask you not to violate your sense of right, but you and he must pay the penalty. To you it will be no hardship—you, Anne, have the solace of a noble heart; but whilst Sir John remains unmarried—whilst there is yet a chance of the will's intention being worked out in his person—I will not consent to its being set aside. If, by the marriage of Sir John, hope is forbidden, the surviving trustee will, through God, rule the event—for I shall be away. I begin to think that this is as a judgment against us. Let me depart in peace. I blame no one. Let me in peace dream on, for the little while that I have to live. All of you, the upright and the wavering, take the blessing of one who has numbered more than a hundred years—take it, and may it fructify upon you all unto good! God bless you! and now depart—all, save this drooping scion of our family—she shall stay with me for a space—as yet, she must not forget that she has been rejected.

Having thus spoken, the old gentleman closed his eyes, and fell into an unquiet slumber.

And save Anne, they all departed; but they went not as they came. Sir Edward, with much politeness, refused a seat in Jack's carriage, and, taking the arm of Mr. Singleheart, walked to his lodgings. For the first time, our hero felt himself alone, as he sate in his fashionable vehicle; a sense even of desertion came over him. When he arrived at Cavendish Square, he found several of his masters waiting for him. He felt hugely inclined to kick them out of the house. He dismissed them, however, politely enough, and intimated to them, that for some time, he should have no further need of their services. He walked up and down his stately apartments—he summoned his amanuensis—he attempted to converse with him.

All this would not do. Jack was restless and comfortless.—he took up his fiddle—still the scene that he had just witnessed spoiled every attempt he made to extract harmony from the instrument, or to restore it to himself. He had marked the chequers on the door-posts of several public houses as he passed through the streets in his carriage, and he had figured to himself a dark back parlour, a quiet pipe, and cold grog. There was much in the picture consolatory to him, but he manfully resisted his desire to realize it.

Though he had, as yet, lived in perfect seclusion, in conformity with the advice of his cousin, in order to habituate himself to the forms of his new mode of life, he had always dined in state, three courses being served up to him with as much ceremony as if he had his *salle à manger* full of guests. His dessert followed, and then his long lesson of accustoming himself to claret.

All this sometimes amused, sometimes annoyed him: but, for the sake of Sir Edward, whether amused or annoyed, he went through it with the same regularity. But to-day this monkish repast seemed to offer nothing but what was disagreeable to him. He rang for his steward, intimated that he was going out of town, and ordered four horses to his chariot.

In his excellently conducted *ménage* everything was performed promptly and in silence. "To Greenwich," said Jack; and in less than half an hour he found him

self there "Home," and the empty chariot disappeared.

This was almost his first decided act of mastership. It gave him the sensation of pleasure; but this sensation was not sufficiently strong to relieve his mind from much oppression. He was soon on board of his yacht, his civilian's dress exchanged for a blue jacket and trimmings to match, and the Anne under weigh, and making for the Nore.

Afloat, Jack was determined to do as he liked, so there was no scarcity of tobacco or grog: and when he found himself comfortably settled in the cabin, with Giles Grimm, he confided to him all his troubles and anxieties.

"I envy you, father. My life has lately been a drudgery to me. My masters have only taught me that I am as great a child as every mother's son of them, out of his own station—but each master is a fool in everything else but in what he teaches; and I am a fool to each of them in turn. I shall get the better of them yet, if I don't take some damnable yaw. At times, I feel there is something good in me—I don't mean as a sailor, daddy, but in their own flighty way. I acquire words that appear to me as so many keys to unlock my understanding, and my heart with it; and whilst my master of elocution, and my master of grammar, and the rest of that boat's crew, flatter themselves I am learning their rubbish, I am learning something better—learning to think, and to give my thoughts words. But I can't keep it up, father—I can't. It comes and goes like flaws of wind in the calm latitudes; and, in the veering of a dogvane, I am off my stilts, and at home again in my nautical lower deck lingo. But now open the hatches of your understanding, and hand me up some good counsel from your best store-room."

Jack then detailed the position of the various persons of his family, and dilated, in his own manner, on the memorable interview that seemed to promise so many important results.

Giles heard all in profound silence, and then confessed himself at a nonplus. Accordingly he went on deck to see how the cutter's head was, had all the sails trimmed afresh, and then came below again, and told Jack that he must read a few chapters in the Bible first, and that

then he would give him his answer. Our hero saw no objection to this; but either the advice was not agreeable, or it was a long while in getting into existence, for the yacht made a bold dash into the Atlantic, and it was just ten days before she was again snugly at her moorings in Greenwich reach, and the advice still to be given.

In the mean time, whilst no one of his friends in London knew what had become of him, his recognizances had been forfeited; for he could not very well appear to give his evidence against his Poll, whilst she was before the judge and jury at —— and he was some hundred miles off on the wide ocean. Unfortunately for the lady, the proof of her crime was quite sufficient, without Jack's evidence to insure her condemnation. She was sentenced to be hung, but the punishment was commuted to transportation for life. Her former lover had left positive injunctions with his lawyer to do all that could be done for her in her deplorable situation—and it was done. She left the country for ever. It was not till some time after, that Jack learned all this.

During Jack's absence, Sir Edward had been anything but happy. Anne would not, and could not, see him but as her future husband; whilst he in the mean time, behaved so mysteriously as respected the fulfilment or non-fulfilment of his engagement to her, that even his tried friend and constant adviser, Mr. Singleheart, did not understand him on this subject. He had several times called upon Sir John, and left orders to be made acquainted with the fact, the moment his cousin arrived. This arrival took place so late at night, that it was not till the next morning that Sir Edward was announced.

He looked much discomposed, and his manner was cold and estranged.

Now, Jack had so far become habituated to his new situation, as to have a little identified himself with his rank and advantages; and he was neither so humble in his deportment, nor so deferential to his cousin's opinions, as formerly. Yet he was still as frank, and as pleased to see Sir Edward, as that gentleman's manner permitted. Jack had already discovered that his cousin was rather addicted to a set speech, so he merely nodded assent at the right and the wrong places, whilst his cousin finished a long harangue thus:—

"Sir John, you must confess—all the world must confess—that I have done by you a relation's, a Christian's, and a gentleman's duty. This duty has proved all but my ruin. Yet, Sir John, I repine not—but I owe also a duty to myself—that of making my lamentable position as little detrimental to me as possible. I have played the magnanimous, and I have paid for it; I have avowed myself your friend, and I have proved so—and so, I hope, I shall ever prove. But circumstances, Sir John, will prevent, henceforward, my enjoying so much, or even at all, your society. The worst of motives have been assigned to the very salutary influence that I have exercised over you. Read that, Sir John—and that—and that,"—handing over to him several papers filled with scurrilous innuendos, as to the motives of Sir Edward in keeping his cousin in tutelage.

"You know, Sir John, that but little remains to me but my good name. I don't reproach you for this, but I must look out for myself. I will give you a few words of parting advice, and then take leave of you for some time. Your pecuniary affairs cannot be in better hands than those of Mr. Singleheart. On that head, you need have neither apprehension, trouble, nor anxiety. I would recommend you to persevere in the course of studies that you are now pursuing. It has already much advantaged you. I would have you no longer remain in retirement. Go into company. Attend to what I am now going to say, as you would to the oracles of fate. Drink not—smoke not—game not. Give me your word of honour never to lose more than five pounds in the twenty-four hours."

Jack gave this pledge solemnly.

"I have brought you an invitation to Mrs. Cackletop's party for to-night. It will be a good entrance for you into general society. Luckily, there are not many persons in town. As, in some measure, you have been under my tuition, I shall be most anxious that you make a favourable *début*. I shall not be there myself—I should be too nervous to witness it—I will give you a few general instructions. Always wear your gloves—I think that your hands grow coarser than ever."

He did not know that Jack had been bousing away at the main and jib sheets, and at every rope that re-

quired a long and a strong pull, for the last ten days, on board the yacht.

"Don't speak much, and when you have nothing to say to the purpose, you may smile, to shew your teeth, or pick them. It is a nasty trick that last—but just now very much the fashion. You have very beautiful legs, and more the foot of a lady of quality than of a man. Sit constantly in your chair, crossed-legged, something in this way, and from time to time fondle and pat your calf thus. You see what little need you will have for conversation. When you must converse—and converse the silly men and women will make you—avoid all allusion to your former life, and shun sea phrases as you would a leper. Oh, it is a very bad vice that has possessed you; as, for example, should you be inclined to speak of anything long—say not, according to your dreadful custom, that it is as long as the maintop-bowline—for who, Sir John, knows or cares what is a maintop-bowline?"

"True, cousin Edward; the ignorance and carelessness of long-shore gents are deplorable."

"But say it is as long, as long, as long—as a—a——"

"Tiresome speech."

"Yes, that would do; but it would not do if a person were boring you. Every one has not the talent of conversing agreeably; you will find that soon enough."

"I *have* found it already, cousin."

"But when you do find it, you must not tell them so; it would deeply offend them. But you may indulge in a little quiet irony at their expense. These prosy folks are generally too dull, and too much taken up with themselves, to see through a joke."

"I fully understand *that*."

"But, above all other things, the one thing paramount, and the one thing needful, is never to seem astonished. Surprise and a man of fashion are incompatible. Treat everything with supreme indifference. You are too elevated to let the casualties of life have any, the least effect upon you. Undervalue everything. If a person tells you anything, look as if you had heard it before If one says something really witty, though I confess the chance is very small, pass it off contemptuously, with a sort of a could-if-I-would air. It is too much trouble

for a man of rank and fortune to be clever, or even sensible. Never argue. Argument must lead to the idea of some intellectual effort—some labour of the mind; and everything that has any affinity to labour is utterly beneath the notice of a gentleman."

"D——n it, cousin; and here have I been toiling fourteen hours a day, like an ass with double hampers, and I might have been a first-rate gentleman, and have done all this, and still have been the greatest dunce and idiot that ever sucked his thumb."

"Pardon me, Sir John; you have already the reputation, I can tell you, of having had these masters. That is an university man—that elegant Lord Landidand. Does he understand Greek or Latin? Not a word of either. Mathematics?—he could not define to you the properties of a straight line so well as the washerwoman who uses one to hang her linen upon. Any boy at the next charity-school can beat him at English composition, and his knowledge of numbers is hardly sufficient to enable him to find his own door by the digits inscribed upon it. Still, my Lord Landidand is a man of learning by courtesy, as he is a lawmaker by nativity. He has the reputation of an university education, and you, that of a host of private masters. You know what you both are."

"Come, come, Sir Edward, if I can't make a better man of fashion than this stick of a lord, I 'll go and be captain of the forecastle again; but, however, I thank you for your advice. Is that all?"

"Yes. Go, and be as impudent as the affectation of indifference will permit you. Bully the men with the coolness of polished contempt, and wheedle the women into a belief that they require nothing but the loss of every virtue to be goddesses; and it is not unlikely that you may yourself become, one day, the leader of fashion. May the Graces assist you—you stand in need of them."

Sir Edward departed, and Jack whistled him all down stairs, and fairly out of the house, to the tune of "The Rogue's March."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Jack, a second time, tries his hand at letter-writing—Succeeds—His cousin grows jealous, which is bad, and shews it, which is worse—Jack is taught how to behave in society—Visits, and behaves intolerably, but finally whistles himself into general favour, and leaves with a love affair and two duels upon his hands.

Sir John Truepenny returned into his drawing-room, with Mrs. Cackletop's invitation in his hand. For some time he stood musing in a deep melancholy. He was sensibly grieved at the changed manners of Sir Edward, and rather alarmed at the sense of desertion and of loneliness that stole over him. Now, he also felt a little angry; for he had always been, and still was, willing to resign everything in the favour of his cousin, and in every way wished to promote his happiness, and to study his interests. He already felt himself ill-treated, and then he began to judge Sir Edward's conduct rather too severely.

Under the influence of these feelings, he sat down to write his first note to a lady. As yet, from natural modesty, he had never been able to bring himself to use his own title. His note, tolerably spelled, and not badly though stiffly written, ran thus:—

"Cavendish Square, this morning.

"John Truepenny sends his humble duty to Miss of that name" (for he remembered that his master in English composition had forbidden him to make repetitions,) "and begs, as a great favour, that Miss ditto will tell him, in confidence, if Sir Edward Fortintower is in right down earnest in cutting and running; that is to say, in breaking faith with you, and if you are to wear the willow. I hope that you will pardon all mistakes, as I could not trust my man-you-hen-sees in inditing this. So no more from your humble servant to command,

"John Truepenny."

If the gracious and tolerant reader will compare this effusion with the former letter that Jack sent to Sir Edward, he will see that instruction had not been thrown away upon him. The only word in his last, that he had

spelt in the same way that he played the fiddle, that is, by ear, was one that he had never seen written. At this period there was much hope for Jack.

This note was conveyed to Anne Truepenny with all fitting ceremony, and the footman speedily brought him the following answer from the lady:—

"Harley Street, this morning.

"Anne Truepenny sends her best wishes to the baronet of that name, and begs, as a great favour of the baronet of ditto, not to judge of Sir Edward harshly, as the latter has cut, but not run, and Miss ditto is very well content to wear the willow for the time, as she thinks it a very becoming ornament. Miss ditto also begs to observe, that the absence of one baronet ought not to preclude the presence of another, so you may come and see me as soon as you like; and so no more from your humble servant to command,

ANNE TRUEPENNY."

Upon this little document Jack cogitated deeply. Extremely unwilling was his honest heart to admit any sentiment of disparagement towards his cousin. He remembered the magnanimity of the sacrifice he had made in his favour, and all his subsequent kindness. Perhaps, after all, Sir Edward was right. Then he was struck the more forcibly that he was the stumbling-block—the pit dug in the path of both his benefactor and the gentle and accomplished Anne. He then resolved to take Giles Grimm's advice, and marry. Whom? His judgment and his gratitude pronounced loudly the name of Susan Snowdrop, but his heart would not yet answer to the summons. So Jack determined to go into all the society to which he was accessible, and choose for himself.

In an establishment so complete as was Sir John Truepenny's, there was no danger that there should be any deficiency in the sailor baronet's outward appearance. That night, when he repaired to Mrs. Cackletop's, he was not only fashionably but faultlessly dressed. As the sea-lion was expected, every one who had presence of mind enough to confess that she or he was in town in October, crowded the lady's room. They expected to

see some monster—some blustering, swearing, rude tarpaulin. Sir John Truepenny was announced. Every one started and suddenly the hum of many voices ceased. The door opened; and a gentleman, with a countenance almost effeminately beautiful, of a tall and majestic presence, and attired with all the *recherché* elegance of a courtly nobleman, entered the room. The hostess had advanced some steps to meet him, but seeing herself before something so unexpectedly imposing, she stopped short, hesitated, and curtseying with a great deal of deference to the distinguished unknown, said—"May I crave the honour of your title?—I expected a certain Sir John Truepenny—I thought that was the name announced. Some mistake, no doubt."

Now, Jack was brimful of his lesson of cool indifference and impudent apathy. So, with a supercilious smile, and lisping out his words slowly, he replied, "Better—go—and—see;" and then taking no more notice of the hostess, he dawdled listlessly to the upper end of the room, seated himself between two of the handsomest ladies present, crossed one leg over the other, and, in obedience to his cousin's instructions, began to fondle his very handsome and muscular calf.

In the mean time the lady had ascertained that her guest was the actual Sir John expected; and when the rest of the company had pronounced the stranger decidedly elegant, and perfectly accustomed to the best society, she accosted him by extending her hand, and saying, in an emphatically loud tone, "Sir John Truepenny, I am most happy to make your acquaintance."

Sir John neither rose, nor noticed the offered hand. He simply contented himself by affecting to yawn, and saying, "I have heard as much."

Every one stared, the lady became confused, and was much mortified. This looked almost insulting; and yet, to believe so handsome and so well-dressed a person could be rude, was difficult—very difficult. She rallied, and said, "She did not doubt it; he had heard only the truth. Every one would be desirous of making the acquaintance of a gentleman so distinguished, not only by the romantic story of his former life, but by his elegant person and manners. She was privileged to say

this, and, at the risk of being thought singular, would say it even to his face."

"Well, madam, that 's cool; I would return the compliment, if I could: in the mean time, I am, madam, your most obedient, and—very—humble servant. Don't you think, miss?" (turning to the lady at his side)—"ah! ah! that is to say, if you are a miss."

The lady bowed, and smiled graciously.

"That is to say—ah—that I have quite forgotten what I was going to say! Oh, Mistress Cackletop, you were speaking." So taking out his tooth-pick deliberately, he began to pick his teeth in the most approved style. "Go on—I am at leisure."

"Well, in these hard times it is something to be listened to," said the lady, good-humouredly. "Will you have some music, Sir John?"

"Why, yes, if it is good—not else."

"Sir John Truepenny," said a young fop, "in this mansion you will hear nothing but what is good."

"And you allowed to prate! Boh! who spoke to you?"

"Bully the men," thought Jack; "now I'll begin."

"I must impute this language, Sir John Truepenny———"

"Hark ye, younker," said Jack, starting up, and looking quite fierce enough for the lion of that or of any other party—"I'll have no imputing in this respectable company. How do you dare, sirrah, to go about to be imputing? You may dispute if you like; but then it shall not be with me. Impute! you unconscionable young sinner; if you dare to impute———"

"What then, Sir John?" said the young gentleman, turning a little pale.

"I'll kick you down stairs—you are just the build for it."

Here the men began to interfere and bluster, and the women to be prettily fearful, while Jack reseated himself, and by his self-satisfied and complacent smile, seemed heartily to enjoy the hubbub he had created.

The affronted young gentleman, a Mr. Dawson, left the room, but, on leaving it, he left his friend behind, and his card; which friend left his card with Jack, requesting Jack's permission to call upon him early to-morrow morning. Jack, affecting to misunderstand him, was

graciously pleased to grant his request, if he would promise to behave himself and not peep down the area, for he would have no poaching on his manor.

Either from the eccentricity of the speech, or from the known character of Captain Brew for menial gallantry, which made Jack's random shot tell, all the ladies began to titter. This threw the man military into a most passionate and militant humour. With many oaths, he said noble things about honour, death, and, we are sorry to add, about damnation.

"Pooh, pooh!" said Jack; "keep yourself cool—easy—easy—now there—the man's vexed;—look at me——calm, sir, calm—a pretty captain, and can't command himself—quarrels before ladies—la—la! O fie! what would the good woman, your aunt, say?"

"By G—d, this is intolerable."

"Don't boil up so, little man. I would advise you to get a toothpick, if you had any teeth. Men never swear while they use one!"

"To be overhauled thus—to be run down by such a sea-brute."

"Shockingly vulgar, Captain Brew—too vulgar for *me* to associate with. Ladies, the low-bred man makes use of sea terms. Beneath my notice."

"The company alone prevents my inflicting personal chastisement on you, monster."

"Has he no old nurse to take care of him?" said Jack, with an easy contempt.

Captain Brew bowed in silence to the hostess, and had nearly reached the door, when Sir John strode after him, and seizing him by the arm, with a gripe that made him wince, he led him to a corner of the room and said, "I perfectly understand what you and your friend mean. I don't think him much better than an impertinent puppy, and you a detestable make-bate. Arrange time, place, and tools; let me know early to-morrow morning and I'll attend to you both, for my quarrel is with both. I shall inquire your character to-night, and deal with you accordingly. Be off."

"Atrocious blackguard! you'll repent this," said the captain, as he departed, pale with rage.

Jack returned to his seat, with the most vivid and unconcerned air possible. As he passed along, a huge

proud-looking man eyed him attentively through his glass. Jack thought this to be an impertinence, so he intentionally trod as heavily as he could, on his foot. The sufferer drew up his leg with the contortions of agony on his countenance. Jack stared at him with the vacant look of unconscious innocence.

"Damn it, sir!—do you know you have trod on my toes?"

"Bless me! did I? you had better pack them up small, and put them in your waistcoat pocket."

"Insufferable! Why, sir, did you tread upon my toes?"

"Come now, that's good Why did you thrust your dirty bits of gristle under my heel? The oppression and wanton cruelty one meets with in good society is dreadful—too much for my delicate nerves—I must repose."

"My cloth is your protection, sir."

"Damned badly protected I should be, if I depended on it."

Having regained his seat, he was informed by a communicative lady that he had just offended the Bishop of ——.

The music began, and an elaborate concerto piece was played by some foreign musicians, during which Sir John yawned prodigiously. When it was over, Mrs. Cackletop asked him if he had been amused.

"Not in the least."

"But you told me you were fond of music."

"I am—if good."

"Was not that piece good?"

"If the music had been played—it wasn't played at all—only spoiled."

With a contemptuous air the lady said,

"Perhaps you know how it should have been played?"

"Certainly."

"Will you show us how?" said she, tauntingly.

"If you like."

"Nothing could be a greater favour."

"This is the way the air should have been given," said Jack, and he then whistled the piece all through. The company were taken by surprise; they were enchanted; they gathered round him; they held their

breaths; no other sound was heard until he had finished, and then the applause was rapturous. No one had ever conceived that the compressed lips could prove an instrument of music so complete and so powerful. It was a natural gift that Jack possessed, and in the excellence of which he had never been surpassed.

Jack received all the compliments and the encomiums which were heaped upon him, with the air of one excessively wearied. Already he had risen immeasurably in the estimation of everyone; even the bishop forgot his crushed toes, smiled upon him, and told him that he was a gifted individual. Had Jack discoursed to that company with the wisdom of a Bacon, the piety of a Fenelon, or the inspiration of a Shakspere, he would not have gained a tithe of the consideration that he had procured by a whistle. He had become at once an established lion. Sir John was now the focus of all attraction, and he fooled the company and himself to the utmost. He was sharp and bullying; ineffably conceited and indifferent by turns to the men, and either insolent or extravagant to the women. Everything now was well taken. When his words conveyed a single idea, his auditors fancied there were at least ten; and when none at all, they puzzled themselves to discover something wonderful and abstruse.

Jack knew his value, and no persuasions could induce him to whistle again, though they fell from very beautiful lips, and were conveyed in very musical words. Mrs. Cackletop petted him outrageously. If he opened his mouth, only to "roar ye as gently as a sucking dove," she held up her cautionary fan to the inattentive, and commanded silence. Eleven very promising young men had come to the conclusion that Jack would be the vogue, and they studied him with more assiduity than they ever did their lessons. They might all be seen picking their teeth at one time, and sitting, like Jack, cross-legged at another—feeling, in vain, for calves that were not.

Incidentally, Sir John gathered from various inquiries the character of Captain Brew. He was one of those animals of prey that roam about town, a gambler and a man of honour; having no property, and faring sumptuously every day, received in the best of society, though he would

have disgraced the worst; a successful fighter of duels himself, and a promoter of them in others: a very common character in all luxurious societies. Providence has ordained that every animal should be the prey to some other: and where fools abound, there will sharpers be found plentiful. But still captain Brew was one of a high order. He really was well born, still held his commission in the army, and had served with bravery, and earned for himself military distinction. He was a bold bad man. Jack learned enough not to be very scrupulous on his account.

Just as the party were about to descend to the supper-table, a little incident occurred that had a marked, nay, a controlling effect upon Sir John's future fortunes. A very pretty prattler, with a very active female tongue, asked him how he had been amused by the party.

"Bored—bored—wearied to death."

"Then why did you come at all? Am I not worthy an answer? Had you any purpose at all, in coming?"

"Yes, I had, miss," said Jack, in his natural and abrupt manner.

"For heaven's sake let me know it! How you have altered! What was it, Sir John?"

"I came to lose myself, and find a wife."

There was a titter from every expectant within hearing, and every unmarried lady was expectant. But one peculiarly infantine laugh Jack fancied he had heard before.

"Truly, soberly, seriously, are you in earnest?"

"Truly, soberly, seriously, I am in earnest."

"Well, then, you have only to look round."

"O whistle and I'll come to you my lad?" softly sang a very sweet voice, and which proceeded from some one who was concealed by a group of the ladies that, since his display, had not ceased to stand round Sir John. Jack whistled the bar of "Will you have a jolly sailor?" when a giggle was heard, and, for a moment, the Hebe and simple countenance of Miss Scrivener was thrust between the two haggard countenances of two maidens well advanced in years, and then instantly withdrawn. Shortly afterwards, all conscious and blushing, she was seated by Sir John, and he led her to the supper-table.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Jack's double duel, and his singular preparations—Beats both his adversaries, and comes off with flying colours—Jack's school of fencing proved to be the best—He makes various friends, who make themselves very free, particularly at Jack's expense.

NOTWITHSTANDING Mr. Scrivener's unsuccessful journey to Portsmouth—unsuccessful so far as to the attainment of the principal object he had in view; notwithstanding his unrepaid outlay for flags and bands; notwithstanding that his bill of costs was rigidly taxed;—yet he had contrived to pay all his expenses, and to put what he called a pretty surplus penny in his pocket. Though thus partially defeated, he never despaired. He looked upon our hero as his predestined prey, and on this subject no Turk was ever stronger in his belief of predestination. Consequently, he never lost sight of him. He informed himself of all his motions, and, in spite of many repulses, he was determined to force upon him his acquaintance, and, if possible, to extort from him his confidence.

The principal engine to effect this was a delicate and beautiful one—his fair and simple daughter, Eugenia Elfrida. It was to Mr. Scrivener that Sir Edward was indebted for those soul-touching insinuations that had appeared in the public papers. These, with the turn of events, had decided the conduct of that cautious gentleman. No sooner had Mr. Scrivener been informed that Jack was to make his first appearance in society, than, at an hour's notice, he had contrived to procure an invitation for himself and daughter; and, in order the better to observe our hero's conduct, and shape his course accordingly, he had kept her and himself out of his sight, until what he deemed the proper moment for appearance.

We have nothing more to record of this eventful evening than the last part of the dialogue between him and Miss Scrivener, which took place after supper, and much champagne.

"One kiss, Hugee—only one kiss for poor Jack."

"La, now! for shame; how can you be so, Sir John?"

"I'll be anything, pretty, precious Hugee—only one little tiny one."

"You sailors do get on so. You would not have me kiss you in all this bustle, you naughty man, you. I wouldn't for a ship-load of gold."

"Only now give me a squeeze with your delicate little flipper—your hand now, pretty one—as an earnest you will give me the other the first opportunity. Strike me comfortable, if I don't love you dearly."

"Well, then, I will now, Sir John, if you won't think ill of me—on one condition."

"Oh you angel, I adore conditions and you too—only name it."

"Dear, dear Sir John, only just go up to papa, and shake hands with him. Won't you, now?"

Jack looked at Mr. Scrivener, who was looking at both of them from a convenient distance, and whistled the three first notes of the old tune; and then he turned his eyes upon the beaming, beautiful countenance of Eugenia, and was conquered. He walked up to Mr. Scrivener, took hold of his too willing hand, and shaking it, exclaimed, "How are ye, lawyer, how are ye?"

Mr. Scrivener had gained his point, and all his wishes now seemed easily attainable.

Sir John was assiduous in seeing the young lady to her father's carriage; and, amidst the noise and confusion of many departures, there was distinctly heard a reverberating smack, that the dreamy watchman in the next street mistook for the springing of his rattle by a brother dreamer. The conscious "La, you there now!" of Miss Scrivener, gave an explanation to the noise, that was exceedingly pleasing to her father.

That gentleman did not immediately drive home, but repaired first to Bow-street; and, much to his mortification, he found the office closed. He had now a watchful, even a parental care for Sir John; and he did not intend that his throat should be cut, at least for the present. He considered that he had an undoubted right to the first bleeding.

Jack went to rest in a delirium of tumultuous feelings, for the most part triumphant and pleasurable. As he sank to rest among heaps of the softest down, he forgot the forecastle of the "Old Glory," and no longer envied Giles Grimm the command of his yacht.

At six in the morning he was awoke from a very

blissful dream of champagne, Miss Scrivener, and a romp in the fields near Portsea, to an invitation to small swords, and a little choice carving at the human frame divine.

Jack got up grumbling and swearing, on that cold foggy October morning. He well understood that in this step he must bear himself not only manfully, but with those attentions to etiquette that his present station, and the new character with which he wished to invest himself, demanded. He found in the drawing-room a gaunt warrior-looking man, that grinned a ferocious satisfaction, and evinced a grim delight in the office he came to fulfil. It was to measure swords, and to fix the place and time of meeting.

At that period duels were rarely fought with pistols, and small swords were looked upon as a necessary appendage to the dress of a gentleman. It so happened that Jack's sword was about an inch shorter than those of his two antagonists; but this advantage he willingly waived; and then the belligerent ambassador having intimated, and very accurately described, a certain field at the back of Islington church, and the hour eight, with much formality he took his leave.

Sir John Truepenny called to him his amanuensis, with whom he took counsel. He had become much attached to this youth; and, it was only out of regard to the advice of Sir Edward, that he had not already admitted him to the familiarity of friendship. It was needful that our hero should have a second, but, from the state of seclusion in which he had been immured, there was no one with whom he could take the liberty of requesting his attendance. The office of second was not at that time, one of so little personal danger as it is at present. Upon the most frivolous pretences, the seconds would themselves engage; these pretences they would seek for, and create; and even if the principals were rather slow at their tierce and quarte, or the weather was too cold to make idly standing agreeable, or even the canine propensity to pugnacity—each of these was often a sufficient motive for extracting the steel, and making a few passes at each other, merely *pour passer le temps*.

Now, Sir John would not expose his cousin to all

these risks, which were fully displayed to him by Mr. Hawkins; and he knew enough of the character of his lawyer not to invite him to a breakfast in which the powers of digestion would very probably be tried upon cold iron. His amanuensis would most willingly have offered himself, but for two reasons:—in the first place, he could not fence; and, in the next, though he knew what ought to be done on the field, from inexperience he did not know how to do it. At length, this gentleman remembered an old, half-pay, fire-eating, lieutenant of marines, who being disabled in the arm, and wanting a leg, could not be invited himself into the affray. He was immediately brought—introductions passed rapidly—and the offer to attend Sir John to the field was eagerly accepted

The preparations were soon effected, and short as was the time they occupied, it was sufficient for the planting, the growth, and the maturity of a sudden friendship between them. They proceeded in Sir John's carriage to Islington, and, during the drive, much was the excellent advice that he received from his second. Jack listened to it with admirable *sang froid*, and quite astonished his friend when he told him that he had not made his will.

"Well," said the marine officer, "I shall take every care that, on the first blood that is drawn from you, I shall interfere; and if the first gentleman does but scratch you, the other shall not even draw his sword. Sir John Truepenny, I must take care of your valuable life."

Sir John was much obliged.

"But," continued his friend, "have you no message to deliver—no letter to send, in case of accident? for, really, this captain Brew is ugly at his small sword, and a very mischievious man. It would not become me to tell you how many he has killed, and how many more wounded. Not that I believe one quarter that is said—but the fellow has a reputation, which makes him very bold on the field"

"I tell you what it is, friend Lieutenant Franks of the royal marines—"

"Captain, if you please Sir John; though I am strictly speaking, but a lieutenant. I have been invalided upon

the half-pay of a captain, and gentlemen, in courtesy generally allow me the rank."

"I am sure that I will call you colonel, or even general, if that will give you any pleasure—for I don't doubt you would be one or the other, if you had your proper rating. However, we must not grumble; for though I served his majesty near upon twenty years, like yourself, they only made me a captain."

"Indeed, Sir John!—hum—bah! I did hear an awkward story that you were before the mast. You were last on board of the Glory, if I mistake not?"

"You are quite right—you lay your course exactly."

"And was not Captain Firebrass, an old shipmate of mine, the captain?"

"Yes, yes—but you marines are so dull. He was captain of all the ship, whilst I merely relieved him from the care of the forecastle—I was captain there—but didn't trouble myself with mounting the swabs—left them in the head. I hope you are not ashamed of me now, Captain Franks."

"Not a bit. You were born a gentleman, and, whilst you bore yourself honestly, in any capacity however humble, you were the gentleman still. But here we are, and no doctor, I declare."

"Never mind," said Jack; "perhaps there's one among the enemy, for there seems enough of them—if not, why a sword-wound, if it is home to the vitals, no surgeon can help ye; and if it is not, why, I am too old a man-of-war's man not to know how to make a tourniquet with a handkerchief Now, Captain, Franks, I must come it grand, and drop the forecastle."

This short conversation, and something more to the same effect, took place in their walk from Islington to the meadow. It was well selected for the little ceremony, being retired, and surrounded by a high hedge, well stocked with trees, now rich in their autumnal foliage. Captain Brew had invited several of his friends to be present, as if by accident, promising them some fun, and assuring them of his magnanimity, inasmuch as he intended only to pink or disarm the ignorant sailor. The young gentleman, Mr. Dawson, did not find it so pleasant a joke. He looked, though pale, calm and collected, but certainly not eager for the fray.

When those assembled saw the unpolished, yet bold and noble bearing of Jack, some thought it a pity that so fine a man should be pricked to death, and his handsome body made a pincushion for the wary old fencer to dib in "his passes of practice;" whilst others thought that the latter would not find the pastime either easy or pleasant.

Captain Franks having duly given in his credentials, and put in Sir John's waver of right as to equality in the length of the swords, they prepared for mischief, by the principals stripping themselves to their shirts, as respected their upper garments. Both Captain Brew and Mr. Dawson adjusted themselves for the combat, when the captain stepped forward, and demanded the first essay. Now, this was done for a valuable consideration, from Mr. Dawson; and it was with dismay that the latter heard Jack demand him for his first opponent.

Hereupon a great deal of blustering and argument ensued, not only between the seconds, but the principals also took their share in it.

But Captain Franks was firm. The challenge of Mr. Dawson had the priority, and the marine officer was determined that the priority of the encounter also should be his. There seemed so much reason in this, that Brew was forced reluctantly to yield, though not without the consolation of knowing that he had pocketed the fee, and that he should be able more safely to glory over a man weakened or wearied by previous exertion.

Now Jack, in all his positions of difficulty, had adopted, and rigidly adhered to, the wise rule of saying as little as possible. Before they crossed their weapons, he was asked if he would not consent to print an apology in the papers. He shook his head, and pointed to his second. The latter replied, that as it was Sir John's first affair, the business must proceed.

When the two combatants commenced, it was remarked that Jack's attitude was ungainly, and that he handled his weapon without any regard to the laws of the science. Indeed, he carried himself so awkwardly, and seemed so inexpert, that two of the gentlemen who were present as amateurs wished to interfere, saying, that they could not permit so ignorant a person to be sacrificed. John darted thunderbolts at them, in the guise of black looks, and Captain Franks peremptorily denounced any interruption

All this encouraged the young gentleman, who began to feint, *degager*, pass and recover, *secundum artem*,—very much to his own satisfaction, and the admiration of the bystanders. Jack smiled carelessly at all this display, but still kept a wary eye upon his adversary's antics, who, grown bold from impunity, became more active and vigorous than ever. Yet, to the surprise of everybody, Jack remained untouched, though he made not a single parry that was not heretical, and consequently damnable, according to all rule. He seemed to know only, that sort of natural defence which an old woman with a broomstick in her hand would employ against the attacks of a long-necked gander.

The young gentleman, with the violence of the exercise, began to grow heated, when, on a sudden, to his unqualified astonishment, he saw his own sword flying through the air, and Jack's within an inch of his throat. Mr. Dawson had just time to find his right arm nearly wrenched from its socket, and to feel the point of his opponent's sword tickle the lower part of his neck; but before he had time to relax from his fixed stare of fright, Jack lowered his weapon, and making a bow that his dancing master would not have claimed, he said aloud—

"Gentlemen all, I was clear in the wrong. I was very offensive to this gentleman last night: wherefore I beg his pardon for it, and hope he'll shake hands with me, and not bear malice."

Mr. Dawson seized Jack's hand with eagerness, and we really believe, whilst he shook it heartily, the tears stood in his eyes. Of this we are not sure: but he said not a word, and as he put on his coat and waistcoat, he remained with his back sedulously turned upon the company, and kept his handkerchief to his forehead unnecessarily long, under pretence of absorbing the perspiration.

This feat gained Sir John great applause, and his second was garrulous in his joy. Success is, after all, the best incentive to approbation. It is not enough to deserve success; we must obtain it—or be despised.

After the conversations had a little subsided, Captain Brew intimated, through Jack's second, by his own, that he would be willing to be satisfied by a verbal apology, or even with an admission that he did not wish to offend

him on the previous night. But Jack, against all the laws of the duello, and forgetting the character of refinement of which he wished to acquire the reputation, bawled out, "he would see him damned first," and shouted to him to "come on."

Captain Brew began to think his situation not quite so desirable, and to have some doubts as to the issue of the contest. However, he felt assured that he could either kill or wound Jack, on account of his opponent's want of science; but that very want had now become terrible to him. He feared that, without waiting to parry, he would thrust simultaneously with himself; and thus, without securing his own life, endanger his. He laboured altogether under a misconception, for Sir John as much surpassed him in science as he did in physical strength. The seaman's science was the practical and deadly one. As we have before stated, he knew every branch of self-defence, in every arm. He had practised it with all nations, and for hours together—with the wily Italian, and the active and skilful Frenchman; he had put in act every thrust and feint, with small sharpened pegs of wood, after a fashion well known abroad.

In two seconds it was seen on which side lay the advantage. Captain Brew lost his presence of mind, and began to retreat. The interest and anxiety of the spectators grew intense, and they evidently thought that the Bobadil would fairly turn and run for it. At length, as Sir John was pushing him hard, he treacherously stumbled in this manner—he fell on the left knee and the outstretched palm of the left hand, and bowing in his head into the attitude of a ram going to butt, he made a vigorous thrust. In this way he expected to be totally under all Jack's guards, and, thus placed beneath him, to inflict a mortal wound. But our hero was alive to every double; for, suddenly drawing himself back, he seized his assailant's sword arm, and in an instant the weapon was wrested from his hand, broken over his head, and a sound kicking administered to him into the bargain.

We need not tell the reader, that, in duels between gentlemen, Captain Brew's attempt was unfair and dishonourable. His second protested against him and thanked, Sir John for having relieved him from the trouble of kicking his principal. That principal sneaked

off the ground, and was never more heard of in society that had any claims to be called either respectable or honest.

Jack was now become a hero indeed. Every one pressed around him—every one was eager for his notice; and arm-in-arm with his first antagonist, and accompanied by most of the gentlemen who had been present, he left the field in triumph.

Now, Sir John might have fought his battles more humorously, or at least more ludicrously—he might have convulsed the field with laughter by his antics; but, unfortunately for the lovers of fun, he was a natural character, and possessed a tolerably good portion of common sense. Those, therefore, who came to mock, remained to admire him.

From this morning may Jack's fling of extravagance be dated. He went and breakfasted with several of the first men upon the town. He was liked exceedingly, and humoured to the top of his heart. Among the most conspicuously fashionable set he became decidedly the fashion. His duels and his other exploits were commented on in the papers. Less strongly-minded fools than himself imitated his sea swagger—indeed, caricatured it—interlarded their inane talk with sea phrases, and seemed particularly anxious to learn all that our hero had been so studious to forget. Very pleasantly indeed did Jack whistle himself, fiddle himself, and yacht himself, into society. He became a gay young fellow—called himself a blood—and ruffianized a little. In spite of his careful lawyer, he lived up to his income—he had plunged into the whirl of dissipation, and knew not himself whither it was leading him.

The few following months of follies must remain unrecorded, until we publish them separately, as a fashionable novel in three volumes, under the title of the "Freaks of Jack Ashore." We must now on with our story.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Jack marries in haste, to have the more leisure for repentance—Leisure, however, he cannot find, yet repenteth notwithstanding—Sir Edward also marries, and grumbles exceedingly—family jars—full of troubles, and frothy with complaints.

Upon what we must term a false principle of delicacy, Sir Edward had now totally estranged himself from all intercourse with our unstable hero. He made ambition his deity; and though he had not forsworn love, that neglected power was consigned to all the solitariness of its own shrine in the abode of Anne. He wrote to, but never visited her. The purport of all his letters was that of love. But did he in reality feel the love he wrote about? If tried by the pure unaltering flame in the bosom whose heart had been plighted to him, we say decidedly—no; but if we judge after man's selfish nature, and his own capabilities, undoubtedly yes.

To Anne, what was time or place, or the mere accidents of life, to the truthfulness of her devotion? She sought not sacrifices, but she would have welcomed them glady to have proved the singleness and sincerity of her faith. He had offered her a release from her engagements with him, and plumed himself upon magnanimity. Magnanimity! Her answer was humble; she told him that she bound him to nothing, but, for her part, she would never relinquish hope—that she sought only *his* happiness, and bade him procure it how best he could—that, for herself, she had formed but one idea of felicity in this world, and that idea she never would relinquish—but that if this felicity were denied to her, the next best thing to it no one should deprive her of—fidelity to her vows. All this was expressed to Sir Edward in the quiet language of determination. He was, at the same time, flattered and annoyed by it.

In the mean time, he sought all means to control fortune. He became a miser in his expenditure, a courtier in his manners, a waiter upon Providence, and something more submissive than a waiter on that dispenser of the good things of Providence, the prime minister. For this he was amply rewarded, in the participation of several nice little jobs of those days of jobbery Indeed

it was affirmed that he was in partnership with that particular contractor who furnished the most complained of article to the army and navy, when most contract articles were advantageous only to the contractors.

Mr. Scrivener's star now shone triumphant. Sir John had acquired a taste for flattery, and had taken with it a zest, for which we are heartily ashamed of him, for some mean vices. We are so angry with him, that we shall not be, for some time, on such intimate terms with him, as to call him Jack. It will be now a long time before we hail him with that friendly and honest name. He is Sir John Truepenny.

Now Mr. Scrivener was an able and a practised sycophant; and Sir John, knowing him to be a rogue, liked him, or those qualities about him that flattered his vanity.

In this state of affairs, our baronet fell in love with Miss Scrivener. He stood in no awe of her superior sense, or of a better cultivated mind. Then, she was so simple, and such a loving fool—and gentle and lady-like withal—and a model so perfect of mere animal and voluptuous beauty. Sir John looked upon many fair and noble creatures; he admired some among them, but he also feared them. So he satisfied his choice by appealing from their mental to Eugenia Scrivener's physical superiority. In no high-born dame could he find the complexion so clear, the form so symmetrical and rounded, the blue eyes softer and larger, the colour of the cheeks more pure and more glowing. And whose smile was more exhilirating than his love's? It was most bewitching from its artlessness. It wrote upon Sir John's heart, in letters of light, "I joy."

"I will love her as a woman, and rule her as a child," said the foolish man.

So he married her. The courtship occupying only one month, there was no time to acquaint Mrs. Snowdrop.

Now, the only good spirit that had not deserted Sir John, was Mr. Singleheart, the honest lawyer. This straightforward person had done all that was possible to put his client in the right path. He had most strenuously opposed this marriage, and with an opposition that the once humble sailor now proudly denounced as impertinent. Mr. Singleheart became offended, and

tendered his resignation. This proceeding recalled Sir John to some sense of prudence; he apologised, and swore a round oath that nothing should ever induce him to part with him as his legal adviser, and the custodier of all his affairs; and he concluded by promising that, in all other important matters, those belonging to the marriage excepted, he would be implicitly directed by his counsels. Mr. Singleheart shrugged up his shoulders and withdrew.

Long, and strenuous, and very bitter, were the daily battles that the two lawyers fought over the settlements. Eugenia Elfrida was retained on her father's side, and duly instructed to wheedle Sir John into her parent's views, which were really for her exclusive advantage. But, on this point, all her infantine dalliance was of no avail. If her lover happened to be in a good humour, he stopped her pleadings with kisses, and called her a little fool—if only in a tolerable tone, he whistled and walked away—but if in a bad one, he took the liberty of damning all manner of law in its detail and totality, and all who practised it, all parental respect notwithstanding. This jargon about the settlements was dreadfully distasteful to him.

At length Mr. Scrivener gave up the struggle, and was content to be an honest man, because he could not help it. Such settlements and provisions were made as were suitable to the very handsome fortune that Miss Scrivener brought to her husband. The wily lawyer had not given up his point, but had only resolved to suspend his operations until after the marriage, and then he doubted not but that all that belonged to his son-in-law should be as completely under his control as if it were, and always had been, his own property. The marriage was duly solemnized, with all the splendour befitting the rank and fortune of the parties.

This act gave the deathblow to the hopes of the Truepenny family, of marrying its representative with the elder branch of the Fortintowers. Old Mr. Truepenny and his brother-trustee now no longer opposed an application to the Lord Chancellor—though it was a sore affliction to the family attorney. Sir Edward Fortintower returned to his allegiance, and shortly after married Miss Truepenny, trusting to the ulterior effects of

the application to chancery for wealth suitable to his ambition, and, as he said, to ensure the happiness of his amiable wife; though it was strongly suspected that he wished for something of a much less romantic nature.

Sir Edward went about receiving congratulations, and looked very humbly proud on all the compliments paid him for his disinterestedness in marrying under his peculiar circumstances. He affected to think that the solemn Truepenny will could not be set aside; and, though he had joined in the petition against it, that it ought not—that it would be a precedent to endanger all property. All this made the sense of gratitude on the part of his wife towards him almost insupportable to her; and her cares were increased by Sir Edward looking at times anxious and unhappy, which looks he was pleased to impute to his fears for his pecuniary future.

It must be fully understood, that Anne did not go pennyless to her husband. There was in the Truepenny family a large private property unaffected by the will. Miss Truepenny had fifteen thousand pounds of her own; yet this and Sir Edward's income were certainly unequal to the support of the dignity of a married baronet, with a suitable establishment. However, they took a very splendid mansion in Portland Place, and there appeared to be no want of money on the part of Sir Edward. Still he grumbled on.

"My dear Edward," said Lady Fortintower one morning to her husband, "may I say something to you, and hope it may be received in the same affectionate spirit that would dictate it?"

"Assuredly, my dear love," said Sir Edward, placing the paper which he was reading upon the table, and looking devoutly attentive, yet every now and then stealing a glance at the paragraph that had just before so completely absorbed his attention.

"I wish to express my grief at the insufficiency of our means—" and here the unbidden tears started into her eyes—"and of *myself*, to ensure your happiness."

"Happiness, my love! I am peculiarly happy—possessing you, how could I be otherwise?"—Then smiling lovingly, he pressed her hand, and, without relinquishing it, read a few more lines of his paper, and squeezing her

hand more ardently than before, cried out, "The clamorous scoundrel!"

"What is the matter, Edward?" said his lady, not making herself the debtor for the last energetic squeeze.

"Here is the democratical rascal, Wrongside, railing against the quality of the flour and biscuit lately supplied to the forces, upon the presentation of a most libellous and rebellious petition."

"But, dear Edward, are the flour and bread really bad?"

"That has nothing at all to do with the question, my gentle love. The flour and the biscuits are only eaten by the common men, and those who embark in our glorious naval and military services should be reconciled to some privations for the good of their country. Besides, it is well to inure them to hardships. But the grievous thing is, making this complaint a peg on which to hang sedition against the state, and a scandal against myself."

"Good gracious, Edward, how are *you* affected by it?"

"Why, I procured this very contract for Alderman Grabandall, and this democratical Wrongside more than insinuates that our food, my dear love—yours and mine, Anne—is all the better and the more plentiful, in proportion to that of the brave defenders of our country being scanty and bad."

"It is dreadful, Edward; very dreadful indeed. I don't think I shall again be able to be civil to that alderman. Why is he so frequently here?"

"Business, my love. I wish you to shew that man marked attention. Not happy, my love? how can you think me unhappy, and you near me? But I must pick out the news—I have not lately attended my place in parliament. Not happy? if there is a shade on my brow at times, it is merely that I do not see you, my love, surrounded by that splendour of which you are so worthy, which would so much become you, and which wealth only could purchase."

Sir Edward read on, till he met something that caused him to start upon his legs and exclaim, "Anne, could you ever conceive such intolerable impertinence? Our worthy, innocent, disingenuous, simple-hearted sailor—

our much beloved cousin—has filed a petition before the Lord Chancellor, to be heard by counsel on his behalf, concerning the Truepenny will. Did you ever hear of a baser ingratitude? This very moment that man, Anne, of whom you are disposed to think so favourably, had it not been for me, might have been suing as a pauper, surrounded by all a pauper's wants and misery!"

"Would that have been right, my love, and you could have prevented it!"

"It is the only fault that I could ever find, my dear Anne, in your beautifully constituted mind, that of referring the complicated interests and actions of life to abstract truths and rights. It won't work well. Society is a mass of sacrifices—I might have said, and still have been virtuous enough for society, if this John Truepenny had a right to my estates, he had only the right through the laws, and no absolute right to possession until the law had given it to him."

"But then, my own Edward, you would not have been virtuous enough for me; but that you were so, is proved by the very noble manner in which you acted all through that business. Do not impair the merit of that action by repenting of it."

"I do not; I alluded to the act, only in elucidation of Sir John's ingratitude; for though he can have no shadow of a right to any interference, and will be ultimately scouted out of court, yet will it cause a delay that is just now very annoying to me. Anne, we want money."

"I am deeply sorry to hear you say this. Why, my love, take a mansion so expensive? and the furniture also seems very costly."

"It was all for your sake, loveliest; and I must keep up my connexion."

"And yet we hardly see any one, excepting city people, contractors, stock-brokers, and merchants—very worthy people, I am sure. Yet this household display was hardly necessary for them?"

"Ah! my little wife, are you so shrewd? They are the best acquaintance, my dear, for a poor baronet. But do not embrace the idea, either that I am miserable, or that our outlay is beyond our means. I only wish that we were richer, and that Sir John had not proved so ungrateful."

"I believe, when you inquire into it, that you will find he knows nothing of the matter. Yet I have been much deceived in him. His late course of life is utterly at variance with the heart and the sense that I once gave him the credit of possessing.—Farewell, my love."

"What?—shall you be so long absent? Remember that I am only happy whilst I believe you to be so. Ah! you have sadly spoiled me, Edward; never before was I covetous of riches."

Sir Edward went upon his multifarious business. He saw at least twenty persons before he returned home to dress for dinner; and the last call he made was upon our very undignified hero, from whom he went to his club.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A conversation between two ladies, in which matrimony is discussed, and the imperative duty of dames to shew a proper spirit insisted upon.

But Lady Fortintower had also her occupations. Lady Truepenny had been, for a very long time, as a stranger to her, and there had been no encouragement held out by either her or Sir Edward for an intimacy between the families. Cards of ceremony had been scrupulously interchanged, and in that consisted all the notice they had taken of each other. Lady Fortintower was, therefore, surprised when she heard the name of Lady Truepenny announced, and receiving, at the same time, an earnest note, requesting that Lady Fortintower would be at home to her.

There was no awkwardness in the meeting, for Lady Truepenny was too simple to feel, and Lady Fortintower too highly bred to shew any. The former was flurried and agitated, and had evidently something of importance to communicate.

"Permit me to congratulate you personally. I trust that you are as happy——"

"Not as the day 's long, as you were going to say,

my lady; and it 's a wonder too, for, really, Jack 's a good fellow."

"Meaning Sir John Truepenny?"

"Of course; I call him Jack, and he calls me Gin, though your ladyship very well knows that Eugenia Elfrida are really the names I was christened by. Gin is an odious abbreviation—but Jack will have it—he says he will have his Gin—and, really, sometimes I think he gets too much of it."

"Of neither, I trust, Lady Truepenny—meaning you, or the vulgar liquor?"

"Both! O dear me! both. When he was a bachelor, he would not touch spirits; but now nothing comes amiss to him. He beat Sir Bilberry Blink, the night before last, drinking raw brandy for a wager. He came home swearing drunk, and was going to beat me too."

"How very horrid!"

"Oh, that 's not the worst of it; he positively burned, with his own hands, my new Brussels lace robe, because it was cut too low in the bust. Now I call that really horrid—the swearing sea-brute!"

"That was very terrible, indeed; I am extremely sorry to hear that Sir John gives way to such violences I always imagined that he was a very good-tempered man."

"Good-tempered! dear, dear Lady Fortintower, it was only this very morning that he kicked my respected father all down-stairs, and flung his hat out at him, as he bundled him down the stone steps into the street!—hi—hi—hi!—I can 't help laughing, it was so droll—isn't it very shocking?—hi—hi—hi! I do assure you I was never so much hurt in my life—I did scream so, and yet it was funny beyond anything. I wish you had seen it."

"Really, I am very glad I did not; but Mr. Scrivener must have given Sir John some cause for this intemperate conduct?"

"Not the least in the world, I do positively assure you—only I believe it is all along of your good lord and master."

"My good lord and master! Surely you cannot mean Sir Edward?"

"Nobody else, madam. He called this morning for the first time, and was very civil to me; but he came on

business, and scolded my good lord and master for going to law with him; and then my good man—humph—we call husbands by strange names!—my good man got into a bad passion, but not with your good man—but with my dear, careful, prudent papa. So papa being in the way, my good man kicked him out; and, what is to be done, the Lord in heaven only knows—that is to say, if he ever would trouble himself about it."

"Do you know, dear Lady Truepenny, that I do not like your taking that name that you last mentioned in vain. What can I possibly do to serve you in this affair?"

"Nobody can serve me, that I can see; I am a very ill-used woman—all because I 've been a dutiful daughter."

"How is that possible?"

"Why, Jack and I would have rubbed on very well together, if papa would have left us alone—for, really, John is a good soul, and not such a fool as papa and all the fine gentlefolks wish to make him. At first, I had everything my heart could wish, and dear, dear Jack seemed inclined to settle down and be as comfortable as all that the world could give could make us. Indeed, he longed to go into the country, and see some of his fine estates, and talked about studying, and all that nonsense."

"Begging your pardon, I think he talked very well."

"Perhaps so, for he must know his own deficiencies; but I think, with all his fondness, he was a little impertinent when he presumed to talk of mine. I deficient—indeed!—I want instruction! It is all very well to say so in comparison, madam, with you and other quick ladies; but, in comparison with an uncouth sailor like him, the thing, as my father truly said, was quite insulting."

"And did your father say this?"

"He did; and very right he was, I think."

"I am bitterly—deeply sorry for it. Might I suggest to you, my dear madam, that it would not only be more dutiful, but really more pleasant to you, to listen more to your husband, and less to your father."

"I thought so once; but it is too late now. I have

discovered that, with all his bluntness and his make-believe frankness, Sir John Truepenny has a bad heart!"

"You surprise me by saying so. I should have thought directly the reverse. Have you any strong reason for coming to this painful conclusion? It ought to be a very strong one."

"O! the very strongest, bless you. He has no regard for my interest—none for my father. I have made it a particular request to him—actually gone down on my knees to him—to have nothing to do with that hateful Mr. Singleheart, who was so stingy about the settlements, and to make my father his only agent; and—would you believe it?—he is deaf to me, and was so indulgent in everything else; but to refuse me so obstinately in what I have most set my heart on, is quite enough to break it. Do you call that love?—and such grand reasons as my father gave!"

"Well, what followed?"

"I was determined to tire him out. It was such a trifle! and such an insult, too, to my poor father, not to be preferred by his son-in-law to a miserable pettifogger who does not keep his carriage as pa does, and has done ever since I can remember. Mr. Singleheart does not even keep a horse or a man-servant. Such conduct of Sir John's was a reflection upon the family dignity."

"Pray go on."

"I am not fond of shewing spirit—it is so troublesome; but I have got some, however, and a very proper spirit, I do assure you it is. So, as I made so little progress, pa thought I ought to shew more spirit, and I did."

"I have no doubt of it; now tell me the result."

"But who can shew a proper spirit without losing temper—I can't—can you?—So I got in a passion, and, gave it Jack properly—I called him some hard names—I do assure you I did. You may think I am very tame, but I did indeed!"

"But how did Sir John behave?"

"In the worst manner possible! Instead of seeing the thing in the proper light, and consulting the honour of the family, he d——d me and papa both, and told me if I wished to fight the battle out in Billinsgate Reach,

he had a broadside of double-shotted guns quite at my service. What coŭld the wretch mean?"

"Pray—pray do not call him wretch!"

"I called him worse than that; so, ever since, he has turned our beautiful mansion into a tippling shop. Such company!—such scenes!—and then he will come home drunk, with bruised body, scratched face, and blackened eyes—be away in his sailing-boat for days, and tell me, jeeringly, that I ought to be a very happy woman, as I had his entire permission to go to the devil my own way, and not to cross his."

"This is a very melancholy description indeed. I could not give you advice without becoming so offensive as, most likely, to cause you to persevere in your present course out of mere resentment. It is clear to me that you ought immediately to make your election between your father and your husband, and I trust that God will enlighten your heart to judge rightly."

"Oh! all that 's past and done with. Besides, there 's Colonel Chacebell, and several very gentlemenly men—and a lord among them—assures me that Sir John disregards his marriage vow, and makes game of me among naughty women. I once got hold of a letter addressed to him from a lady,—'I 've caught you now, Master Jack,' said I; so I broke the seal and read it; but I got nothing for my trouble. It was nothing but a canting sermon addressed to him on the shockingness of his life, and signed Susan Snowdrop—some fictitious name, no doubt; for surely it can't be the bum-boat woman's daughter."

"I don't think the name was fictitious. Do you remember any of its contents?"

"O! they were pure good in the preaching line—talked of his immortal welfare, and all that sort of stuff, and spoke of my happiness being in his hands, and that Jack was responsible for it here and hereafter. It almost made me cry—that 's flat; and I would have given it to Jack with all my heart and soul, for it might have done him good, but you know I couldn't as I had broken the seal—so I burnt it."

"All this is very melancholy indeed!" said Lady Fortintower, with a look of sorrow approaching to anguish. "What can I possibly do for you and for your husband?"

"O! a great deal you can do, and do do it—there 's a pretty Lady Fortintower. You and Sir Edward have great influence over my stiff-necked bargain. Only persuade him to do what father likes, and alter my settlements—that 's all; and I 'll love you both as long —as long—as I live—and I can't say any more."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The parable of the fat ox and the blackbirds—Jack goes on badly—Takes up with low vices and low companions, and consequently is often taken up himself—Goes into the country, and talks about election matters—Shews his ignorance by shewing his patriotism—Forms his own resolution.

The last chapter furnished a tolerably accurate picture of Sir John's domestic life, which life not exactly suiting him, he, with a rude sort of art, had contrived to make himself as little domestic as he could. He had hoped to kick many of his troubles out of his house with his father-in-law. He deceived himself, for his daughter remained. Our hero did not much speculate, for he did not much care, in what manner Mr. Scrivener would behave under the public insult to which he had subjected him. Mr. Scrivener himself appeared to take no notice of it whatever. He abstained from the house of his son-in-law, but in no other way shewed his sense of resentment.

Some time after this, in the midst of his repinings, Sir Edward was removed into the Upper House, by the title of Baron Fortintower; and thus one of the essentials of the famous Truepenny will was accomplished. But the essential to which the new Lord Fortintower attached the most consequence was still wanting to him—the Truepenny estates—through the very provisions of the will itself.

Now my lord had vainly flattered himself that in one or two hearings the prayer of the petition to the chancellor, merely as a matter of course, would be granted, as his interview with Sir John had removed, as he thought, every opposition. Accordingly, he remained

with his bride in England, although he had been appointed minister to a very snug little German court, with a salary more consonant with the dignity of the august nation which he represented, than the paltry little principality which was to benefit by the representation. How infinitely was he deceived!

Now for the lawsuit. Conceive to yourself a noble fat ox struck suddenly dead on an open plain, and call it the Truepenny cause. First there comes a grave old raven, with an immense capacity of paunch, and a beak some little the worse for wear. He squats himself down upon the very highest point of the ox, a little rich eminence of fat; he thrusts his bill into it, gives, with his mandibles, a smack or two, then tosses them up towards the clouds with a glorious access of satisfaction, and commences with "Caws! cause! cause!" in a triumphant outcry. This raven of a goodly presence is my Lord Chancellor.

At the gathering cry of "Caws! cause! cause!" four or five other ravens, all black birds, eagerly hop over the carcass, and begin digging their bills into it with wonderful activity, plucking forth rare savory bits, while they join in the chorus of "Caws! cause! cause!" between each mouthful; nor is the call unanswered. Another flock of birds, equally black and hungry, join in the rich repast; but the two sets, whilst they are cramming themselves to suffocation, make strange grimaces at each other, with strange noises, as if they were quarrelling—but it is no such thing. These are the counsel for and against the Truepenny cause.

But there is another set of birds of prey, more abject and quite as voracious—an obscene gang; these do not presume to mount on the body, but, echoing the common cry of *cause!* hop round and round the carcass, spying out, and acquainting the black birds above, where are situated the nicest morsels; and in return for this service, get thrown to them most of the garbage, and sometimes a savoury bit or two as a reward—these are the attorneys in the Truepenny cause. Alas! for the fat ox and the rightful owners thereof!

At the very first hearing of the petition of Lord Fortintower in behalf of Anne his wife, as sole heiress, and the two trustees, to set aside the will, as most of its

provisions had been accomplished, and immediately after this very natural and just request had been legally made, up hop out of their covert one, two, three, four, black birds of prey, one after the other, who rose in order to establish the right of Mr. Scrivener to be a party to the suit, in the behalf of the probable issue of his daughter; which probable issue, being of the elder branch of the Fortintower family, had rights, either if the will remained intact, or was set aside; moreover, notwithstanding, &c.

It occupied the wordy warfare of a whole term to decide whether Mr. Scrivener should be heard by the court through his counsel at all, whilst the court was listening to him on every opportunity; and those opportunities were frequent, because it was admitted on all hands that the cause was very urgent—it was a rich cause.

Early next term it was decided that Mr. Scrivener *might* be heard on behalf of a being that had no existence. Then Mr Scrivener's counsel became parentally careful of the interests of this non-existent being, and were urgent in praying that the present trustees of the Truepenny estate should be relieved from their invidious and troublesome office by the Court of Chancery, and that a receiver should be appointed under the authority of the same court;—and who so proper as Mr. Scrivener himself, the ancestor of the being not yet born?

Here another party stepped forward, and another gang of ravens hopped upon the carcass of the fat ox. This last flock clamoured for the interests of Mr. Winterton, the Truepenny family lawyer, who had a sort of freehold in the will, and a lien on the estates—so they all said—whilst that will had legal existence.

At this crisis Lord Fortintower lost his patience, and left the country. He indemnified himself by outshining in splendour the sovereign to whom he was accredited; though his complaints were heart-rending as he bewailed his poverty, anathematized all manner of law and lawyers generally, and the Truepenny lawsuit and Mr. Scrivener particularly.

On this occasion our not now worthy Sir John fell into an inexcusable passion; he could hardly be restrained from seeking his father-in-law, that kind-hearted gentleman who was so provident for his unborn children, and

laying violent hands on him. Sorry we are to record it, that he began to detest his wife, and all his feelings exhibited a downward bias. Two mornings in the week he was to be heard of in the watch-house; and he became not only the father of his own freaks, but every disgraceful outrage that took place in the metropolis was fathered upon him also. The only redeeming circumstance in these disgraceful acts was his drollery, and the complete absence of any intentional harm. But what was matter of deep regret, his constitution began to suffer—he grew bloated, and both appetite and strength began to fail him.

He had now been several months *Jack ashore*, and was no more like *Jack afloat* than a Jack in office is like Jack the Giant Killer. Jack now could kill no giants, but there were three giants very rapidly killing him; the giant Debauchery, the giant Gluttony, and the giant Drunkenness. With his companions he was sole sovereign and earthly god, but he had no friends among them—no, not one. The only friends that were accessible to him were his lawyer and his physician.

"Go into the country," said the lawyer, "for you are now living beyond your means, and your wife is ruining you."

"Go into the country," said the doctor; "for you are living beyond your stamina, and your dissipation is killing you."

"My wife be d——d," said the baronet to the legal—"curse my stamina," to the medical adviser.

But events, those stern daughters of necessity, decided against Sir John's decision. The renowned Colonel Chacehell had said that our hero could not ride—that a sailor never could ride, and that all the lessons in the world never would make him ride; a sailor might hold on, but, as to riding, a duck would more properly grace a saddle than Sir John. Colonel Chacehell was the first sporting character in the kingdom, and a vain man. It was hardly that he could be made to acknowledge Sir John's superiority in yachting. They hated each other, and they tacitly agreed to fight a duel with horses; that is to say, decide which of the two could break the neck of the other by mad riding. This was one of the events; another was, that the town began to thin, and Sir John,

fancying himself a man of fashion, would need migrate as men of fashion do. But the other event was the death of the member for the little dirty borough town of Fortintower, which town was Sir John's sole property; and as some had dared him to be a member of parliament, for that sole reason he was resolved to become one.

Not one of these events singly would have operated upon our hero in withdrawing him from his favourite haunts; but, combined, he determined to go down immediately to his principal estate, Fortintower Hall, enact the host, get returned for his own borough, hunt, shoot, and break Colonel Chacchell's neck, if he could. Accordingly, Sir John, his lady, Colonel Chacchell, and a famous dog-fancier and rat catcher, named Groggy Foxhead, made the *partie quarrée* in the baronet's travelling coach. They went down in style. Other vehicles conveyed valets, *femmes de chambre*, and the usual appurtenances to wealth, among which was his faithful, though neglected friend and lawyer, Mr. Singleheart.

We must just remark that the colonel was a very handsome, dressy, aristocratic-looking, middle-aged man, crafty and not rich; with a well-oiled tongue, and two absorbing devotions—one to himself, and the other to the fair sex. Consequently Sir John ought not to be, and nobody else was, surprised at the sporting colonel's devotion to Lady Truepenny. She liked it, but Sir John did not, though he had long ceased to like her. However, as our hero had most decidedly and charitably resolved to break the colonel's neck, he thought this outrageous flirtation might be tolerated for the little time that would elapse before the colonel was brought home, black in the face, on a hurdle.

Groggy Foxhead was an unmitigated blackguard, who ought long ago to have been hung. As he was the most unflinching rascal about town, he was petted with a great deal of patronage; he was taken down to be generally useful, and to manage the election. He could turn his hand to anything, and Sir John's acquisition of the scoundrel was much envied by the whole fraternity of lordly bloods.

We must call our friend 'Jack' once more, for really we cannot help liking him. As he approached the baronial residence of his ancestors, through majestic

woods, and the sweet silence of rural tranquillity, his heart smote him for his self-degradation. The bells of his little town rang; there was a cavalcade of the neighbouring gentry to meet and escort him home for the three last miles of his journey; and a goodly display of happy tenantry were assembled to greet him on the lawn of his stately hall.

He was silent and ashamed. At the moment he alighted, he abhorred his companions; he was disgusted at the simple forwardness of his wife, found the specious colonel detestable, and beheld the blackguard rat-catcher with absolute loathing.

He did not make a favourable impression upon his neighbours. He was awkward and shy; the honest frankness of the sailor did not appear, and he imitated the man of fashion abominably.

However, the colonel took off all trouble from his hands, and relieved him from doing the honours of the host. The respectable heads of the old families in the neighbourhood thought the new comers a queer-set, and much regretted the exchange of owners that the property had so singularly found. With the exception of those whose interests bade them stay, the rest of the gentlemen left early, and not more than fifteen sat down to dinner with Sir John for the first time in his paternal hall.

It was a night of revelry, and Sir John got aristocratically drunk; but he was drunk sooner than the rest; and when all his guests had departed, he got sober enough to observe things passing between the Colonel and his wife, that made him very miserable. It was not much—nothing more than gallantry, a little heightened by incipient intoxication, and not sufficiently repelled by the lady; and poor Jack was neither sober enough to remonstrate, nor to act; so he got dead drunk again, and in that state was carried to his room, under the superintendence of his affectionate wife and her affectionate friend.

Sir John and his lady had, for some time, slept in separate rooms. This arrangement had originated solely in the fact that the gentleman seldom went to bed at home, and never sober. Jack arose early next morning, feverish and miserable; unnoticed he walked out among his shrubberies and enclosures, eating to nausea the

bitter bread of repentance. The balmy air, the fresh breeze of the autumnal morning, the gorgeous beauty of the hanging woods, and the repose of the scene, at once allayed both his physical and mental sufferings.

He strolled on, and passed into the village, that lay cradled up in the forest beneath the Hall. Here he met with respectful and kindly greetings; he heard the voice of pity, that was not intended for him to hear, for his looks of illness—and, whilst both body and soul grew more healthful he grew more sad.

One very old man blessed him, and blessed his beautiful wife, and hoped yet to see his children before he died, to bless them also. It was long, very long, since Jack had heard the voice of nature. He was moved by it almost to tears. He took the horny hand, so hard with honourable labour, and pressed it in his now softened and flaccid one.

"Thank ye, shipmate, and heartily, for your blessing," said Sir John. "I wish you'd shew me how to deserve it."

"Why, Sir John, if you wish to deserve it, you will deserve it surely. You look kind-hearted, and arn't a bit proud like. I am but a poor old man, and can do nothing but pray for you."

"Well, I wish you would—I wish you would—it's more than I do for myself. I believe you'll be the only being in the world that does. But all this is very spooney—very."

So Jack turned away with a false shame upon him, and under a false impression too—for there was one who prayed for him constantly, deeply, and fervently—one whom he had as totally forgotten as if she had been but a casual face met one day among thousands in the market-place.

Sir John did not return home till noon, during which time it was supposed that he was getting rid of the effects of his debauch in his bed-room. He had been better employed, in endeavouring to rid himself of his evil habits. He had made very fine resolutions, and he met his wife and the colonel with a great deal of gravity, and ate his breakfast more like the proud and shy sailor, than the harum-scarum would-be man of the world.

But this morning the colonel proved very seductive, and his lady vastly amiable; and, before the repast was

over, the exciting news was brought that Sir John would not be allowed to walk over the course, and win his election unopposed. Now, Jack, before he was acquainted with this astounding fact, felt a great repugnance to stand at all, and, in his solitude of that very morning, had been shaping reasons for himself and his friends, to excuse himself for backing out, not wishing to add another folly to the already extravagant volume of his foolishness.

"Beat to quarters," said Jack, and he whistled out for the first time for a long while, "Hearts of oak are our ships," with the true spirit of a sailor. New life seemed to have been imparted to every one, and all was bustle and animation.

"I am willing to fight whilst there's a shot in the locker," continued our hero; but what am I to do?"

"I am down to all these things," said the colonel. "But you need do nothing, for Mr. Singleheart here tells me that every rascal of a voter is your tenant at will. Just send Groggy Foxhead down to the boroughreeve, or whatever the shopkeeping blackguard may be called, and tell him to bring his brother voters up in a body. Give the malt-loving swine a gorge of bread-and-cheese and ale, and then, without ceremony, order them to broomstick the new candidate out of the place the moment he dares shew his impudent face. We live in a free country, Sir John, where every one has a right to do what he likes with his own."

"But colonel, will that be fair fighting, above-board?"

"Fair! to be sure it is. What do you think they have the privilege of voting for?"

"To choose the best parliament man, I take it."

"Pooh! a forecastle notion. To maintain the independence of English character, the prosperity of the country, and to obey their landlord."

"Come, Mr. Singleheart, let us have your notion," said Sir John.

Now, Singleheart, though one of the fraternity of blackbirds, was, as we have before stated, a rare bird (which reads just as well as a *rara avis*), being in all things honest; and if there be degrees of honesty, which may be well doubted, his honesty was the more pure and enlightened, the more beings it was likely to affect. He

he venerated honesty as between man and man, he adored it as between man and millions. His simple heart, warm with this feeling, he became eloquent, and launched out in such a strain of enlightened patriotism, that it startled the colonel, made Jack get up and hug him, and set his lady yawning so outrageously, that it cost her the practice of an hour and a half at her looking-glass, before she could again make her pretty features settle down into their habitual smile.

Sir John formed his resolution, and acted upon it instantly. Before he rose from the table he sent for his steward, and gave directions that a splendid dinner should be provided that day week for seventy. When he took the trouble to rouse himself, there was that about him which not only forbade disobedience, but overawed question. The colonel smiled, shrugged up his shoulders, and offered his arm to Lady Truepenny, who exclaimed, "O la! seventy!" and tripped with her devoted attendant into the conservatory.

"I say, lawyer," said our hero to Mr. Singleheart, who remained, "you are a heart of oak—sound, sound to the core. I honour you, but I don't like you—that is not much. I detest that colonel—he knows it; and yet, after dinner, I should be loath to part with the beggar. But my head, at times, wanders sadly. On board, I could get drunker than David's sow at night, and have no more head-ache, next morning than a boar-pig. Now lawyer, see this be done, and well done. In my name let a respectful note of invitation be sent to every one of the voters of the borough, to honour me with his company to dinner next Saturday. Let the note be respectful—such a note as a middy would send to a post-captain. I will shew my deference to the suffrage—that's the word, I believe—for the man, lawyer, who would bully his countrymen out of their rights, deserves something worse than being kicked to death by butterflies. Now, there's a jolly cock, don't preach against me this morning. I'll be good by-and-bye; you've put me in the right tack as to the voting; now let me know how all this used to be managed."

With a little trouble, and some few repetitions, Mr. Singleheart made him understand that the freemen of the borough had, time out of mind, voted either for the

owner of the property or his nominee—that under this influence, now a Whig, and now a Tory, had been returned—that the late member had been put in by his cousin Lord Fortintower, it was rumoured, for a very handsome consideration—that he was a Tory, and that it was expected that he, Sir John, would either stand for the borough himself on the Tory interest, or put in a member with similar principles."

"But who expects this?"

"Lord Fortintower, assuredly. Had not Mr. Veerall died so suddenly, and had his lordship been in England, the latter would have prompted you before now. The minister expects it also, for favours done to your cousin he looks upon as obligations conferred upon you, and Lord Fortintower has been much favoured."

Jack whistled out shrilly the bar of a very ugly tune.

"I have no doubt that you will soon hear, either directly or indirectly, from the minister himself on this subject. However, as parliament will not again meet before January, there is plenty of time to arrange your plans before the Speaker can issue his writ for the election."

"And you think that all this quarter-deck ordering is wrong?"

"Decidedly! I have said it—I have proved it."

"Then leave the matter to me."

Sir John sent for his man of all-work. He appeared in a state fit for any or for none.

"Groggy, you blinking varmint, you are already three sheets in the wind. How dare you to stow away your spirits before your master? There, take that," (administering an orthodox box on the ear,) "to steady your top hamper. I am villanously served, Mr. Singleheart."

"You have villanous servants—what else can you expect?"

"Ah, true! but that's preaching. What have you to say, you blackguard?" said Sir John to the ratcatcher.

"I aint got nuffen to say particular wise—only as this—Muster Steward as a guv me a gallows drain o' summut short, upon your honnor's fat, beastly, thick—ick ale; I'll sob—ob—obber myself in no time. I'll get a little cold water pumped upon my pimple—and I'll be more sobberer than a judge, and a precious sight 'cuter."

In a very short time, the fellow was as fit for roguery as nature had designed him to be, and that is saying a great deal for Groggy's capacity, and for nature's power He was then ordered to go into the town, and learn by all possible means the sentiments of the voters, and, without compromising his master, to report them to him faithfully.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Jack plays sad pranks—Frightens his company, robs the rector, astonishes the doctor, and mortally offends the lord-lieutenant—in fact becomes a very bad boy, neglecting his wife, and cultivating the bottle—Election matters further discussed—How to shoot flying, and to mark your game.

Horses were ordered, and the rest of the day was occupied in riding about the estate, and in returning the calls of the neighbouring gentry. The party consisted at first only of the colonel, Sir John, and his lady. Our hero, during the excursion, fell into a thousand inconsistencies, and his humours were more variable than the flaws of wind on the tropical ocean—now agitated with contempt, now with pity, for his wife—now angry with the colonel because he was not sufficiently amusing, and now still more angry because he was so much so—and always hating him. Indeed, that sporting officer treated Jack like a hooked shark—he played with, tormented, but was fearful of coming too near him. They were both well mounted, and Sir John vainly tempted him to make the most dangerous leaps, and to ride races with him over the most broken ground.

As they proceeded, they gathered several gentlemen in their train, among whom was the immense rector, and his more moderately proportioned curate—both mighty hunters; and afterwards they were joined by the principal doctor of the place. Sir John kept all these in roars of laughter by his strange language, his mad challenges to Colonel Chacchell, and his singular freaks of horsemanship. That morning the colonel chose to be all gentleness and urbanity, and assiduous in attention to Lady Truepenny, as if to make the contrast between him and his host the greater. Whenever they met any

one on the high-road who took off his hat to Sir John, he hooked it away with his riding-whip, and whirled it in the air; and made demonstrations of dismounting, to kiss every pretty woman whom he met.

He then dared Colonel Chacchell to play a game of "follow your leader," and upon receiving a polite refusal he commenced playing tricks with himself and his horse, —now riding with both legs on one side of the saddle, now on the other, and sometimes with his face to the tail of his steed. But there was so much good-humoured drollery exhibited in all these absurdities, that they elicited roars of laughter. It is so easy to laugh with our landlord, our patron, and our host. The colonel, however, got on most amicable terms with the doctor, and in the most natural way in the world called his attention to all Jack's freaks. He was a sad designing fellow, that colonel.

At length the cavalcade approached a sluggish, muddy pool of water by the roadside, which Jack challenged the colonel to leap with him. This, of course, was refused. Sir John then taunted him bitterly with want of pluck, and avowed his determination of making the leap by himself. From this, every one present endeavoured to dissuade him, for the very sensible reason that no horse that was ever foaled could have done more than about half the distance. Could there have been a better cause assigned for making Jack attempt it? He made three or four trials; but the more intelligent animal swerved three times, and refused it. But, at last, being maddened and goaded by whip and spur, he made a most extraordinary effort, and plunged himself and rider in the centre of the abominable stagnant slough.

Not one of the party but was covered with the splashing of the liquid mud—in such quantities, too, that it drowned their propensity to laughter. The noble animal was fixed deep in mud and water above the saddle. Sir John was obliged to dismount, and, with the water up to his neck, to wade on shore. It was only a joke to him—he loved the water in every place but in his own throat —clear salt water, if it were to be had, if not, fresh water —and even dirty fresh water was better than none.

The next thing to be done was to relieve the horse from his situation, which, by the assistance of some

labouring men, was with much difficulty, effected. Then against every remonstrance, wet and filthy as he was, Jack persisted in re-mounting, saying, that it would prevent himself and horse from taking cold. Once more seated, every one gave him a wide berth. He had lost his hat, and his lately curled and powdered hair hung down lankily, and in streaks of various colours, upon the collar of his blue and gold-laced coat. His hair not only accommodated a sufficient quantity of mud, but was thickly entangled with duck-weed, whilst strips of that dark-green filth usually found in stagnant waters in autumn, hung over his whole outward man.

The colonel turned his horse's head, and cried, "Home home!"

Jack turned also as suddenly, and riding purposely up against him, added a little of his slime to the already bespattered gentleman, and heading him, and all the party, shouted lustily, "No! no!"

There was hesitation.

"Blow my topsails into shreds, do ye call this manly riding, lubber, that ye be? While in London, it was all very well to be like gilt gingerbread in a fair; but to sh— tail for a little mud and water in the country, do ye call that manly, and be d—d to ye? I tell ye what it is, my hearties—you're all volunteers—to desert is downright mutiny; and I'll just pull that man's nose that don't sail the whole voyage with me."

As Jack looked fierce and determined, every one turned his horse's head, and Sir John, spurring through the group, again took the lead.

"Sir John Truepenny is very much excited," said Doctor Kilcumpil.

"Oh, nothing extraordinary *for him*," said the colonel, with a smile of diabolical significancy.

"Oh—hum! Ah! ha!"

Jack rode forward a little while in silence, shaking his sedgy locks like a sea god mounted upon a hippopotamus.

At length he reined up, and placing himself beside the rector, he looked into his round and rubied countenance with an intense energy, then immediately relaxing his features into a smile of the blandest insinuation, he requested the loan of his reverence's hat and wig.

"My hat and wig, Sir John Truepenny? Impossible?"

"Really, my dear Doctor Canticle, I must have them; I ask upon Christian grounds."

"Sir John! Sir John!" shouted every one.

"I am quite bald," said the rector, not at all liking the look of the advocate of Christian principles. "My wig is clerical, and my hat is clerical, and would not at all harmonize with the gay profanity of your dress."

"Call you this gay?—Is this?—is this?—Nay, look at my outward man is blackened into humility; verily, I am like a vessel tarred all over with a tar of very deep blackness—I beg your wig for charity's sake—and begging the wig, you will, upon Christian principles, give the hat also—verily!"

"But verily I will not," snuffled out the parson, now in great trepidation. "Thou quotest the scriptures wrongly, and art thyself a wrong-doer; I will abide no more in thy society. What does the mad-brained sailor mean?" The last sentence was commendably inaudible.

Now changing his tone, Jack sang out, man-of-war-fashion, "Come, belay all that,—unship your head-gear and that in the twinkling of a star. Am I to sit here, in the middle of my own estate, with my pole as bare as the breech of a gun with its apron off, whilst you, fatheaded, word-spinning, gospel-twisting, amen-singing, text-splitting son of a slush-tub, keep jogging comfortably on, wigged like a midshipman with a cribbed day's work, and hatted like a coalheaver? Unship, I say."

But the worthy divine had pushed forward, and, clapping spurs to his horse, made off at full speed. Sir John was after him in a moment, and the rest of the company after both in full cry. Jack soon came up with the chase who surrendered at discretion, threatening all manner of actions at law, and punishments unlawful. Sir John, with an air of satisfaction, placed the wig on his own head, and the hat on the wig, and then rode on with a great deal of holiness in his demeanour, whilst the rector rode off with his silk handkerchief over his skull, and tied under his chin, with very little of holiness anywhere about him.

All present thought this, though a little mad, a very humorous exploit: indeed, the curate told Sir John that the joke was quite attic; but the curate was peculiarly gifted for appreciating Jack's jokes, for the rector was a

above threescore, drank and hunted hard, and the living was at our hero's disposal.

It was now supposed that Sir John would have been contented with this foolish exploit, and have returned home, but nothing was further from his purpose. He said that he fancied himself excessively in his new head-dress, and his sense of politeness would not permit him to omit calling upon Lord Loftiput, the lord lieutenant of the county, whose mansion they were now fast approaching.

As he could not be prevailed on to change his resolution, every one, except the colonel, declined accompanying him; so Lady Truepenny rode homewards with a tolerably strong escort, and Sir John and the Colonel waited upon the earl.

Now, Colonel Chacehell had not been quite so much bespattered as the rest of the company, and had used all his art and care to rub off the mud as fast as it had dried; consequently he was not altogether a fright, but certainly in a very unfit state for a lady's drawing-room. Jack was filthy, and gloried in his filth.

We know that our hero could do only one of two things—act in his own character, or mimic that of some other; and in mimicry he was not to be surpassed. But he was already at the door of the drawing-room before he had made up his mind which character he should assume.

Sir John was announced; and as his strange story, with the usual exaggerations of a strange story, had previously heralded him, there was no little interest in the earl's family to see what manner of man he might be. The countess and her five showy daughters, and her four sons, with somevisitors, were all assembled in the best drawing room, with the earl, to impress Jack with a due sense of their own importance, and to estimate his.

Just as the doors of the room were flung open, Sir John decided not to be himself, but, as he had on Doctor Canticle's wig and hat, to put on also so much of his clerical character as he had discovered, when he attempted to disguise the sportsman with the parson's cassock. But this was so small a specimen to act by, that Jack was obliged to eke out the assumption with

something methodistical; so, drawing down his jaws, and casting his eyes up to the ceiling, he entered the room, closely followed by Colonel Chacehell.

Jack spoke not, but, advancing slowly into the middle of the apartment, stood bolt upright, with his toes turned well in, his hands folded across his breast, and with his two thumbs slowly revolving round each other. He had made up his features into a stony rigidity, excepting at the corners of his half-closed eyes, where were nestled whole clusters of little laughing imps. This new metamorphosis, accustomed as was the colonel to Jack's freaks, astonished even him.

The earl and the colonel were known to each other.

"We have met with an accident this morning, which must excuse our appearance; but Sir John Truepenny was so eager and so anxious to pay his duty to your lordship, that we determined to do so instanter, trusting that your lordship would excuse the effects of our little mishap."

"Don't mention it, Colonel Chacehell, don't mention it; and this is the famous Sir John Truepenny?"

"The famous Sir John Truepenny!" said the colonel, with an ambiguous grin.

The earl bowed low—Jack leisurely took off his shovel hat, and bowed much more lowly—so low, indeed, that his, or rather Doctor Canticle's, wig fell off, and disclosed his own powder-and-mud plastered hair richly bedecked with duck-weed. The ladies, not excepting the stately countess, were tortured with suppressed laughter, whilst all the gentlemen gave free vent to their mirth. Jack did not allow his face the play of a single muscle, but placing his toe in the wig, he lifted it with his foot to his left hand, and then with his right began to belabour it, as if it had been sensible to chastisement.

After this whimsical ceremony, he placed it again on his head, considerably awry; then, drawling out his words, he exclaimed, "I am now under the protection of the church, nay, I am as a folded lamb, I am beneath the pent-house of the temple, and in safety will I sit down among the scoffers."

Having thus ejaculated, he flung his bemired person on one of the rich damask sofas, to the utter dismay of the countess, and the infinite mirth of her daughters.

The earl and Colonel Chacchell whispered each other aside

"Mad or drunk?" said the former.

"Neither wholly one nor the other, but considerably both," was the reply.

In endeavouring to draw out Sir John in conversation, that genius proved excessively shy. Whenever he stumbled on a sea-phrase, he would stop short and commit some conventicle impiety, with a very sanctimonious look. He spoke of having received glimpses of the new light, of having been lately stuck fast in the slough of Despond, of his rescue from thence, of his pursuit of grace, and how the personification of it, in the appearance of Doctor Canticle, had fled from him—how he had overtaken it, and how he had transferred all the human and divine grace the rector ever possessed to his own individuality, when he appropriated to himself his hat and wig.

Sir John then complimented the earl upon his great Christian humility, the countess upon her want of worldly ostentation, and the young ladies upon the humble simplicity of their dress; said something quite touching upon the honest manliness of the young honourables, and was absolutely pathetic on the high moral character and chaste and immaculate conduct of the colonel. All this was done with a stolid gravity that no repartee could shake. Indeed, all present were at a loss to know if all this was the outpouring of foolishness, or if he did not make his apparent folly the cloak for the most bitter sarcasms

Nor did he confine his annoyances to words. He did all the damage that he could—soiled every chair that he could get near, threw down vases, and overturned work-tables. At last, the countess, fearing the complete devastation of her best furniture, abruptly left the room, followed by her sons and daughters, and the earl suddenly remembered a very important engagement.

"Well," said Jack, "I 'll edify with you another time. I did intend, to-day, to take pot-luck with you, as one Christian should with another, without fuss, without hypocrisy—in humbleness of spirit—in soberness, in temperance—serene in faith, discoursing of good works. We could have sent for Doctor Canticle—he would have

come in a new wig, bringing with him new light—it is impossible to say to what an extent, then, we might have carried our holiness. But another time, brother Christian; I know that your modesty is hurt by addressing you with the vain titles of profane pride; so, brother Christian, farewell."

We need not say that the most positive orders were given never again to admit Sir John Truepenny on the premises.

Jack and the colonel rode towards home, side by side, for some time in silence, each eyeing the other rather suspiciously. At length the colonel spoke.

"Truepenny, you don't play your game well."

"Ah! my water-wagtail—but you know I never game."

"Well, then, frankly, the more are you to be pitied. You want a generous excitement—a gentlemanly occupation—really your stagnation of intellect does your mind harm. You wandered strangely, and acted most absurdly, before the earl. He has cut you—dead!"

"You don't say so?"

"And now I am on the subject, as your friend—on my honour as your friend—I tell you that all this day you have been guilty of extravagances that would have locked up a person of less acknowledged sense in a madhouse. I repeat, Truepenny, you don't play your game well."

"Colonel, do I play *yours?*"

This was said with a harsh startling voice, that for a moment shook the colonel's nerves; but recovering on the instant, he said, with cool impudence, "Probably you do."

"I should like to know what are the stakes?" said Jack, relapsing again into his usual careless manners. "Though I will not game with you—though you think you are making me, in spite of myself, game *for* you—either with cards or dice, game I will not—but I'll double the bet on the steeple-chase that we are to ride."

"No, no, one hundred guineas are more than I can afford to lose, and just about as much as I should like to win of you, as I certainly shall."

"I will bet two hundred to one, if you will let me choose the ground."

"Indeed I shall not, my salt-sea fire-eater. I will dare anything that horse and man can do—but you are no judge of a horse's power, and have no eye for distance—witness the filthy pond this morning. Besides, I am not married unsuccessfully, and I do game successfully—so a broken neck would be no relief to me. Any of the neighbouring gentlemen shall select the ground, and I will ride the race with you as soon as you like."

"Well, the day after to-morrow. To-morrow we are to try the covers."

"Agreed. Play or pay. You understand, Sir John, that nothing must prevent the stakes being paid by the loser, whether the loser ride the race or not—accidents, sickness—nothing. It is all a risk, and these are the chances that make it."

"I'm up to a little, though I have not served my time to it like you—I understand all that."

"And I am to have the choice of the horses?"

"Understood."

Nothing remarkable occurred until Sir John, his lady, and a few guests, sate down to dinner. Our hero, as if to redeem his character from the absurdities he had displayed in the morning, was particularly quiet in his demeanour, and in his manners displayed the well-bred, though not the highly-bred gentleman. His visitors who had heard of his mad exploits of the morning, were pleased and astonished at his correct behaviour in the evening. The colonel always detested these fits of propriety, and continually attempted to provoke him into extravagance—this night, without effect

The repast was in full progress when the Honourable Mr. Erasmus Muskrat arrived in a postchaise and four. He was an utter stranger to Sir John; but as an under-secretary f state, and the confidant of the minister, he doubted not of a gracious reception. He was not disappointed. Jack would hear nothing about business until they had dined—and when they had dined, until they had wined—and when they had wined, until the gentleman had departed—and then, as Jack used to say, it was grog time of day, and he was fit for that or any other work that required judgment and deliberation.

Had we sufficient space, we should like to give the whole conversation between the sailor-bred baronet and

the office-bred, sucking politician—for the sugared no-meaning suavity of the one was finely relieved by the honest, manly bluntness of the other.

He brought a letter from the minister, enclosing one from his cousin, Lord Fortintower, asking Jack to influence the return of the Tory candidate, Mr. Max. Sir John told Mr. Muskrat that he should stand himself. To this the ambassador was pleased to say that he was glad to hear it, as no doubt he beheld in Sir John a supporter of those measures that were upright and just, and those men who were the bulwarks of the throne, the pillars of the constitution, and the props of liberty, &c. &c.

Jack, in order to teaze him, said, that of course he should like to be one of these, but that he intended to vote for Mr. Fox through thick and thin. Erasmus Muskrat dropped his glass in consternation—it was a false step—he recovered himself and talked.

"Well," said Jack, "you seem to be a smart, active young fellow enough"—for Jack chose to be himself in an affair of so much moment—"and I make no doubt but that you are a good mizen-top man spoiled, and that 's more than I can say in favour of one in a hundred of the young foplings we meet about town. So you shall stay here, at least till next Saturday, when all the electors will dine with me. You may then see what chance your friend has, for it shall be a fair stand-up fight between us. To-morrow we shoot, and the next day I ride a steeple-race with the colonel—you won't want amusement. There are plenty of nice girls round about, and a whole muster of them at the Earl of Loftiput's. People think me a strange sample, but I have not yet made up my mind what I 'll be—so don't take anything odd amiss. I would be the fine gentleman, did I not find that they are all really such fools or such rogues—at least all the fine gentlemen who ever fell athwart my hause. To-morrow, as I told you, we shoot —so, now, as I don't like to encourage youngsters in drinking grog, you may either go up to the ladies, or turn in. You 'll find yourself in good quarters, and the only way in which you can do your master's work will be by staying here, and seeing how the land lies."

"My master, Sir John Truepenny! but it is of no

consequence—I see that you are a humorist—so I'll wish you a good night."

Jack now ordered in his enemy, in the shape of cold rum and water, and Groggy Foxhead to be sent to him, if that worthy individual was at all in a state to converse. As he was getting sober for the third time that day, he presented himself, and filling his tumbler, the two went on to discuss their various matters. Groggy Foxhead's account of the dogs was very favourable, though, on purpose to shew his knowledge and enhance his importance, he made several profound professional remarks, and spoke of putting a few of the canine race, which he had already selected as his patients, under a course of medicine. The horses were next commented upon, and the knowing one was pleased to compliment Sir John upon the bottom and blood of his stud—they wanted a little work, but altogether they were in excellent order. Much of a two hours' conversation to this effect was, as Jack expressed it, heathen Greek to him, so he drank tumbler after tumbler of half-and-half, and won the rascal's heart by the implicit deference he paid to his judgment.

The election business was soon discussed. He had drunk with the greatest part of the voters, and had made the discovery that, so far from any other candidate than Sir John, or one of Sir John's nomination, being returned, if any person came down to oppose him, there was not a house in the place that would receive him, and the man would be very lucky, should he escape the distinction of being tarred and feathered.

Now Jack had entirely secured Groggy's affection, not so much by his kindness as by what he called his noble conduct in leaving the sole government of dogs and horses to himself.

Whenever the dog fancier could afford it, or could procure any one to afford it for him, he would get as drunk every day, and as often as he could. The first fit of inebriation was always a jovial, the second a quarrelsome, and the last a crying one. As these two enlightened individuals proceeded in their orgies, Groggy became quite sentimental and lachrymose—swore Sir John was a rigler trump—that he loved him as one of his own babbies—with much more of similar blarney.

We delight not in cockney slang, nor do we wish to indite whole pages of the patter of the rookery, or the eloquence of the back slums—in all which our caninely given friend was perfect, and out of which he could not converse. However, he made Jack understand that the colonel had given him five guineas to make our hero so dreadfully intoxicated on the morrow night, that he would be totally incapacitated from riding the steeple-race next day.

When Jack heard of this little sneaking piece of villany, it sobered him a little—he thanked his informant, told him, on pain of his displeasure, to receive money from nobody in his house but himself, took a deep draught of cold water, and, wishing his astute friend good night, retired.

Groggy drank just so much as enabled him to stagger to the bell-pull, when twisting it round his left arm, with his right hand he carried to his lips a tremendous goblet of rum a little qualified with water, swallowed it, and had just sense enough left to throw the tumbler at a distance, so that he could not fall upon it, when, as he had judiciously arranged, down he tumbled insensible, the bell rang furiously, and the servants came and carried him to bed, as he had previously designed that they should do. For getting drunk comfortably and systematically, nobody could excel the renowned Groggy Foxhead, horse-doctor, dog-fancier, and professor in brute medicine

CHAPTER XL.

Jack's first lesson in partridge-shooting—Laughed at by the Colonel—Those laugh best who laugh last—Jack hits his mark, however, and tries his powers of consolation.

The next day was ushered in by a beautiful morning. Sir John Truepenny, duly equipped in sporting dress, accompanied by the colonel, Mr. Erasmus Muskrat, two neighbouring squires, with a posse of gamekeepers and

hangers on, set out about ten o'clock to try the Fortin-tower covers. Groggy Foxhead was also there, but was not promoted to the custody of a gun.

Every one appeared in the best possible spirits, and the colonel first of all began the banter, by telling Jack not to fatigue himself too much, as he had the important race to ride the next day, and it was play or pay. Jack took it all in good part, but carried his double-barrelled gun so awkwardly that every one took care to stand out of the way. Game was soon started, and, as host, the preference of firing was given him. Jack missed everything. He chased the hares, gun in hand, instead of firing at them, ran in upon the dogs, vociferated sea-shouts, floundered through hedges, disappeared in ditches, tumbled head foremost down banks, his gun going off right and left, as he rolled, staggered, and stumbled along, in such a manner that it was very evident, that however safe the birds might be from his attempts, it was likely he would shoot something.

The Honourable Mr. Erasmus Muskrat very early took the alarm, and, pretending an intense headache, returned to the Hall. But the Nimrod spirit was too strong upon the rest of the party to be deterred by a matter so trifling. They contented themselves with swearing at Sir John, ordering him here, there, and everywhere, out of their way. Jack fired on, but with the same want of success. At length, he actually lost his temper, or appeared to have done so: spoke very contemptuously of throwing away powder and shot upon such insignificant animals as pheasants and partridges, and talked heroically of shooting down Frenchmen. The sportsmen only laughed at him, and pushed on, whilst Jack sullenly fell in the rear. Groggy was always near him. Just as our hero left the party, Colonel Chacehell shouted to him that he had better go practise at a haystack at twenty yards—but not to weary himself in the action, for the sake of the morrow's race.

The party had entered a very close plantation, and all the intervals between the trees were filled with underwood, more than breast high, admitting scarcely a pheasant through them. This cover abounded with birds, and the firing was almost incessant.

Being now considerably behind the rest, and quite out of the fray, Groggy remarked to Sir John that his hand was out.

"And yet," said Jack, "with musket and ball, I could beat any man on board. Often standing with the small-arm men on the poop, I have hit a bottle the first time, hung at the end of the fore-yard arm. I suppose it 's all practice. I wish I had a mark."

"No, no—fire at something alive, master—or at least something in motion. Just lend me your popper, and stay where you are."

With Sir John's gun his friend disappeared, but in a few minutes returned with a pheasant that he had brought down. Both the barrels were again loaded, and the gun returned to our hero.

"Now, Sir John, you shall practise at this bird—but we must make it nat'ral as life—you fire too soon—when I says fire, bang you go, and no nonsense—but come in the cover—if you should see anything alive, go it at that—don't fire higher than a man's hips. In this close cover, a pellet or two of number six might find its way through a very soft skull. Now be steady, there 's a good Sir John. I'll keep about twenty yards before you—remember the bottle at the fore-yard arm;"—and the dog-fancier looked almost too sly for a mortal. He led the way into the cover, Jack following with his gun at the make-ready of the manual exercise. When they came at what we must suppose Groggy deemed a convenient place for practice, he flung the pheasant into the air. Jack presented—and when on its descent it had almost reached the ground, the dog-fancier cried out "fire!" and Jack slapped off his piece. Three cries were heard simultaneously.

"Hit him at last!" roared Jack.

"Bravo! hurrah!" shouted Groggy.

"Damnation! I am injured for life—a surgeon, a surgeon," shrieked out the colonel.

All within hearing converged round the wounded sportsman, Jack not forgetting to carry, boastingly, the pheasant in his hand.

"Where is your hurt—where, where?" was the general sympathizing query. The numerous holes, and the little streams of blood oozing from them, in that part of

the dress which covers the human frame just below the back, and above the thighs, plainly indicated.

The next inquiry was, "Who did it?" Jack shewed his bird, and Groggy volunteered his attestations that it could not be our hero. No more was thought of shooting that day, a hurdle was procured, and the colonel, being placed upon it, was borne in an uneasy state to the mansion. During this procession Jack walked on one side of the hurdle, acting the part of condoler. He observed that there was no certain danger—merely flesh wounds—that the shot should all be carefully picked out one by one, even if he were obliged to stand by and see to it—he rather thought he would, for the friendship he bore him. If one of the pellets should unfortunately be left in, the consequences would be dangerous—most likely fatal—considering the life he had led, and his miserable rank state of body. He had seen wounds made by canister shot—surgeon too lazy to pick out all the little bits—always mortified when left in;—yes, he would stand by and see every shot extracted—and so should good and careful Groggy Foxhead. That would be some consolation to all of them. He supposed the colonel would not ride the race to-morrow. He was sorry that it was play or pay—but it was the colonel's own stipulation—but what were the hundred guineas?—nothing.

In this amiable strain our friend indulged; but the colonel was ungrateful, and returned all this kindness only with groans, curses, half-uttered threats of vengeance, and villifications of his own folly for going shooting with a mad sea-brute. But Jack's temper was not to be ruffled by his graceless conduct—he was more bland than ever, and assured the sufferer that the bird that he had just killed should be reserved for his especial eating the moment that his medical adviser would permit him such an indulgence.

CHAPTER XLI.

Contains only the report of an election dinner—May therefore be passed over as common place.

The next day, amidst a splendid field of gentlemen, Jack walked over the ground and won the race, whilst the colonel lay, in agony of body and anguish of mind, upon his uneasy bed. Sir John had been unwittingly correct in his prognostics; the numerous wounds festered, and, at one time, the colonel was in great danger. No shooting, no hunting, no racing,; lassitude, *ennui* and a hateful temperance, were now the detested lot of this fashionable character.

No one would go into the covers with Sir John, excepting Groggy and his gamekeepers; but our hero soon learned how to shoot flying, and became an expert shot; and he never failed, at the end of his day's sport, of being found at the bedside of the wounded, with all his trophies vainglorious upon himself. Colonel Chatchell was actually tortured.

The Honourable Erasmus Muskrat had given a faithful account of all these proceedings, and a very fair character of Jack, to the minister, and the latter requested him to remain at the Hall until after the dinner, and said that Mr. Max should make his appearance the day before at Fortintower.

By some means or other, Sir John was well informed of all that had taken and was to take place; so, at the hour Mr Max's arrival was expected, he and Groggy disguised themselves as two small farmers, and in a borrowed chaise-cart went into the little town. They were not recognised.

Punctually to the appointed time, Mr. Max arrived in a chaise and four, his servant and the postilions wearing orange favours. Never did a candidate meet with a worse reception. Every inn and public-house refused to take him in, and he drove from place to place amidst the derision of the mob. At length from laughter the rabble proceeded to abuse, and from abuse to petty acts of annoyance. Nor were there wanting some of the better sort who subjected him to worse behaviour. Finally, the

horses were stopped, and Mr. Max seized, with the avowed intention of carefully dragging him through a very dirty horsepond.

At this crisis Jack and Groggy interfered, and shewed fight; they succeeded in rescuing the candidate, and placing him in the cart, and shouting to the postilions to follow with the chaise, they made off.

Mr. Max was profuse in acknowledgments, and brimful of gratitude, and, offering the apparent countrymen money, was a little surprised at the laughing manner in which it was refused When they were well out of the town, Sir John told Groggy to take the chaise-cart home, and intimated his intention to Mr. Max to step with him into his chaise. The gentleman demurred a little to this, which much amused but a good deal more angered Jack

"What's in the wind now?" said he.

"Why, look ye, my good friend, it is true that you have rendered me much service, and I am not only willing but desirous to repay you for it; and still more so, as you have promised to take me to a place where I may be hospitably received, and my people taken care of."

"And so I will; make yourself easy upon that score."

"Now just, my fine fellow, make the obligation perfect —there is room for you in the dickey beside my valet— a very superior person I assure you. Don't be alarmed at him—he is not at all proud, and will, I am sure, be quite condescending."

"Why, if you particularly wish it, I will; but you were glad enough to bundle your delicate limbs into my cart half an hour ago."

"But my man, we must not confound the orders of society."

"Very well—here you—drive along the road to the left till you come to a long rustic lodge, and then go smack up to the hall."

"Florimel, be civil to this good fellow, will you?" said Mr. Max, stepping into his carriage, which immediately after drove on. Florimel, obeying his master after the manner of valets, was very conceited and impertinent to Sir John on the dickey, so that Sir John threatened him with a wopping when they alighted, and Florimel threatened Sir John with his master.

When the equipage passed the gates of the beautiful

lodge, the keeper only stared at the person in the carriage, but taking off his hat, he bowed low to the dickey, whereupon the valet plumed himself excessively, and grew intolerably conceited. Arrived at the hall-door, the well-appointed footmen and the major-domo were eager to attend to the convenient alighting of those behind, nor thought at all of the inside passenger. Mr. Florimel swelled at this with fresh consequence, which made his mortification the greater at being unceremoniously thrust aside by the servants, and all the coveted assistance bestowed upon his despised companion.

Mr Max was painfully shocked at his own conduct, when the man who he thought was hardly good enough to be the companion of his servant, welcomed him as his guest at Fortintower Hall.

But now we have no time to dilate on all these things—no time to tell how Mr. Max was so much ashamed, that it was with difficulty he could be persuaded to accept of Sir John's hospitality, and how much more difficult it was to induce him to become his opponent—nor how glad Mr. Erasmus Muskrat was to see Mr. Max, and what excellent political plans they digested together.

We must pass over all this rapidly, and give only a faint outline of the famous election dinner.

All the voters obeyed the call—not one was absent; lameness was no impediment, age no excuse, illness no detriment. They were all there. It was a day of surprises to them all. Jack acted well that day, and mimicked to the life the courtly and bland stile of the Earl of Loftiput. He was quite as empty and inane—excepting when his natural character broke forth in spite of himself. The guests had seen nothing of their host, but had heard much. His extravagant freaks had been made more extravagant; of a verity, such odd tales had been circulated respecting him, that they would not have been astonished if he had received them standing upon his head—indeed, they rather expected it.

They were surprised at seeing so perfect a gentleman—they could not distinguish the mimic from the real. They were surprised at the aristocratic splendour of the feast—they were surprised at the exuberant beauty of Lady Truepenny—they were surprised at her sullen and ungracious deportment towards the baronet, and her

suavity and affability towards every one else—and they were infinitely surprised to find the man who had been turned from all their doors and to whom they had intended the honours of the horsepond, sitting a favoured guest at their landlord's table, cherished by him, and smiled upon softly by his wife. But their surprise did not diminish their appetites, until their appetites had diminished the luxuries, which in turn at last diminished their appetites, so that they had leisure again to be surprised; and there was plenty of occasion offered them for it.

When the cloth was removed, the boroughreeve, who was the maltster and brewer of the town, rose, and in a speech that, with all our leniency, we cannot call neat, proposed the health of Sir John Truepenny, their future representative. Why need we say anything about the applause, the stamping of feet, and the rattling of glasses that followed? The applauders were all tenants at will, consequently approvers at wish.

Jack rose, and ridding himself of the conventional grimace of the character he had been mimicking, he stood before them in the simple character of a brother man, and spoke to them thus.

"Countrymen and brother subjects—I, as a British-born-and-bred seaman, scorn to shew myself under false colours. My worthy and too-much-neglected friend there, Mr. Singleheart, that kindly looking gentleman, that's blushing up to the eyes—honest-hearted man that he is—has told me a few things that I ought to do, and that you ought to do—I'll do what I ought, and take care that you do so also. Well, my hearties, the first broadside that I shall give you, will be to tell you, that you have shewn yourselves, in one instance, all of you, from the skipper to the swabwasher—and you may settle who's who among you—a set of snivelling, dirty, lickspittle sons of your fathers and mothers, who, it is to be fervently hoped, were better than yourselves—because why, you treated this gentleman with inhospitality, and in a manner that would disgrace a parcel of Hottentots—as if that would be the right way to curry favour with me, and be d——d to you,—me, who has fit under a flag, the flag-staff of which the best of you aint worthy to touch. Well, I see that you are all confoundedly chopfallen;

your faces look like so many ape's pouches, and so it should be touching this here matter. Now mind ye, my jollies, I arn't a word to say against you excepting for this here scrimmage, dare say you are all excellent men in your own way, good husbands, good fathers, careful tradesmen; and you go to church or meeting, regularly strike a balance with the angel Gabriel, and thus keep your accounts clear for the next world, though your books may be a little blotted in this; worthy men no doubt you all are, and very dutiful to your wives. Now I suspect, in the first place, that you'll ask Mr. Max's pardon, and then we'll all proceed to business in the most friendly manner possible.'

The respectable constituency of the Borough of Fortintower were clamorous, as with one voice, in expressing their sorrow for what had occurred, and each was proposing to deny that, individually, he had had any participation in the outrage; but Mr. Max lifted up his voice, and said, "That there was no offence committed at all, that he looked upon it as a pleasant joke;" at which Jack's fist fell thunderingly on the table, and he demanded silence.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I love sincerity. Mr. Max has said that you have not offended him, therefore you have nothing to be sorry for, and that your pelting him with mud and filth was only a pleasant joke. Infarnal sorry am I that I interfered—but you know how, gentlemen, to receive him pleasantly the next time that he comes among you. I did not before know that the candidate and the constituency fitted as cleverly as the fid fits the heel of the topmast. What I have to say to you, my good people, is this—vote according to the little conscience that the tyranny of your former landlords and your habits or trade may have left you. I will not be such an ass as to effect the grand, and bribe you to vote against me; but if ever I find a man among you that votes for me to curry my favour, if I have strength enough in me I'll curry his hide—or my name's not Jack Truepenny."

Vociferous applause, and the imbibing of much wine, to the toast of "Our Landlord and Independence," followed this announcement. Jack resumed by saying, that "Mr. Max would tell them why he should be their

member if he could, and that would save him the trouble of future canvass."

Mr. Max rose gracefully, and made a first-rate speech. After he had told them that they were the most high-minded, the most independent, and the most worthy of constituents in the world, and that he was utterly unworthy in himself to be the representative of such virtue and magnanimity, he very consistently and boldly asked them to make him so. We would give his eloquent oration at full length, had it not been printed a thousand times in all the journals that ever reported an election speech. The sum of it was, that if they returned him as their member, a consummation of bliss but little short of the millenium would come upon the face of the earth. The aspirant sat down amidst unanimous cheering, and Sir John Truepenny rose and said—

"You have heard Mr. Max's yarn—it was well spun and fit for gammoning anything but a bowsprit or an old sailor. Take it for just as much as it is worth, and if you find that you have got it too cheap a bargain, give him back the fag-ends. Now, I differ from him altogether—*in toto cælo*, as my Latin master used to say; which I take to mean, that there is about as many truths in his speech as seals have toes. Why I come my learning over you is this—Mr. Max gave you some Latin quotations, which he knew you did not understand, and I have given you one also, just to shew you that I and Mr. Max are, as regards Latin, much of a muchness. My men, I have had masters, and God's blessing go with them. My opponent has told you of what importance you are; now I don't think you are of much consequence. He spoke to you about upholding your glorious constitution; now I think you know no more about it than I do, and that's about as much as the cat-head knows about the compass. You know nothing about the balance of power, political economy, the circulating medium, or the Catholic emancipation—no more do I; and, between you and me, it would be well for us all if other people, the big wigs, didn't fancy they knew more—that's Jack's notion. I know nothing about legislation, or about anything that I read of in the papers, that people make speeches about in parliament. So I tell you what it is—there is already too much knowledge there—too much gift of the gab—

there wants a little plain honesty, just to make them remember that there is such a thing; and if you make me your member, I'll take it there. I'll just go there as the poor man's friend—if I can't speak for him, I'll set up a shout that shall startle the proudest and laziest among them. On matters that I don't understand I won't vote, and upon those I do, I'll vote for the upright thing—the straight course, and scorn tack and half-tack where I can make my port by plain sailing. Now, my jollies, when the time comes, vote according to your consciences, and then, if you don't send up the best parliament man, the Lord will forgive your ignorance; but if you vote upon any mean and shabby motive, may the devil ride you a pickaback with his best spurs on. So no more of this at present. We'll now be as merry as mudlarks round the grog-tub and, under Providence, get gloriously fuddled."

And so they did, and the honourable Mr. Erasmus Muskrat and his friend departed the next morning for town, with only the smallest possible portion of hope for success at the ensuing election.

CHAPTER XLII.

Sheweth how to get up a deputation, and how to get it well off; and also how well to answer it—How to make the wind fan—Sound steeple doctrine—How to receive a deputation, and what to expect for dinner on a banyan day.

There were very great doings anticipated at Fortintower on the approach of Christmas. There was to be the usual subscription-ball, at which it was expected that the strength of the two contending political parties would display itself; and that Sir John, Lady Truepenny, and their guests, would shew in all their glory for the first time.

In consequence, the large room at the Fortintower Arms was repaired, furbished up, and rurally decorated. Tickets were at a premium, and it was firmly believed that the proud and form-entrenched family of the Earl of Loftiput would condescend at least to be spectators

of the scene, if they would not so far humble themselves as to participate in the dance. The mere shopocracy were never admitted on similar occasions, unless the aspirants to the honour of paying their half-guineas for the privilege of being looked down upon by the squirearchy had some redeeming qualities. But the then state of the country made these exceptions very numerous. England was threatened with invasion, and loyalty was at blood-heat. All the yeomanry of the district were admissible by virtue of their horses and their military accoutrements: and the united Fortintower, Furzebushton, and Miredown volunteers, being, so far as they were soldiers, gentlemen, had also the right of *entrée*. How far this was—as they themselves were too discreet to avow—we shall not be too scrupulous in endeavouring to certify.

The barber and his lady were certainly without this social and sacred pale of respectability as touching the poll and the basin, but most certainly within it by the poising of the halberd; as Mr. Nicholas Needleham, though he condescended to divorce the stubble from the chins of the whole community for a generously trifling remuneration, had still, when in full uniform, a great command. On parade days, he was like the Roman centurion, only much more lofty in his bearing; for did he not say to any one of his tens and twenties, "Go, and he goeth;" do this, and (if he could) he did it.

Very many in Mr. Needleham's class were similarly situated. Indeed, the half-guinea appeared to be the only barrier; that surmounted, the assembly room at the Fortintower Arms was as accessible as the sea: a simile, the merits of which few will go deep enough to discover.

Deputations are very nice little pastimes for little people. They are much cherished by all the worshippers of rank, and a very pleasant contrivance for shuffling on a suit of second-hand dignity. The two lawyers of the place agreeing for once to lay aside their private and their political animosity, uniting with the boroughreeve, called a meeting of the principal inhabitants of Fortintower, in order to consider the propriety of waiting upon Sir John Truepenny in due form, to request that he would do them and the respectability of the town, which they affirmed that they represented, the honour of per-

mitting himself to be named one of the stewards on the momentous and solemn occasion of the ensuing ball.

The proposition was strongly debated, over beer as strong as were the various arguments; which arguments being all on one side, the chairman, without much difficulty, came to the very just conclusion, that, in the opinion of the meeting, it was proper that a deputation should be formed of all then and there present, or a majority of them, or any part of them, and that they should proceed to Fortintower Hall, and carry out manfully the very intents, in letter and spirit, of the resolutions thus so unanimously passed.

It was next suggested that a respectful letter should be addressed to Sir John, requesting him to state on what particular day, and at what particular hour of what particular day, he would be pleased to receive the members of the deputation. This suggestion was acted upon immediately after a little difficulty had been disposed of, as to who was the proper person to compose and pen the humble request. Either of the two lawyers was, professionally and through habit, physically incapable of performing this little affair; as the not receiving six shillings and eightpence for the job would press so heavily upon their circulation as to threaten apoplexy. Yet no other person present would do it; and it would perhaps, have for ever remained undone, had not the exciseman found out a clever process to conquer the conscientious and professional scruples of the two legal functionaries.

This person gauged the matter thoroughly, and then requested the Whig lawyer to make out a rough draft of the letter; and for so doing, made the Tory lawyer, on behalf of the meeting, hand him over the customary six and eightpence. When this draft was finished, he desired the Tory lawyer to make a fair copy from it: and when this was completed, he ordered the Whig lawyer to hand over, in like manner, the same six and eightpence to the Tory. What a very excellent method of paying opposing lawyers! Would that it were both the legal and the general practice!

The letter was despatched to its destination; and as the distance that it had to travel was not great, most of the meeting loitered about the place, awaiting the ex-

pected answer. They had sarcely time to consume sundry measures of the infusion of malt, and to become impatient, when the messenger made his re-appearance, a good deal astonished, and not a little overheated. He informed the gentlemen that he was ushered into the presence of Sir John, whom he found among his pigsties, in earnest conversation with his blackguard Achates, Groggy Foxhead, and they were in the philosophical act of experimentalizing upon the ebriety of the swinish population, by mixing with their wash a large proportion of strong grog. The noise was hideous, and the antics of the animals very exhilarating to Jack and his friend. Bad as was this conduct, it was a very humane study in philosophy, compared with the experiments that have been so much lauded, made upon living animals, by the first surgeons in Europe.

The man with the letter was very civilly requested to take a place at the trough; which politeness he declined, on the very reasonable plea that there was but barely room for Sir John and his companion. He then delivered the letter, and received for answer, that "he was to tell the deputation, in a pig's whisper, that they would be received by Sir John the first time that it rained hard, and the wind was to the southward, at grog time of day.

Not being able to procure a more wholesome answer—for, as Hamlet averred of himself, Jack's wits were just then diseased—the messenger retired, not without some horrible apprehensions of being forced to swallow a great portion of the filthy mess that was intoxicating the swine. However, he escaped to tell his tale. Whereupon the meeting went again into fierce debate upon when it was likely that the wind would be to the southward; as to the rain, it being November, and they in England, they had but few fears on that head. As to grog time of day, they very wisely took that to intimate just the time that Sir John was wont to sit down to dinner.

So they broke up, and each went his way, vehemently sighing for a south wind.

On the very next morning, no sooner was there sufficient light to discern objects, than the night-capped heads of the two lawyers, of the publican, of the exciseman, and of almost every member of the meeting of the day before, were thrust forth into the raw atmosphere,

with eyes intently devout upon the weathercock of the steeple of the church. The wind had veered one point towards the desired quarter, and each of the gazers dressed himself with alacrity, and repaired to breakfast in so beneficent a humour, that the coming of the millenium did not seem quite so apocryphal as usual.

Without meaning it, Jack was a great plague to his neighbours. Before noon the wind had got due south, but it would not rain. Though the wet would not fall, the hopes of the deputation did; and with their prospects of a feast at the hall, their good tempers disappeared. Their wives and their families could not comprehend them at all. They all talked mysteriously about the wind and rain. The whole thirteen began to be regarded by their neighbours with queer suspicions. They were discreet men, and kept the secret, for they did not like to place themselves under the ban of ridicule; for they suspected that Jack was laughing at them a little, so they affected mystery and wisdom, and went on raving about the wind and rain.

Indeed, the heavens were very unpropitious, for it set in with a hard frost and a north-east wind for three days, and the time fixed for the ball was fast approaching. The people of the place began seriously to inquire what the celebrated meeting had or had not done, and when they would go up as a deputation. "Tell me how the wind is, and I'll give you an answer," was the usual reply. From all these premises, the burghers came to the conclusion that they had not entrusted the management of this very grave matter to any superfluity of wisdom Not to have the baronet and their landlord invited, would be almost as bad as the loss of their charter, which was granted them by Richard I. in a jargon of Norman French, dog Latin, and piebald Saxon, that no one could ever comprehend, and therefore every one put upon it the construction that best suited him.

At length the frost gave way to a gusty rainy day; indeed, there was wind enough to disperse the water, and water enough to drown the wind; and how they contrived to exist together, no one but a very wise philosopher could tell. There was certainly more wind than any of the good citizens wanted, but it was not

from the right quarter. What was to be done? The exciseman cut the matter short.

The weathercock at the top of the church steeple told a monstrous elemental lie. It was very shocking for an instrument so elevated to be guilty of such a barefaced falsehood, especially when we consider that the whole town went by the church; but there was a secret influence so well applied, in the shape of a wedge, that if the wind had howled forth in a perfect hurricane, that he was Boreas himself, the impudent weathercock was determined to announce, coolly and fixedly, in the face of all the world, that his name was Auster, and nothing else. This we call consistency, and is a very excellent quality both in weathercocks and politicians; in the latter the more especially when they have received their wedge.

So, well coated, cloaked muffled up, and with a glorious spread of umbrella, the exciseman called forth, in his turn, each shivering member of the deputation of thirteen, gravely assuring them, upon the highest ecclesiastical authority, that the wind was due south, whilst the northern blast was giving him and them the direct lie to their faces, and in a manner so cutting, that they evinced much heroism in standing out against it.

Indeed, some of the thirteen demurred; but these scruples were speedily overruled, when they were told that any hesitation in believing the evidence of the church would involve them in the guilt of heresy. This was dreadful, and by all means to be avoided. So the doubters smothered their dubitations in a more strict enfolding of their cloaks, looked at the steeple, shivered, and walked on towards the Hall, firmly resolved to maintain, against all opponents, that the wind was due south.

Now Fo tintower Hall was a large and imposing-looking mansion, with four turrets, one at each of its corners, with a pinnacle on each turret, and, when Sir John took possession of the Hall, each pinnacle possessed its own weathercock. With very few exceptions, the unanimity of these weathercocks was wonderful, and their agreement with their brother on the church steeple was admirable. No diversity of opinion—no heterodoxy.

But Sir John affected not these cocks. They swang

round heavily, and in gusty weather groaned and grated mournfully—and to the lightest breezes they were sometimes so uncomplying as not to turn at all. So Jack quickly unshipped them all, and placed in their stead four dog-vanes. What a dog-vane is, I am a dog if I tell—he who is so little instructed on that point is not worth instructing. However, on the tops of the turrets there were the dog-vanes, and merrily and friskily they veered about, and would very often box the compass before the old cock on the top of the church steeple could get to north and by east-half-east.

The rain fell in torrents as the thirteen expectants of a superb dinner, and wines to them unknown, plodded their plashy way towards the Hall. The two lawyers headed the procession, and the rest of the deputation huddled themselves as closely together as a flock of frightened sheep. They passed the lodges shivering, and as they did so, they could not avoid seeing a very ominous smile on the countenance of the old keeper. This smile provoked Amos Ames, the astute exciseman, to hold up his fist menacingly, which had no other effect than changing the palpable grin into a positive guffaw.

"You are merry, friend Thomas," said Issachar Chargeit, the Whig lawyer.

"So I be's, sir—and that 's saying much for an old man like me, and this cruel north-east wind cutting me in two, as 'twere."

"Due south; look at the weathercock," said Adolphus Stilts, the Tory practitioner.

"Well, gentlemen, I'll never gainsay the church, but only look at his worship's dog-vanes—but, however, pass on, gentlemen."

"Better go wrong by the church, than right by any other guide," said the Tory.

"That is to say," said the Whig, "when the church is under our guidance."

"Has Sir John dined?" asked three voices simultaneously.

"Just upon the finish—make haste up," said the old man, giggling afresh.

The deputation waited for no more information, but, breaking the order of their marshalling, it became a kind of race who should be the first under the ample portico

of Fortintower Hall. On the arrival there of the deputation, they found many servants in the Hall ready to receive them, and very pleasant indeed everybody looked. This was a most favourable augury, and the mouths of the august thirteen watered with savoury anticipations. They were very ceremoniously ushered into a vast and marble-paved room, that had not a vestige of furniture.

There were neither seats on which to repose, nor fires wherewith to warm their shivering limbs. In this place they were left nearly a quarter of an hour unnoticed, and to their dismay they found that the ample folding-doors had been locked upon them. They could discover no bell, and the idea that they were prisoners began to prevail among them.

They shouted—they attempted the windows—some of them began to feel stupid from the effects of the extreme cold; but when their miseries had almost become insupportable, the door opened, and Sir John himself suddenly appeared, with the blandest of smiles upon his countenance.

But what an appearance! He was dressed man-of-war fashion; his jacket was none of the best, his hat was flat and battered, and his trousers patched and tarry. But what was the most singular in his appearance was a huge napkin, by no means of the cleanest, that was pinned upon his breast. In one hand he held a large silver spoon, in the other his tarpaulin hat.

Sir John made them a low bow, and very civilly said, "Gentlemen, to what am I indebted for this honour?"

Then boldly stepped forth Issachar Chargeit, and said, "Sir John Truepenny, you see before you thirteen humble and undeserving individuals—"

"I understand that," said Jack, bowing to the ground.

"Undeserving individuals who compose a deputation from the most respectable inhabitants of your borough town of Fortintower, that is to say the Whig portion of it—"

"The which I positively deny," said Augustus Stilts; "the respectability of the place is comprised solely of those professing very opposite principles."

"Slavish jackanapes!" said Issachar, contemptuously.

"Contemptible leveller!" said Augustus, with the true aristocratic morgue.

"It is very cold, gentlemen," said Jack; "will you fight it out?"

But Amos Ames interposed, and said that they were the deputation which had waited upon Sir John to invite him to become patron steward to their annual subscription ball, and that they had come expressly on his invitation.

With a well-feigned surprise, Sir John exclaimed, "Bless me, my good friends, you certainly must have made a mistake—I could not possibly have named to-day. Had I known of your coming, I should have been better prepared to receive you. I remember very well receiving a message from you, but how did you understand my answer?"

"You invited us to come, Sir John, no doubt for very wise and sufficient reasons, the first day it rained and blowed hard."

"I did, Mr. what-d'ye-call-yourself. My reasons were excellent. You may know them in good time."

"We doubt it not, Sir John," said the Whig lawyer, "and, with all humility, we think that it rains sufficiently."

There was an assenting shudder ran through the deputation.

"I cannot deny it," said Sir John, looking learnedly at the clouds.

"And as to the wind," said a lean tailor, blowing on the end of his fingers, "had it not been for my catching hold of Mr. Ames's cloak, I should have been blown out of your worship's park."

"There is a capful of wind—I confess to as much," said Jack.

"And due south," said all the deputation in chorus.

"No," said Jack, looking up at the scud.

"Oh yes! it is still light enough to see the weathercock on the church steeple—due south—as I am an honest exciseman."

"What do my dog-vanes say?—never mind; we won't argufy the point," continued Sir John; "whatever it may be out of doors, the wind is to the southward here, in this house—there is, gentlemen, to-day, a southerly wind in the bread-bag, as we have it afloat. However, I am happy to see you all—very happy; you have still

rather unfortunately chosen the day, though you are more lucky in the time of it. It is grog time o' day."

The deputation looked up cheerfully, and began to rub their cold hands expectingly.

"Have you dined, gentlemen?"

The thirteen made a full and a true confession of much fasting.

"For myself, I have just done," said Jack; "but the table is still covered—the dishes still warm. Let us make haste before they cool. We will talk of business over our prog. Come along, my hearties. Hurrah for a rush!"

And a very excellent rush they made of it. The servants had scarcely time to fling open the doors of a large dining parlour, before the thirteen were standing round the table. That table and its additaments were their astonishment.

There were five tureens, ten soup-plates laid on each side of the table, a silver spoon to each plate, and also three hard sea-biscuits. When the deputation entered, they found the curate seated at the lower end of the table, with his napkin duly placed under his chin, his plate used and dirty, and his spoon placed across it. His eyes were twinkling with a strange expression, otherwise his demeanour was remarkably grave.

Sir John motioned his guests to their chairs, and very decorously placed himself at the head of the table. A servant, in the splendid Fortintower livery, placed himself in attendance behind each of the deputation, with his napkin in due form; but we blush to record it, so badly trained did they appear, that they were continually placing these napkins before their own faces, and sometimes indecorously thrusting them in their mouths.

When Jack and his guests were duly seated, he said to the clergyman, "My esteemed friend, though you and I have victualled our bread-room—that is to say, dined ourselves—I do not think that it would be amiss, seeing these gentlemen are about to fare sumptuously, that you should ask a blessing upon the repast. Seeing that they are very hungry, and almost frozen with cold, you may perhaps be brief, though I would by no means have you violate your sense of what is correct, for the sake of

hastening the enjoyments of mere creature comforts. Will you have the goodness to say grace?"

Then up stood Mr. Polygat, and with him the hungry ones. Never before had they heard a grace so pious, and so full of unction—so long, and in which the sinful lusts of the flesh were so eloquently inveighed against. The poor fellows kept beating their numbed feet against the floor, and looking piteously towards the orator. At length it was finished, and the hungry crew again were permitted to seat themselves. At the bidding of Sir John, the servants lifted the covers from the five tureens, and the deputation were told, with much hospitality, to help themselves.

Wry were the faces and grotesque the grimaces of each guest, as he conveyed the first spoonful of the mess to his mouth. Their second act was to look upon their host for an explanation, which they received in nearly these words:

"Messmates, you see your dinner. Lap, lap, and enjoy yourselves. Surely you will not disdain to fare as well as your host—your landlord. You all know that for the greater part of my life, I have lived upon ship's allowance—and therefore, lest my sudden change of fortune and my riches should make me bouse-up my main-stay too proudly, I keep one day in every month as a *banyan-day*. Gentlemen, this is banyan-day at Fortintower Hall—you have pot-luck—eat, I say, and take care that you do not offend me by any ridiculous squeamishness."

But what had they to eat? Nothing but hard grey peas boiled in soft water,—and sea-biscuit so flinty, that they would equally well have served to pave the streets or tile the houses of the borough of Fortintower.

"Gentlemen," continued Jack, "though you have been so unfortunate as to stumble upon banyan-day, there is no stint with the grog—call for as much as you will—it will keep out the cold, and materially assist your digestion."

They called for it; and it was poured out to them ready mixed. But the liquid was so strong, and made of rum so new, and so rank in taste, that it required all their respect for their host, and for their own interest, to make them swallow the first glass. The second they

did not find quite so abhorrent, the third was drunk without complaint, and the fourth was actually relished.

"I treat you as I do myself," said Jack. "Had you come on any other day, you would have fared differently —or had you waited till the wind was southerly elsewhere besides in the bread-bag. I am a little whimsical—I know it—and so I 've made a bargain that should, on the day of my monthly mortification, the wind be at all to the southward of east or west, I pass by the banyan-day for that month. But you don't eat—I assure you that the peas, though very hard, are very wholesome— and the bread, when once chewed, very nourishing— they both come directly from the victualling stores of His Majesty's Dock Yard. The rum is such as is served to the navy by contract, and very good it is—of the sort. Gentlemen, I see that you are a little at a loss how to break your biscuits. Place one in the bottom of the palm of your hand, and then beat it against your elbow, if that won't do, the servant in waiting upon you will do the job for you with a hammer—I am too much your friend not to caution you against using your teeth against it. But you do not eat. That man who eats most does me most honour, and shall be most my friend. Mr. Amos Ames, you and I shall certainly quarrel if you don't drink your grog and eat your pea-soup. Are you a better man, sir, than I—d—n you, sir, eat and drink, I say—you won't—very well; if you are exciseman here a month longer, my name's not Jack—and you shall have notice to quit your holding from my steward to-morrow. Odds bobbery! you dainty-chopped rascal—let me see who won't eat. Great guns and grapnels! Aint I master here, and mayn't I do what I like with my own?"

The other twelve looked upon the thirteenth, the despiser of pea-soup, with astonishment, and regarded him as a fool and a ruined man. Vigorously did they apply the spoon, and, in order that they might provoke an appetite, they drank eagerly and plentifully of the liquid fire. Amos Ames, however, seemed much at his ease, and after he had tasted the first spoonful of the pea-soup, and the first sip of the grog, to use Jack's language, he very coolly "lay upon his oars."

We will not say that these boiled peas were quite so distasteful, and they certainly were not so hard,

as were those immortal parched ones that the jolly friar offered to Richard the First, so pleasantly recorded in the exciting story of Ivanhoe—but the biscuit was harder, and remained nearly untouched. Half terrified, and already half drunk, the deputation, with the exception of the exciseman, ate on madly, with a desperation that was very whimsical. The two lawyers vied with each other in the ardour of their zeal, and at length began to chant the praises of the swine-befitting mess.

Sir John rose from the table, and whispering something into the ear of each guest, about an abatement of rent, a renewal of a lease, or something of the sort, he urged them all on till they were completely swilled, and could positively eat no more. When the rogue had fully ascertained this, he resumed his place at the head of the table, and looked for the clergyman to say grace; but he, disgusted with the scene, had previously stolen away, so the office was not desecrated in his person. The exciseman volunteered to officiate in his stead, and begged that they might be made thankful for what they were *going* to receive :—a mistake that was not remarked by the besotted guests.

"Now, gentlemen," said Jack, in a tip-top voice, "Banyan day is over—let us all go to my lady, and arrange about the ball."

Preceded and attended by a host of servants, the party staggered into the *salle à manger*, where they found Lady Truepenny, Colonel Chacehell's intimate friend, Captain Nitregas, and three gentlemen of fortune with their ladies, waiting the removal of the covers from a most splendid dinner. The sideboard displayed preparations equally appetizing. The deputation were introduced to Lady Truepenny in form, and she, having graciously received them, invited them to stay dinner.

They, with the exception of the exciseman, who was all through in the secret, and Jack's coadjutor, had merely the power to attempt to seat themselves, when Sir John, seeing their lost state, with a malicious grin told them to mind for the future how the wind blew ; he then consigned them to the care of Groggy Foxhead, and bidding him to finish them up with grog, and then put them in a covered cart, and leave them at their respect-

ive homes, to the tender mercies of their wives and the jeers of their neighbours.

The exciseman would also have withdrawn, but Sir John finding that the rest of the company made no objection, he was honoured with a place at the table, and the evening terminated with the usual riotous mirth.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Preparations for a ball, and some reflections thereupon—Providing for fun—The providers at fault—Jack and the linen-draper—They take their measures together—The piece does not run short.

The sated with grey peas, and the keepers of banyan days, had to run the gauntlet of the whole town, and very assiduously and coarsely jeered they were. There were other mortifications and inconveniences attending on this piso banquet, to which it will be more than sufficient barely to allude. However, the deputation gained their point as well as their pea-soup, and Sir John Truepenny was announced as the steward and the patron of the forthcoming ball, with the donation of fifty pounds, for the express purpose of procuring wine to the attendant supper.

The pains and pleasures of preparation, for a fête of this description in a provincial town, among the fair, have been so often and so pleasantly described, that we have no inducement to tread upon the well-beaten path These ambitious aspirations after dress are no more ridiculous, in themselves, in a remote borough, than are the like contentions of superiority among the frequenters of Alm a k's. They are ridiculous only in comparison; and between the usual attendants upon a rural ball and a metropolitan assembly room, the philosophic mind would find it difficult to award the preference.

Let us take two specimens of each of the dowagers, the matron and the maiden, in the two respective walks of life—a bad one and a good one; let us compare them, and after we have done it as fairly as we can, we will leave the reader to pass judgment.

The good dowager of fashionable life is a quiet, contented looking person, whose eyes dance and keep tune with the feet of the younger persons; she may beat the

time gently with her fan, and has a kind word and a complacent smile for every one. She is richly and well, but not showily, dressed; and if there be any excess about her, it is in the intrinsic value of her jewellery. People, without appearing ostentatiously to seek, pay court to her; and she is always ready to reassure the timid, and remove the embarrassment of the younger portion of her own sex.

In the country, the good dowager will be much of what we have described; but if she be a little more bustling and talkative, it is amply compensated by her benevolence, and evident warm-heartedness. Her manners will neither be so soft, so refined, nor so dignified, but there will be about them an undoubted cordiality, and an eagerness to promote the general pleasure, that may be fairly taken as an equivalent. She will neither be so richly nor fashionably dressed as is her counterpart; but she will never be overdressed; and though not attired in the reigning mode, she will at once be antiquely, consistently, and becomingly attired.

The bad specimen of the dowager class of fashion is what? We are almost afraid to pourtray her—we will not—we respect the withered and cankered leaf, because it belongs to the rose tree. But it will be said, "Imagine her to be as bad as you will, to all this you may add, for the country dowager, vulgarity!" True, but then which is the worse, the vulgarity of a licentious age and of refined depravity, or that of arrogant and coarse rusticity? The blow from the jagged scythe may be heavier and more violently given than the stab from the polished and envenomed poinard. We will not give a preference to either.

The matrons of the town and the country—alas! the age knows of none, in the stern and Roman acceptation of the term. We have married ladies, elegant, beautiful, and good—but no matrons. As we proceed, we grow weary of the comparison. We will dismiss the subject at once by saying, that it is one almost impossible to pronounce upon. Each station has its vulgarities, but so identical are they in realities, that they are equally vulgar in all that is bad; yet so distinct in mere accidents and extrinsics, that the refinement of the rural would be the vulgarity of the courtly circles.

But whatever of refinement or of vulgarity the Fortintoweronians possessed, they were all assiduously employed in the means of shewing it off to the best advantage. When the fifty pound gift was known, many who had been before startled at the expense of the half-guinea, now proceeded eagerly to secure tickets.

Sir Edward Fortintower had always petted this annual ball; though it was now remembered, that instead of bestowing fifty guineas upon it, neither he, nor the friends that might happen to be staying with him, ever paid for their tickets; but the townsfolk had more than their money value in the honour conferred upon them. And then, Sir Edward so well acted the part of patron. All the old ladies called him a blessed angel upon earth. He was all things to all men, and almost everything to the women. Jack knew this, and dreaded the comparison. He was very anxious to ascertain exactly who would be there.

Two days before the affair was to take place, he was very much relieved to find that neither the Earl of Loftiput, nor any of his family, would honour the room with their presence. A deputation consisting of most of the peas-eating members had waited upon them, but they gained nothing by this step but a courteous dismissal, and a polite refusal. It was Jack's fifty pounds that closed the doors against them, and caused the old nobleman to endanger his influence and his popularity in the place.

Now the reader must have perceived long before this, that poor Jack was a lost poor Jack—that his head had cast the wrong way, and that nothing short of a miracle could save him from total wreck. That he was already one third worse than eccentric, was now generally known; yet most of his vagaries had so much of drollery in them, were so good-naturedly worked out, or, if they involved injury to any one, so generously compensated for, that he was quite popular; and no one ever complained of him, but those actually under his pleasant persecutions.

All these things made the denizens of Fortintower not only to expect but also to wish, that Sir John would signalize the ensuing ball with something very funny. The same idea was actively occupying Sir John's

thoughts, and those of his not too worthy coadjutor, Groggy Foxhead. But nothing that was not too stale or too gross occurred to either of them. Jack felt that a mere riot or open rudeness to the party would disgrace himself. To all his low friend's suggestions of turning pigs into the room, of letting loose among the ladies a dancing bear, extinguishing the lights by candle crackers, or of intoducing a body of sweeps down the chimney, the baronet gave more than a negative; he betrayed displeasure.

"Your blocks want greasing, stupid! There's no gumption in you—you go off worse than a damp blank cartridge; besides all this, you grow confoundedly low. I think I shall go to the shindy as grand as a lord, and come it strong," said Sir John, mournfully.

"Well, Sir John—fun's fun—and I can't see no difference so long as yer happy. I could lead an ass into the room, dressed out in a mob cap, 'zactly the very spit of Mrs. Stilto's."

"You and your mob cap are fit only for one of your own vulgar mobs. I must send you up to your back slums again. Do you think if you got crying drunk, it would mend your invention?"

"Don't know, Sir John, it might. Shall I ring for the needful?"

"Well—but it's only eleven o'clock—never mind, ring."

"And pipes?"

"Why not?"

So the grog and the pipes were produced, and before much business was done with them, it was announced to Sir John that one Mr. Simpkins, the fourth-rate linen-draper of the place, claimed an audience. Sir John was accessible at all times, and as the presence of the linen-draper promised amusement, it was ordered that he should be admitted immediately.

People much conversant with physiognomy, and studious of the human countenance, will be ready to testify that likenesses of William Pitt, the heaven-born minister, have been, and perhaps still are, more common than those of any other individual. Indeed, we do not know of any social circle, of any tolerable circumference, that has not one of these similitudes among them. Our

own circle is not very vast, and it possesses two. The borough of Fortintower had one, and a very striking one indeed, in the person of this same linen-draper, Mr. Simpkin. That he possessed any of the vast talents of "the pilot that weathered the storm," we decline to pronounce; but that he was not wholly without financial abilities, may be inferred from the fact that he had been thrice bankrupt, and became more thriving after each failure.

The man of the yard measure made his *entreé* and his bow, and it was very evident that he was brimful of indignation.

"What can we do for you now, Billy Pitt?—come—sit ye there, man, and whet your whistle—you have a right to a place at any table in the county, for the sake of your figure-head."

"I wish, Sir John, that it was thought so. But it is not every one that has your worship's penetration. I have come to make a complaint to your honour, as steward and patron of the ensuing susbcription ball—I throw myself on your mercy."

"That is well said for a man-mercer. Now what can my mercy do for you? Yon know that I leave all about the flannels and flounces to her ladyship and the housekeeper. But really I have a kindly feeling for you, for you take your grog manfully."

"Ah, Sir John, they have refused me a ticket for the ball'"

"You!"

"Me, me, me!"

"Utterly impossible!—you, with the only sensible face in the town—you who so well represent the great representative of the nation's prosperity! Why, Mr. Simpkin, the ball can no more do without you, than the government without nosyfied Pitt."

"But all the committee think otherwise. There's Ames, and Blowfittle, and the two thieves of lawyers, all object to me, on account of want of respectability—the first time these twenty years.—What *will* Mrs. Simpkin say!"

"Ah, what indeed!" and Jack looked all sympathy.

"And there are the young Messieurs Simpkin, and the three young ladies. What a disgrace to them!"

"Ah, my good Pitt, I have all a father's feelings on the subject."

"You can't, Sir John," chimed in Foxhead—"aint been long enough on the estate."

"Come, belay there—I may be a stepfather to them yet."

"It is no more than we expect of you, Sir John. In your excellent kinsman's time, Sir Edward Fortintower, Mrs. Simpkin was much flattered with his notice."

"No doubt on't, A sly dog, that Ned."

"And if he were here, he would not suffer this—he was a great friend to our family, Sir John."

"Well, well—but, between you and me and the grog bottle, what is the reason that you are now excepted against? Come, plain sailing. To make a friend of me, there must be no yawing in your steerage. Out with it man. Why, simple body that you be! don't you think that I shall have it from some one else, and with a few strokes of the tar-brush into the bargain?"

"And that is very true, You understand, Sir John, that this long and disastrous war must necessarily cause great fluctuations in business; the best calculators may be thrown out. They object to me and my amiable family, merely because my certificate is not yet signed for my last bankruptcy."

"Your last—how many have you had?"

"This is only my third. Very few of the tradesmen of this place but have had some misfortunes of the kind. How else could the place support two lawyers?"

"Then, Mr. Simpkin, you are what is called an uncertificated bankrupt. You see I am down to the bearings of a thing or two."

"An honest one," said the linen-draper, deprecatingly.

"Then, as your landlord, I'll see you righted. When do the committee meet?"

"They are sitting now."

"Well," said Sir John, "stay here and fuddle yourself with Foxhead. I'll go and see what can be done for you—so stay till I return." And off Jack set, and was soon in the midst of the committee.

He inquired of these dispensers of the fashion of the place the reasons of their refusing Simpkin his ticket. The reply was, that they could not now associate with

him; they must draw the line somewhere; though his shop was still open, he had not satisfied everybody, &c. &c., for malevolence is ingenious in picking up sticks to fling at the unfortunate.

"But does this apply to his wife, sons, and daughters? They are not uncertificated bankrupts, and they were always admitted in the time of Sir Edward Fortintower."

They could give no better answer to this, than that considering the cloud under which the linen-draper, stood, it would become them better to stay at home; inasmuch, if a man could not pay his creditors, he ought not to afford to buy ball-tickets for his family.

This latter objection Sir John obviated by paying for the six tickets himself for the family, and putting them in his pocket, though without saying for whom they were intended; but he seemed to acquiesce in the propriety of excluding the bankrupt. However, upon inquiry, he satisfied himself that the man was no worse than most of those who would be present, and he discovered that, among the numbers expected, the tripe-venders and three of the bakers of the place would be comprised.

In less than an hour Jack had returned, and found that, during his absence, the linen-draper and the privy councillor, Foxhead, had made considerable progress towards happiness.

"Well," said Sir John, "I have not been able to make the committee change their determination as regards yourself. They all stand upon their respectability."

"Then," said Mr. Simpkin, very viciously, "they are like rope-dancers, and can stand upon very little."

"Upon as much as some of them will one day dance upon—and that 's nothing. But, to make up for the disappointment to yourself, there are three double tickets, which will admit Mrs. Simpkin, the three young ladies, and the two young gentlemen."

"You are truly good and generous. In their happiness I will forget my own mortification." And the mercer placed his hand upon his heart, and looked as sentimental as Werter. At that moment he made the glorious resolve that his shop should groan for it, or his family should outshine the most luminous of the Fortintower luminaries.

"Pass the jug, and listen to me, Simpkin," said Jack,

"and it will be your fault if you are not the most honoured and most flattered guest at this same dance."

"I am all attention—I am devotedly yours."

"I'll tell you what it is: may be I'm a rough spunyarn, yet I don't like mutiny in my ship, and won't allow any squabbling among my tenants. As far as I can see, you are all of you much of a muchness, and I won't suffer any of you to give themselves airs at the expense of others. Now, that jackanapes-formed committee of management—bless the long name!—stick themselves up as being very knowing upon real gentility, and not a son of a gun of them ever served on board of a man-of war. There's impudence for you; I dare to say that, in private, they've the audacity to say that I'm no gentleman myself."

"They do, indeed, Sir John," said the mercer.

"Thought as much. Proves their ignorance. Now, mark me, Mr. Skinflint, obey orders, and for one night you shall be almost the greatest man in the three kingdoms, barring his Majesty and myself."

"On course," said Mr. Simpkin, with a low bow.

"Now you are a sharp-built, 'cute fellow, or your face is the greatest liar on earth; and if you can't act a part, I was never more deceived in my life."

"You are not deceived, Sir John, I *can* act a part."

"Foxhead, just make yourself scarce, and tell James to bring me the portfolio of engravings you will find behind the sofa, in the crimson drawing-room, and don't shew yourself till your watch is called."

The portfolio was brought; and when Jack and the tradesman were by themselves, the former produced a full-length coloured engraving, at that time very popular, of the immortal minister, in court costume.

"You see this," said Jack. "Now attend to orders. Give out that you are forced to go the North on business; and do this in such a manner that your fellow-townsmen may suppose that your absence is an excuse to hide your vexation."

"I understand you fully."

"Let your family punctually attend this hop. I'll take care of them."

"I am very grateful to you, Sir John."

"And so you ought, to be when you know all. Post up

quickly to town; get yourself rigged out, stock and fluke, like this engraving. Omit no particular. I shall stand all the expense. I'll give you a line to my banker's. Go to the first hairdresser's, and get your nob worked up in the fashion of the picture—don't omit a single curl. You have three days clear to do all this. On the fourth, the day of the ball, get you a chaise and four, with two outriders; four hours will bring you down well. Shortly after the ball has commenced, draw up here, put on very important airs, and inquire for me. Of course, I shall be at the assembly. You follow me there, and see the result. By jingo, but we will have fun!"

"Very excellent, Sir John—beautiful! Am I to call myself William Pitt? Won't it be high treason?"

"Call *yourself* William Pitt? No! If others won't do so, you are not fit for the spree. You are to act the mysterious. Talk of raising regiments—invasion—get up commissions—be all ambiguity—turn all their heads—make fools of them—and we'll finish with a grand scene."

"We will! Glorious! triumphant! You've the head, Sir John."

"Well, keep the secret. There's the letter to my banker's. Get home to your wife—take leave. You're going North, you know! Walk to the next town, and away for London."

The linen-draper hurried away, and left Jack a gleeful man.

CHAPTER XLIV.

The ball—Everything in apple-pie order—A grand arrival—The people stumble into the pit Jack had dug for them—All the world turned courtiers—The followers of the fox at fault—After-dinner speeches—Consternation, explanation, and termination.

The all-important night arrived, and a most brilliant assembly crowded the spacious rooms at the Fortintower Arms. Gorgeous in their volunteer and yeomanry uniform, farmers succeeded tradesmen, and tradesmen

farmers; but, glorious as were these, yet, in all their glory, they equalled not the many-tinted brilliancy displayed by their wives and daughters. The neighbouring squires and the professional men, from a circumference of twenty miles, were there also, to look down upon the shopocracy, patronize, and play off their superiority and contempt in a thousand mean and invidious ways.

Sir John, accompanied by Mr. Singleheart, had been there very early. Being one of the stewards, our hero did not think it beneath him to superintend the arrangements, and provide for the accommodation of people invited in his name. He was simply and neatly dressed as a private gentleman, and was neither drunk nor perfumed with tobacco. He was so considerate, so kind to all, and so anxious to place every one at their ease, that people wondered if this urbane personage could possibly be the rollicking, drunken, prosperity-spoiled seaman, the man of coarse manners, and of practical jokes.

When the rooms began to be crowded, Lady Truepenny, attended by Captain Nitregas, a particular friend of the wounded and bed-ridden colonel, entered the room. She appeared very beautiful, and walked up the room leaning approvingly and smilingly upon the captain's arm, which captain the ladies had dubbed a very pretty fellow, and he thought himself something more. Lady Truepenny had resolved to shew Jack some of her haughtiness, and intended to play off her superiority to her lord and master by the means of the handsome soldier. But she was utterly surprised when she observed her despised husband come and receive her with all the grace of a gentleman, yet with the distant courtesy of a highly-bred stranger. Sober and well-dressed as he then was, he appeared to be, by far, the most splendid man in the room.

Captain Nitregas "paled his ineffectual fire" near him, and dwindled into insignificance. Strange compunctious visitings made the lady tremble. She left her cavalier abruptly, and placing her arm affectionately within that of her husband, and drawing it to her side, whispered in his ear, "Dear John, were you but always thus!"

But the kindly overture was ill-timed. Jack neither replied to the action nor to the words, but leading her respectfully to a seat at the upper end of the room, he

made her a low bow, and went and busied himself with doing the agreeable to the rest of the company.

And that night Jack won all hearts but the one that ought to have been the dearest to him, and the return of whose affection he had so carelessly slighted. Sir Edward Fortintower was no longer missed. There was a warm-heartedness in his affability that convinced every one his was the politeness of the soul, not of the manner. Men looked upon him and wondered, women gazed and admired. The deputation of thirteen would have hesitated to have sworn to the identity of the urbane and attentive patron of the country ball, with the half-tipsy wag who had intimidated them into intoxication, and bullied them into a beasty repletion on boiled hog-peas.

Our dear Jack glided from party to party, with a kind word or a pleasant speech for all; gay with the bold, laughing with the jocular, assuring the timid, and making a gracious equality the universal sentiment, not by ostentatiously lowering himself to the low and humble, but by elevating them into social happiness, and by making each person that did his best to please sensible that if, for that night, he or she would confess none beneath, they should not be made to feel that there were any above them.

Of a truth, there was much that was ridiculous, much of vulgarity, and much that was grotesque in that promiscuous assembly. The men were, many of them, awkward, silly, vain; the women tawdrily dressed, heated, fussy, and palpably greedy of admiration. But in what meeting will you not find all this, under local modifications?

In one point, the ball was very fashionable; it was too crowded for general dancing. With much difficulty, a small circle was excavated in the centre of the principal room, in which the minuet of the good old times was attempted. But we have to do with the history of this ball, only so far as our hero was concerned.

Now, the managing committee—the deputation of thirteen—the three linendrapers, more *achalandes* than Mr. Simpkin, all three tidy folks, who held their business as more refined than that of a man-mercer's—all those who had never been bankrupt, and they were an exclusive few—all those who had been but once bankrupt—all those who had been bankrupt but twice—all those who

had been bankrupt three times, but had gained their certificates—all these rejoiced mightily that the stewards had vindicated the respectability of the assembly, by closing its doors against Mr. Simpkin. They were glad with each other upon it.

The two lawyers were mutually complimentary on the occasion; the head butcher of the town congratulated the head cheesemonger; the town council took praise to themselves; the collector of the king's taxes breathed more freely; the air was not contaminated by being breathed by a paltry bankrupt shopkeeper. They were so select!

We say it with the utmost depression of sorrow, that in these pharisaical sentiments the ladies more than participated. But, bless their gentle souls! it was expressed in pity. They deeply, very deeply commiserated poor Mrs. Simpkin. To be sure, she had held up her head a little too proudly—and the three young ladies—but it was a mercy to them—they supposed that they would go to service; but the lesson was salutary—they never could shew themselves after this.

After the finish of the first minuet, there was the bustle of combination among the white-wanded and satin-bouqueted gentlemen. It was intimated to them that the rejected family, with the exception of its uncertificated head, was at the door;—more—that they had passed the threshold—worse still, that they were disputing in the lobby with the doorkeeper, who was denying them entrance. What audacity! what insolence!

A few words from Jack, and all these murmurs were hushed.

"I gave them the tickets—I invited them! I yielded the point of the man to you, gentlemen; but his wife and family are not uncertificated bankrupts. The man's misfortunes certainly cannot degrade them."

Sir John went to the door; he gave the flushed and burly Mrs. Simpkin his arm, and, followed closely by her gratified family, he led her to the top of the room. He conversed with her for some time, and, after addressing an encouraging word to each of her children, he placed her between the august spouses of the two lawyers, recommending her particularly to their *kind* attention.

And they shewed it, after their manner. They de-

plored the absence of her husband—asked how long he would stay in the north?—who would look after the sho during his enforced abdication?—and if, in the verp involved state of affairs, they could not get certain silks and linens a bargain?

These attentions were too much for poor Mrs. Simpkin; so, with her heart full, and heroically suppressing her tears, she moved on towards other consolers, who adopted the same strain of sympathy, and thus she ran the gauntlet of comforters. The younger branches of the family fared no better; the sons found all the ladies engaged, and the daughters could find none to engage them.

Our honest kind-hearted Jack observed all this, and from time to time, looked anxiously at his watch. He had almost resolved to alter his determination not to dance, in order to lead Mrs. Simpkin out, when the bustle that he was so anxiously expecting was at length heard.

But we must premise, notwithstanding all Jack's exertions, though the company mixed they did not amalgamate. The gentry and the landed proprietors, with their ladies, occupied exclusively, the right-hand corner of the principal room; round these revolved the professionals and their wives, in social contact, but not mingled with them. The rich farmers, with their ruddy and jolly dames skirmished round the professionals, sometimes penetrating the circle and reaching the aristocracy, and sometimes diverging into the shopocracy. The latter had a terrible tendency to coagulate into the little cliques, but they were, from time to time, stirred up by the wands of the various stewards, and kept in a tolerable state of fusion. The company had just again begun to subside into knots, when the expected dash was heard.

There was a shouting in the street, then a huzzaing, the trampling of many horses, and cries of "Room, room!" The doors were immediately flung open, and two of the powdered lace-bedizened footmen of Sir John, with their cocked hats in their left, and their immense gold headed canes in their right hands, rushed into the room, and each bellowed out in chorus, "Sir John Truepenny!"

"Well," said Sir John, "take breath! What's the matter?"

"We—we—I—I—so wonderful," said the man.

"The hall on fire!"

"Wonderfuller than that," said one.

"It is he hisself, your honour," said the other.

"Who?"

"The great William Pitt!" said Thomas, gasping for breath.

"The prime minister!" said the other, looking terrified.

"Impossible!" said Jack.

The curiosity became intense.

"True, Sir John."

"Chaise and four."

"Outriders."

"Dashed up to the hall."

"Must see Sir John directly."

"His Majesty!"

"Invasion!"

Thus each spoke, taking the word from each in his eagerness. The public anxiety was excruciating. The hush was so great, that every person could hear his neighbour's breathing.

"Well?"

"We jumped behind the great man's carriage," said the faster speaker of the two, "and he 's now at the door, waiting to speak to your honour."

The sensation was electrifying, and the rush towards the door awful.

"Bless me, gentlemen," roared out Jack; "what are we all about? Form a procession to receive the great man. Your wands—three abreast. Let the gentry take precedence; now the clergy—professionals—landholders—hush—not a word—order. Now 's the time to display your loyalty. Ladies, range yourselves into lines—of course you will do the pillar of the state honour."

The ranks were duly formed, and out marched the deputation, and shortly after returned, ushering in, with bows and vociferous cheering, the stranger.

"It is he!—It is he!"

As the uncertificated bankrupt linen-draper walked slowly, smilingly, and graciously, between the two ranks of ladies, they curtseyed to the ground, waved their handkerchiefs, and flung upon him bunches of artificial flowers. When he arrived at the upper end of the room, the noise of the clapping of hands and of the shouting was tremen-

dous. Simpkin placed his hand upon his heart, looked round with an air of triumphant gratification, and made such a bow that the ladies were all enraptured, and the last drop of Whiggery oozed out of the hearts of the men.

And then lifted up his voice and spake that incomparable rogue, our dear Jack, looking as awe-stricken as the cook's mate's scullion before the skipper himself.

"Have I the first-rate honour of hailing the pilot who weathered the storm, the heaven-born minister, the main-stay of the state, the unmatched, the matchless, unmatchable, the admirable, right honourable William Pitt?"

"Hush, Sir John Truepenny!" said the linen-draper, with a lisping, sweetly modulated voice. "Be discreet my good Sir John. The pilot who weathered the storm, must have most important affairs, to be running over the country at this time of night." And then, in a sterner voice, he continued, "Remember, Sir John, that my incognito is strict."

Though all this was spoken so audibly that every person present heard him, he elevated his voice still more, and exclaimed, "I am not William Pitt—at least in this room!"

"What amiable minister! How beautifully he lies!" said half a dozen voices.

"He's as like my Sam as two yards of ribbon cut off the same length," said the good Mrs. Simpkin.

"He is very like pa," said his two daughters, "only pa aint quite so ugly."

"He's the very model of father," said the three sons; "only a little taller."

"The impudence of these low-born wretches!" said and thought all those about the last speakers. "This glorious minister is no more like the dirty, shuffling, sneaking shopkeeper, than a golden guinea is like a bad farthing!"

"I'll never believe rumours about likenesses ag . !"

"Nor I—such dignity!"

"Nor I—such condescension!"

"Nor I—such grace!"

"Hush! the great man speaks."

"Some few minutes of private conversation with you Sir John, as the principal landholder in this part of the

county, and let them get fresh horses; my stay must be brief—his Majesty—but I forget myself."

Sir John was all obsequiousness. The small room, that made the last of the three thrown open to the company, and which had been used by the elderly for scandal and cards, was unceremoniously cleared and the doors closed upon the deluding couple.

We blush to record it; it is a stain on the manners, nay, on the sense of honour of the Fortintoweronians; but they could not help it—the temptation was too much; it was beyond mortal resistance. The Whig lawyer placed his ear to the keyhole, and the Tory lawyer his eye to a chink in the door, and the company kicked neither of them—they did not push them indignantly away; they did not remonstrate with them; must we confess it? they approved of, they encouraged those in the act, who were overwhelmed with the questions, "What do you hear? What do you see?"

"They are shaking hands," said the Tory eye of the company.

"They are talking about fools, idiots, asses," said the Whig ear.

"They are dancing like mad about the room," notified the eye.

"They are laughing like to die," notified the ear.

"They have sat down in the farther end of the room."

"They are talking in whispers."

At last, to the relief of much anxiety, the door was suddenly thrust open, the legal spies overturned, and the droll pair reappeared.

Sir John announced to the company that the distinguished stranger had consented to remain and sup with them, and orders that the horses should be delayed were ostentatiously given. Then began the richness of the farce. Dancing was no longer thought of. Cards were held as an abomination. The musicians had, for that evening, a sinecure office. The ball-rooms were turned into a court, the whole body of the assembly into courtiers, and the uncertificated bankrupt into the potentate, at whose feet was poured forth the incense of adulation.

Then began the introductions. But the wily bankrupt

would receive none presented to him as William Pitt, at present; he was bound to keep up his *incognito*, but he should be happy, most happy, to bear to the highest quarters the sentiments of loyalty and attachment to the government, which he had the happiness of hearing on the occasion. Every man there gave in his adhesion to the present administration. Issachar Chargeit abjured Whiggism for ever on the spot, and thrust a card in Simpkin's hand. The squires and their wives fawned about him, but no one was more sycophantic than the proud, fat rector, Dr. Canticle, who had been, till that moment, a most arrogant Whig. After having licked the rising dust from off the linen-draper's feet, he retired for a quarter of an hour, and, with a meek smile, slipped a memorial into the hand of his newly-elected patron. This example was followed by many others, till at length the linen-draper had his coat-pockets tolerably well stuffed. He then spoke of negociating three or four Fortintower commissions of inquiry, with salaries for the commissioners of, say, one thousand pounds a year.

The crowd bowed down and worshipped.

During all this, our villanous Jack had got into a corner of the room, and was all but suffocated with suppressed laughter; he was black in the face, the tears flowed down his cheeks, and he was within seventeen pulsations of apoplexy.

Simpkin, after he had taken down the name of almost every person present—for all had some favour to solicit, either for himself or his connexions—standing in an imposing attitude in the middle of the room, he made a remark that he had heard, that "in this remote place there was one Simpkin, a very honest but unfortunate fellow, who was said to be very like him. Where was he? Why was he not here?"

Then had he the satisfaction of hearing himself most abundantly abused. He was informed that he was a scurvy, sneaking scoundrel, without the decent manners of a tradesman; a cheat, a blackguard, and no more like his honourable self than was a toad-stool to a rose; a fellow that ought to be kicked from the stocks to the dunghill, and there left to rot and die.

Sam Simpkin winced under this, changed colour, and very adroitly wandered from the subject. Jack, how-

ever, came to his relief; and leading up his own family, introduced them to the stranger, who was so affable and courteous to them, that Mrs., the Misses, and the Messrs. Simpkin immediately rose three hundred per cent. in the general estimation. The abusers of the linen-draper began to think they had gone too far.

At length supper was announced in the lower rooms. It was a hot and a substantial one; the wines were good and abundant. Jack's fifty pounds, and the subscription tickets, more than fully supplied the means. There were two long tables and a cross one, and room for all. Samuel Simpkin was ushered into the supper-room with all the honours, placed at the cross-table at Jack's right hand; grace was said and the banquet began. At the cross-table were seated the deputation of thirteen, and the principal gentry of the county. They sported champagne, a wine that Simpkin and many of the deputation had never before tasted, and the poor linen-draper was hardly borne upon—for who there was not ambitious to drink wine with him? He soon began to forget himself momentarily, and Jack pinched him into black and blue spots to make him recover himself. No one, however, remarked his indiscriminate drinking; for every one knew how potential was England's mainstay, in that particular.

Then began the toasts—His Majesty—the Royal Family—The glorious Administration. None of these royal effusions unkennelled the fox, or opened the mouth of the Pitt. Then uprose Dr. Canticle, and, in a loathsomely fulsome oration, having deified the king and his prime minister, he concluded much in this way: "If ever there was an immortal spirit descending direct from heaven, it inhabits that bosom: age shall mumble blessings upon him in its prayers; manhood shall breathe only to applaud him, and infancy shall lisp his name in conjunction with that of its king and its God; he, he is our saviour; our lives, our properties—all that we have are his, for has he not preserved them to us all? We offer him, we tender him everything." (Loud cries of "We do, we do!") He has to command, and we obey. (Cheers.) If I may now, here, drink the health of this impersonation of the angelic nature by the all-

hallowed name of William Pitt—let me do it now in nine times nine—in proposing the health of our distinguished guest, our friend, our patron, our protector. This is a great day for Fortintower."

We need not describe the cheers nor the uproar of applause attendant upon this outbreak of eloquence. It subsided at length, and, steadied by Jack on one side, and Squire Boobyhatch of Boobyhatch on the other, up rose the immortalized Simpkin, and electrified his hearers by the following splendid harangue.

"Ladies and gentlemen—I rise—never mind—I always hiccup—in this here sitivation—sitivation of honour and glory—damn the whigs!—damn the opposition—(hurrah) —an opposition unmannerly, ungenerous, unneighbourly —a beastly opposition.—(Cheering tremendous.) Had it not been for this malignant opposition, ladies and gentlemen, *I should have got my certificate two months ago.*"

"Go it," roared Jack, "go it!"

"I see that rogue Issachar Chargeit; if it warn't for the present company, I 'd just smash his eyes out with this here empty bottle—'twas that villain headed the opposition—he opposed my certificate—he, he—Bob Simpkin, I hope you've looked to the shop in my absence. Mrs. Simpkin, I 'm astonished at you—have you turned that slut Dolly away?—you have drunk my health—I 've got new cards printed—I 've just laid in my winter stock—grand assortment—wholesale prices—business carried on as usual in my son's name—hip, hip, hurrah!—charge your glasses. Success to the Emporium of Fashion, No. 8, Bogbury Street, and d—n the opposition!"

And thus saying, he whirled off his frizzled wig, and dextrously lodged it, with a jerk, upon the branches of the chandelier that hung in the centre of the room, where it was gloriously consumed, and he stood confessed in his black, strait, cropped hair—the bankrupt linen-draper.

The confusion was tremendous. Half the guests hurried off immediately to hide their shame and confusion; the other half made the place reverbrate with shouts and roars of laughter. Jack got on the cross-table, and capered with wild delight, and the hero of the

night fell crying drunk into the arms of his affectionate family.

Those who took the joke in good part remained; the opposing creditors were softened; the certificate was promised; the orgies of the night commenced; and all that ensued was intemperance and madness.

Ultimately it did Simpkin much good; for they looked upon him from that time forth, though the least bit in the world of a rogue, yet as a very clever fellow, and Sir John Truepenny befriended him ever after.

CHAPTER XLV

Jack proceeds from bad to worse—Promises amendment, and leaves even the hope of it behind—Hears fearful news, and is fearfully affected—Prepares to act, and, when too late, makes some very excellent reflections.

OUR task becomes now a melancholy one. To use a sea-phrase, Sir John Truepenny's head had cast the wrong way. At times, his conduct became outrageous, and his intemperance had become habitual. To this line of conduct he found too many inviters, too many abettors in it. He committed every possible folly, with the exception that he continued the honest lawyer, Mr. Singleheart, as the sole manager of his affairs, and no persuasions could induce him to game. To these resolutions he held like a ship in a storm riding on a lee shore by her sheet and best bower anchor. His amanuensis also remained his true and humble friend.

We must now take a review of the principal characters that had influence on Jack's fate, and their various positions at this time. Lord Fortintower was still splendidly impressive at the little German court, at which he more than upheld the dignity of his sovereign. He wearied of his indolent magnificence, longed for activity, worldly advancement and worldly lucre. He was a disappointed man.

His gentle and good lady was ever the same, excepting in happiness. She was distressed at the continual anxieties and repinings of her husband; but in her unfading love she displayed the perfection of her

character. The god of her youthful idolatry had changed into a mere fallible mortal, yet her affection knew of no diminution. Perhaps she loved the more tenderly, in proportion to the failings that, she so unwillingly admitted he possessed, were forced upon her perception. She longed again for England, and ardently wished once more to see her grandfather alive, and receive from him another blessing, before he passed into the tomb.

The fat, dark-browed bumboat woman, Mrs. Snowdrop, was rapidly adding pence to shillings, shillings to pounds, and pounds to her already considerable wealth, at her boisterous and laborious calling; whilst her daughter, at a first-rate establishment near London, was equally or even more assiduous in accumulating mental treasures.

The wily lawyer, Mr. Scrivener, though he never appeared in Jack's presence, was influencing all about him, and was sometimes under his roof without the knowledge of his son-in-law. He still prosecuted his harrassing opposition to the Truepenny will, and was doing every thing in his power to get all the property of both the Truepennys and Jack's into his posession; if asked why, he certainly could not have given a better answer than that he wanted it.

Old Truepenny dozed on in a state between life and death, yet possessing, when aroused, the full exercise of his faculties, and existing only, or only wishing to exist, until the important question of the will was settled.

Giles Grimm was superlatively happy in the command of Sir John's yacht.

In this state of things the winter passed, and the time for the meeting of parliament, and consequently for the choice of a member for Fortintower, was rapidly approaching. By this time the catalogue of Jack's absurdities was enormous, and the poor wretch knew not that his every action was narrowly watched and faithfully recorded. Yet, in the few intervals that he procured of actual sobriety, his remorse was agonizing, and his resolutions of amendment as sincere as they were evanescent. But the aching head, the longing stomach, the trembling hand, and the ever-craving excitement, demanded a little stimulant; and thus the excess of one

day was exaggerated by the excess of the next. It must now be confessed that his reason began to tremble upon her throne; in his whims and freaks, the wit gradually became less, the extravagance more, and his lawyer shuddered for him, when he heard him talking of building a sea-going vessel of two hundred tons, upon a small piece of water in his grounds, that had barely sufficient depth to float a pleasure-barge. But the crisis was fast approaching; it travelled like a thunder-cloud, darkly, rapidly, and surcharged with ruin. Jack saw its awful approach, and only grinned like an idiot.

It must not be forgotten that Colonel Chacchell was, all this time, an inmate at Fortintower Hall—a sick, a sorrowing, and a wounded inmate—but still a most dangerous one. He never could bring himself to think that any other but Jack inflicted the grievous hurts from the effects of which, he had so long suffered. He had, therefore, an ample score of revenge to wipe off—and now, at least, Jack was playing his game. From October to January the colonel had been confined to his room; but he had his consolations. Lady Truepenny was with him constantly. Knowing the lightness of her character, the instability of her affections, and her total want of heart, we need not be told that she had fallen an easy victim to her guest.

But from that moment her conduct towards her husband was changed. He seemed no longer indifferent to her; she soothed and petted him, and Jack had determined, when his long procrastinated reform took place, that he would make himself the best, the most indulgent, and the most assiduous of husbands. In fact, it needed only kindness to make his heart softer than a child's, and more loving than that of a virgin in her first affection. But he was blinded by his habitual intemperance; had he been himself, he would have observed that she rather encouraged him in his various debauches, and appeared to be always a gratified listener to all his mad freaks; so that the pleasure of relating them to her became one of his great incitements to perform them.

The poor deluded fellow knew not, that in the colonel's sick room, her father and herself were repeatedly in consultation with that military sportsman; and the question most debated was, "Is it time? Is the iron

hot enough to be struck; the pear ripe enough to be shaken?"

In the mean time, Jack began to grow very fond of his pretty wife, and, drunk or sober, she was continually in his mind, and her name on his lips, whilst he never mentioned the colonel; indeed, he seemed to have totally forgotten that there was a person so important still in existence. His lady took care never to remind him of it.

This returning fondness on the part of Sir John for his wife might have had very beneficial effects, had not events crowded upon him too rapidly to give him, not only no time to reform, but even to reflect. He had lately taken a decided inclination towards low associates. There was a little village, to which we have before alluded, situated between the Hall and the small town of Fortintower, called Sandburn, which boasted of one tolerably decent alehouse, and at this place a free-and-easy club had been established through the activity of Groggy Foxhead, consisting of the wildest characters of the neighbourhood, and the hardest drinkers of the sottish little borough of Fortintower. Of this, Jack was emperor and perpetual president. Here, throwing aside all restraints of rank, station, and decency, he shone forth in all the dissolute glory of ebriety. He usually attended these meetings attired as a common sailor, and would, on no account, be addressed by his title. Here he played the fiddle, whistled in his most exquisite manner, danced the main-deck hornpipe, and sang the choicest sea-songs. His brutified mind fed ravenously upon the adulation of his low companions, and he there tasted of as much happiness as the present state of his intellect was capable of enjoying. These orgies generally terminated by Jack and the ratcatcher seeing every one under the table, and then a chaise, that was always waiting for them, entrusted to the care of a prudent servant, conveyed them to the Hall, to sleep off the effects of their intoxication. It was a methodized madness.

Poor Mr. Singleheart often now regarded our hero with looks of the deepest commiseration, and the tears would stand in his eyes as he attempted to wean him from his pursuits, and induce him to give more attention to what passed at home, and more particularly as re-

spected the conduct of his lady. His modest amanuensis, Mr. Hawkins, also threw out such broad hints, that at least they ought to have excited his attention; but they were of no avail. All intimations that he ought to be more at home and attentive to his lady, were not only distasteful to him, but bitterly resented. He was determined on his own ruin in his own way.

It was the last Monday in January—a clear sharp night, and the snow was upon the ground, and of a considerable depth. It was also club-night, and Sir John had been unusually merry. By midnight, he and the dog-fancier had overthrown all their companions; those who had not been able to stagger home, were lying about the house in a state of stupefaction. There was still some punch in the bowl, and the two companions were opposite, enacting the respective parts of Democritus and Heraclitus. Jack was all fun and laughter, and the mediciner of dogs and horses all tears and lamentation. It was the third time that the latter had been drunk that day.

"Now look ye, messmate," said Jack, "if you don't swab up your eyes and ship a broad grin, may I swallow a marling-spike but I'll start you, and make you sing small in Spanish."

"Now don't," said his friend; "I honers yer, and these here tears as is a flowing is a flowing for you—you're decaived, you're diddled, you're humbugged—he laughs at you, and she laughs at you, and they laugh at you—all laugh at you but your dear neglected pal, honest Foxhead, and he is kicked about from hell to Hackney, and all 'cos he's got a tender h art—oh! oh! oh!"—and here his blubbering was increased.

"Why, you spoony gaff-topsail—you're boiling over like a pot of lobscouce, and the cook's mate drunk. Who laughs at me, you rat-catching varmint?"

"I doesn't—I cries—and sich a man too—a half a gallon of half-and-half, and stiff as a broomstick—to wrong s'ch a man! Oh! oh! what is this world come to? O dear—oh, oh!"

"Who dares laugh at me?

"The kurnel."

"The colonel—curse him! Isn't he laid up in the sick ward in the hospital, somewhere in the garret?—let

him laugh—it 's many a long day since I heard h's name, and many a long day may it be till I hear it again—only just let me know that one day when he loses the number of his mess, and it shall go hard with me but I'll contrive that a live toad shall be buried with him in his coffin—the venomous beast—curse him!"

Now, in this elegant dialogue, let it be understood that both parties stuttered in their speech considerably, and that, though seated, their bodies swayed to and fro, as sway the sundry eatables triced up to the mainstay of a Yankee drogher.

"It does my poor broken heart good to hear ye cuss that sodger—go it again, my daffy-down-dilly, and lay it on thick—because there be a cause—Jack, a cause—I sees it who shouldn't—a cause—a cause."

"Yet I'm even with the thing—he came here to dupe me—to get my rhino—to make a fool of me—play or pay. Oh! I think I've played, and he has paid—couldn't shoot flying—couldn't ride. My shot have told, however, and many a blowing day will come and go before he sits in a saddle again."

"He rides in your sad—ad—addle, I tell yer—Oh! oh!"

"You're drunk, Groggy, and I'm positively ashamed of you. You are but a glass or two better than the soaked bungs under the table: be more of a man, and be d—d to you—take another glass to steady you, and listen to me."

"I 's a listening and a veeping for you. The kurnel's got the better of yer."

"You lie, you scum of the earth! How has he got the better of me?"

"By his a vearing o' yer best hat—he 's a been valking in your flower-garden and a treading down the tulips—he 's a been driving in tenpenny nails upon your coat of arms—a flinging mud upon yer best dimity kirtins—and yer none the viser—d'yer twig, my covey?"

"You insolent eye-piping fragment of cockney filth, have you the audacity to say, or to think, that he has made free with Lady Truepenny?"

"Not more free than welcome, I kalkerlate—I could veep my kidneys into fiddle-strings for yer—oh! oh!"

"Come, come, Master Foxhead, stow all that, and clap

the hatches of prudence over it—you may make your fun with me, and all's fair and aboveboard—but 'ware my wife —I stand no nonsense about her, messmate—you contemptible spoon-bill. She tells me she detests the colonel, and I know if she had her own way, ill and disabled as he is, she'd pack him out this very night, and the snow on the ground three feet deep. Groggy, it won't do—we are getting on excellently together. It was but this morning that, in a fit of fondness, I promised to desert the club, leave off grog, put down poaching, send you packing about your business, and to become a decent liver, and an honourable member of the aristocracy. D'ye hear that, old snuff-the-wind?"

"And did she, was she so cruel-hearted as to go for to make yer promise all this here? I say, Sir John Truepenny, did she?"—and the respectable individual who spoke thus, cried much less than before.

"Sir John Truepenny in your throat, you stale mess of porter dregs—she not only made me promise all this, but that promise will I faithfully keep, if there is any honesty in me, or strength in gunpowder. So regulate yourself thereupon, my piping bulfinch, and the more you Sir John me, the sooner, will you see it done. So chalk that down on your log-board."

"Vell, the vickedness of this vorld is vonderful—shouldn't at all vonder if brimstone and fire vas to come and destroy it this very night. And she said this as regards me, the only friend you both have; but I von't stand it; I'm too vartuous for that ere—I can't see my friend wronged any more—Jack, before you pours that hindividual punch down your vindpipe, just yer listen to the voice of friendship, and don't yer be vexed to hear that this blessed moment yer vife's making herself quite cozy with the kurnel."

Jack dashed the uplifted tumbler on the floor, and flying upon the ratcatcher, seized him by the throat, and nearly shook him from his chair into the next world. At length, relaxing his hold, and putting on a grim smile, he exclaimed, "I am a fool—he is a confounded liar—and such a paltry blackguard into the bargain. I'll give him ten pounds to-morrow, and then order him to be horse-whipped off the grounds, and clean out of the estate. But look you, you foul mouthed villain, if you

ever again dare utter such a scandalous lie, your punishment, your misery, shall be very dreadful. Look at me now, you scoundrel—you see that I am sober—and hereafter see in me only Sir John Truepenny."

"Sir John Truepenny," said the man, with a respectful air, "I am now sober as well as you. You'll repent this vilence—I knows my station, and I didn't valk out of it; but you've a dragged me—I pities you arter all—for, s'elp me God, every word I have told you is true. Keep your hands off, Sir John—you're a better man nor I—but this here knife will find the vitals of a betterer man nor both of us. So just yer listen—when yer gits home, convince yer two precious eyes; then if I ha lied, I'm at yer mercy—I shan't budge—I only tells yer what every one 's up to but yerself. Now, Sir John Truepenny, what will yer do?"

"Go mad—but first of all I'll prove—and then—leave it to Heaven. I am a poor miserable worm. But we won't be rash—just fling away that knife, there 's a good fellow—thank God, I have no arms about me—come along. Is the chaise waiting?—we'll act discreetly. Should I discover them—but I'm very weak now—not half the man I was when afloat. And go with anything dangerous about me, I will not—Heaven have mercy upon them, have pity on me!"

The servant was aroused, and Jack and his companion entered the chaise. The servant who drove, and who never got drunk, and was thus selected for the office, was much surprised to see how apparently sober his master and the ratcatcher were.

Sir John, in his agony, knew not what to say, yet could not remain silent; so, in the most collected manner that he could assume, he asked the man who was driving him home, if the household talked about his wife. He carelessly replied, that people said that there was a good understanding between Sir John, his lady, and the colonel. This was, if possible, adding heat to the fire in his heart, wormwood to the bitterness of his agony. He understood that it was held that he connived at his own shame—that he was looked upon as the panderer to his own disgrace.

When they arrived at the Hall, Sir John, with an assumed carelessness, remarked that neither he nor his

friend had had their whack; so he told the servant to place, spirits, water, and tumblers in one of the parlours, and then go to bed, and disturb nobody. The man obeyed; and shortly after, Jack and the ratcatcher were left together, apparently the only two awake in that spacious mansion.

CHAPTER XLVI.

The crisis and the explosion—Colonel Chacchell gets a terrible tumble, and Jack terminates, for the present, his race of ruin in a mad run—Everything looks black and desolate, and nothing is left but hope.

"Don't be rash!" was all the affrighted Foxhead could utter. Jack replied not, but drank tumbler after tumbler of water. At length, looking dreadfully pale, he stole up in the darkness to his wife's apartment. Slowly he took every step, and minutely he remembered every stair. "There is still hope," he thought. "It will be a new life to me if I find her peaceably sleeping. I'll be a new man; for she is very lovely, and, if properly treated, must be very good. I have been very much frightened, yet I will punish nobody. Oh, it will all be right; and what a happy life we will lead! I'll take again to claret and my books: the masters shall come down, and Foxhead shall go to-morrow—yes, to-morrow. How quiet everything is! Can there be anything guilty going on in this calm peace? This is her door. The moon shines very brightly, but it's dreadfully cold. How I tremble! I'll go back—why should I torture myself? But—but that ratcatcher will laugh at me. Her door is ajar. She expected me! Bless her! a thousand blessings on her simple good heart! This silent invitation to that drunken beast of a husband is so kind—I'll reward her if I live. Hist! I think I hear her breathing. I'll not wake her. I am not tipsy certainly, but I have drunk too much; so I'll just look upon her beauty as she sleeps—stoop down and give her one kiss—say over her my too much neglected prayers—and go to my lonely room, an altered and a better man."

There was sufficient moonlight to make everything visible. His heart throbbed high when he saw the various articles of her dress lying carelessly about the room. He was happy. The blood danced joyously through his veins, and mantled warmly in his cheek one moment—and the next, in horror, he stood like a stricken corpse—pale, rigid, and with a fearful abstraction in his eyes. The bed was untenanted. It had not been disturbed. John Truepenny fell upon it in the excess of his anguish, and remained there for some time in utter helplessness.

At length he walked forth with breaking heart and tottering steps, and joined his companion below. The man started and shuddered as he gazed upon the pallid face of his patron, and marked the convulsive twitching of his features. There was a restless wildness in his eyes that was terrible to behold; and Foxhead stood aghast at the mischief he had been the means of working.

"Let us sit down for awhile," said the injured man, "and let us make use of the little sense misery has left me. What I next shall do, I fear I shall do in madness. The black cloud is rising from the bosom of the sea, but I have neither the heart nor spirit to make all snug for the storm; no, nor the manhood to take in a single sail. There is a darkness upon me—nay, I am in the midst of it. I am myself the night. The black calm around me is heavy—heavy and suffocating, as if I were drowning in a sea of ink; and it is very chill and icy also."

"Don't talk so, Sir John Truepenny; pray don't yer talk so!" said the affrighted ratcatcher.

"It is better; I must act soon, and my acting will be worse than my talking. I tell you that I am in obscurity—everything is cold and dark about me—dark and cold—dark and cold—dark and cold!"

The ratcatcher rose very carefully, snuffed the candles, stirred up the fire, and half filled a tumbler of brandy for the mourner.

"Never did a poor worn-out crew, with their craft at midnight on a lee-shore, pant for light as I do—light—light!"

Groggy lighted the two wax-candles in the bedroom candlesticks, and then the large argand lamp, and muttered, "He 's grumbling for light—and he 's lightheaded already."

"O for the light of other days—for the freshening sea-breezes—for the laugh of the heart—for the springing step of health—for the careless shout of happiness—O for the honest faces of my jovial shipmates—the meanest among them—was he not a lord, a prince, compared to the slaver-sucking reptiles around me? All here is deceit, and treachery, and villany. O for the honest countenances of my old shipmates! Where, in this detested place, is there a pleasant countenance to look upon?—'Tis the frank honest countenance that I love, but I see nothing here but despicable faces—faces ugly with sheer villany!"

"Vastly civil—vastly!" grumbled his companion. "I hadn't the making of my face, or I'd bettered the sample." But speaking loud enough for the distracted wretch to hear him, he continued "Begging your pardon, Sir John, but it's thought my lady is mortal pretty."

"D—n her! how could I ever have thought so?—blinded fool that I was!—she pretty!—the most loathsome witch that ever fed upon the venom of her own heart is more comely than that—that—being without a name. Her eyes are soft and blue, like the deep, deep sea, what o' that? Her cheeks are round and fair, and the blush upon them is as rich as the first streak of a summer morning—what of that—you fool! what of that? And then her hair—it is gold itself, touched with silver—bright and soft!—but her lips—they are only like little rosebuds for truth and love to repose on together—they are lips indeed;—when you have seen them, all others will seem nothing but so many flesh-traps to let food in, and lies out—but to see *her* lips smiling—beware or you'll be an undone wretch, as I am!"

"Well," murmured the dog-fancier, "for an ugly woman this is a very fair specimen."

"Then the outlines of her perfect form! A well-cut topsail properly set; or a white cloud, behind which the moon loves to play hide and seek—or a swan—or a frigate at rest upon the waters, are very graceful things; but what are these to the charming outline of her figure, as she moves gently like a light breeze over the sea, or when she is still in the soft loveliness of her quiet—but don't you see, with all this, she is as ugly as the woman of Endor?"

"Can't exactly say as how I does."

"Don't you see something devilish behind all this beauty—a demon housed in a woman—a fiend that looks through her eyes—soils the smile on her lips—makes the blush on her cheek like a canker—turns all her charms to a disease, making her more ugly by her very beauty. The woman is false and transparent—I see through her, but the devil beneath is real—she is ugler than sin—she is sin herself."

"Yes, yes, I see it all now," said his companion, wishing to soothe him; "she is precious ugly."

"You lie, you base pickthank—you lie, and that abominably! She is beautiful as the young day!" Then bursting into tears he sobbed forth, "And being so beautiful, how could she be so bad?"

After his passion of tears had a little subsided, he continued, "I am not here to pipe my eye, like a young girl who has just lost her linnet—the "bloody hand" is the emblem of my order, I have come to act, but it 's not yet time. I should go raving mad, did I find them waking and at their dalliance. No, no; we will deal gently with her, poor thing! When she eats the bitter bread of shame, it will be punishment enough; for, in truth, I have not been good to her. Perhaps we need not wake her at all; would to Heaven that we could do it without!"

"Do what, Sir John?"

"Oh, nothing dreadful—nothing bloody. They are sleeping together—my wife and my friend—and the law of man says, or I have heard wrong—I may slay them together—mingle their blood, as they have disgraced mine. This is the law of God, as delivered by Moses. But this I will not do—for I have not been good myself—but I must not father the children of a harlot and a traitor—so I shall be very quiet, and much more merciful than just—I am a poor wretched dupe, but, you see, a cheerful one. We have an hour to spare yet, so we 'll be comfortable. We 'll have some more grog—but we must not get drunk again, my thrice worthy confident—only take a little to keep off this deadly chill; and—besides—hark ye—by that time the moon will be a good deal down—and I would not have too much light on our shame—I have loved her, you devil—and I would spare her this exposure, if I could."

"Why expose her at all? I'll answer for heavydens enough to get yer a divorce—take it easy, good Sir John."

"I do, man, I do, but—" and he grinned demoniacally. "Where is she dreaming now? Where, where?"

They sipped their grog, but it was bitter to them. The dog-fancier trembled very much, and already repented of the part he had taken. He was much alarmed at the whole appearance of Sir John; indeed, he said afterwards, that if he had not lost sight of him, but for so short a time since he made the fatal disclosure, in two hours he was so much changed, that he should not have known him. The time lagged heavily, and it was until two o'clock that Sir John had postponed his acting.

"Come," said our hero, "you don't write the best scrawl—but one can read it. I must do something, or begin to dance about like a maniac. Just jot down all I've gained by being made a baronet—I should like to balance accounts, for what may happen the next hour is known only to the Almighty. Put down, I made a fool of myself the first day—disgusted my best friend—drank myself to the very verge of madness—played the drivelling mountebank before all Portsmouth—the whole Channel fleet looking on, and laughing at me—despised and hurt the affections of a girl who truly loved me—cheated her mother—got pelted and disgraced—arrested for debt—an action brought against me for breach of promise of marriage—married a common prostitute—was the cause of transporting her for life—forced to sneak away from Portsmouth like the paltry ass that I am—the fool at the sea-port was thrice the fool in London—destroyed the hopes of my benefactor—got his wife's property thrown into Chancery, where it will remain for ever, and one day after—carried mischief wherever I went—got into two duels, and myself in the wrong—instead of profiting by my masters, went into evil society, took to low courses, hard drinking, and squandered my property on such sneaking lubbers as yourself."

"Please Sir John, it's agin my conscience to write down such a big lie as that ere."

"Well; say I squandered my wealth on such brilliant, respectable, and virtuous characters as Colonel Chacehell and Groggy Foxhead. Then, the worst folly of all—

I consulted my eye, and not my heart, when I married—O heavens!—and when at last I really began to love—never mind—since I have come to the country—how have I acted—who esteems me? who respects me?—what an excellent seaman has been spoiled to make a miserable, wretched man of quality! I have not been twelve months on shore, and is there a more suffering wretch than myself breathing? O that I was again on the watch-bill of the Old Glory, and all that has taken place had never been!"

"I could jot down summut on t' other side, if so be as how you 'd let me."

"Do it to-morrow, if you will—hark! It has struck two. It sounded like the tolling of the bell over the dead. How silent, how dreadfully, drearily silent it is! Why don't you speak, you hound—hush—here, take this pistol—don't shake, man—you see I am quite unarmed—go up softly and stand at *his* door—you know, you know. His name would choke me. Suffer no one to come out—not even her; that is all—do this, and your reward shall be great."

The ratcatcher shuddered and departed.

Sir John then gained admittance to Mr. Singleheart's bedside, and said to him between his teeth, "Lady Truepenny is not in her bed-room. Turn out."

"I feared as much," said the good lawyer, as he shuffled into his slippers, and wrapped his dressing-gown closely about him. "But do nothing rash, Sir John."

"Never fear—I only want evidence—we won't hurt a hair of her head—but we 'll have plenty of evidence."

They went together and roused young Mr. Hawkins, and the three soon found themselves at the Colonel's bed-room door, where the shivering Foxhead stood an unwilling sentinel. They found the door fastened. It was an awful moment, and Mr. Singleheart, in a low whisper, wishing to temporize, advised that a watch should be placed there until the morning. But in this caution, so exasperating to Sir John, the young amanuensis did not participate. He and Sir John simultaneously united their strength, and, with one sudden crash the door was burst open. The scene was dreadful—the shriek of shame terrific. Sir John looked not on his wife, but using all the power in his muscular frame,

he seized the Colonel, and lifted up his slight figure as if it had been that of a child, bore him across the room, and dashed him through the window frame—the base seducer lay groaning with mangled limbs and broken bones beneath. It was well for him that the snow lay so deep on the ground, or he would have died on the instant, so great was the height from which he had been dashed. For the short remnant of his miserable life he remained a disgusting and a helpless cripple.

The shattering of the glass and the shrieks of the mangled Colonel were still mingling with the wild screams of Lady Tiuepenny, when a figure in a night-dress shewed itself within the door of the room. It caught Sir John's eye, and he shouted high above the din, "My arch enemy!" and rushed after it. The pursued fled for his life. It was Mr. Scrivener, who had been, for some time domesticated in the house, without the knowledge of its master. Sir John, in his eagerness, fell over the sentinel at the door, and when he arose, his victim was not to be seen; but his pursuer, hearing the hall-door open and close, fancied he had left the house, and rushed out after him. Long and mad was that pursuit of nothing The winds arose, and the wreaths of snow that danced before his frantic eyes misled the now actual maniac, all the livelong night, over the country and through the dreary woods. It was not till next mid-day that he was discovered sitting in a miserable hovel, tearing to pieces, with tooth and nail, the decayed corpse of a robber who had been hung in chains, and which he fancied to be his father-in-law. He was raving mad.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Rays of hope and comfort—Old and true friends re-appear—Jack escapes —Goes to sea—Conclusion.

A WHOLE year has elapsed, and it is the anniversary day of June on which Jack stepped on shore at Portsmouth, in high health, and in the perfection of manhood, a baronet—with every prospect before him that wealth,

station, and an almost unfettered free will could offer. Behold what he now is!

But we must first state that Mr. Scrivener never left the house, and when Sir John was brought back a maniac, took possession of all, and the direction of everything. Lady Truepenny recovered her equanimity surprisingly; and when, for the sake of appearances, the almost dying Colonel was removed from the Hall, she seemed not only never to have cared for him, but often spoke of him with contempt.

Mr. Singleheart and the young amanuensis knew not how to act. Lord Fortintower was in a distant country, and Mr. Scrivener was subtle and active. A *writ de lunatico inquirendo* on Sir John Truepenny was immediately issued, and the madness being apparent, the jury found no hesitation in saying so, and the custody of his person and the management of his property very naturally fell to his wife and father-in-law. That unworthy pair abandoned Fortintower Hall, and, coming to London, made a great display, and became highly fashionable.

As Mr. Scrivener punished every rumour to their disadvantage by prosecutions under the libel law, and the servants who had been witnesses of the disgrace of the *dénouement* were well paid and provided for, Lady Truepenny enjoyed as good a reputation as did most of the ladies of *ton*. Indeed, the heartless beauty was not only tolerated, but courted and flattered, and both she and her father now sunned themselves in the midday of their prosperity.

Madhouses are not places of enjoyment at present—formerly they were improvements upon the infernal regions. Poor Jack was immured in one of the worst—but where, was a secret known only to his wife and father-in-law—and that secret was penetrated only by the intense, unswerving love of a woman whose love was true.

It was a beautiful day in June, and in his desolate cell with ring-bolts around him, straw beneath him, and chains upon him, poor, poor, Jack sate between two persons. His once muscular frame was gaunt, and his sinews seemed like so many cords laced about his massive skeleton. He had been very violent, and his back was wealed with the blows that had been administered to tame him. God, and his troubles, for

wise purposes, had deprived him of his reason; but his own wife and father-in-law, for wicked ones, had deprived him of his name—he was called here John Jones—and this was the third madhouse of which he had been an inmate. He had been removed from one to another, and his name changed for the most villanous designs. He was now in a remote part of the country, where it was supposed he never could be traced. It is a matter of little doubt but that he would have been systematically murdered, had not his estates been so strictly entailed, and her moderate jointure the only benefit that would accrue to Lady Truepenny on the death of her husband.

There had been some favourable symptoms lately in Jack's case. Indeed, the doctors had always said that his malady was not constitutional—that it had been produced only by excessive excitement acting upon habitual intemperance. However, just now, the ill-used sufferer was troubled very little with doctors or their opinions. He was in the hands of a mercenary rascal, who looked not to his cure but to his safe custody.

In his cell was Jack sitting on this memorable day; the person on his right was an old weather-beaten, gray-headed man, with something of the sailor in his appearance, but not much; he was sitting on the floor, with a pair of large iron-rimmed spectacles on his nose, and a large Bible open on his knees before him, from which he was reading, in a very solemn, but somewhat monotonous tone, the account of Jonah's unfortunate voyage to Ninevah. The other person was a young female, dressed, if not quite like a Quakeress, yet with a degree of precision that spoke of a distaste to worldly vanities; she was exceedingly beautiful, though very pale; she held the patient's emaciated hand fondly in her own, and was looking intently and tenderly into his large blue eyes.

When the elderly man came to the words, and read, "But Jonah was gone down into the sides of the ship," Jack said, "'Vast there, shipmate, you mean into the hold."

The female flushed all over, and trembled exceedingly. These were the first words he had uttered in sensible connexion with what was passing about him. "Hush!" said she, "be silent, and wait."

Jack rubbed his eyes, and looked about him, and then upon his two companions; rubbed them again, and again looked—but what he saw seemed to afford him no satisfaction, for he shook his head despondingly.

The old man closed his Bible gently; he could see no more, for his eyes were overflowing with tears.

She then tried distant allusions to awake in Jack the remembrance of the past, and thus to connect it with a rational consideration of the present. There was an old song to which, as she fancied that it shadowed out her own case, she was very partial; and as it was very simple in its construction, she soon taught the man she idolized to love it also.

The following are the words, which she sang, in a subdued voice, to a slow and somewhat plaintive tune:—

1.

I had a young sister,
Who dwelt beyond sea,
And many the love-gifts
She sent unto me;
She sent me a cherry
Without any stone,
She sent me a dove too
Without any bone;
She sent me an orange
Without any rind;
Bade me love without passion
The man of my mind.

2.

How could any cherry
Be found without stone?
How could a young dove too
Exist without bone?
How could any orange
Be found without rind?
Or a young maiden loving
Cast passion behind?

3.

When the cherry was flower,
Then had it no stone;
When the dove was an egg,
Then had it no bone;
When the orange was blossom,
Then had it no rind;
In the first love of maiden
No passion we find.

This song made Jack restless, and at times, seemed

to afford him some glimpses of what was really passing around him; but these were transitory, and he again relapsed into unconsciousness.

The female then commenced singing a low and plaintive sea song, "Far, far at sea," formerly Jack's particular favourite. The first notes seemed to surprise him; he then lay back against the wall of his cell and closed his eyes, but waved his hand to the undulations of the air. At the second verse he shed tears profusely, and when it was finished he sat upright, and looked upon both of them wistfully. At last he said, "Where am I?—this should be honest old Giles Grimm, and this dear, dear little Susan."

For some time neither of them could speak from excess of emotion. At length Susan said, "You have been very ill, John; you must not talk yet; do try to sleep—you will be so happy now—only sleep."

"Susan, you never spoke to poor Jack but for his good; I will sleep, if each of you will keep hold of my hand—I have lost you for many years, and we must never any of us part again—never—never—never!" and, murmuring these words, he fell into a happy and tranquil slumber.

After some time he awoke a little confused in his mind as to past events, but quite rational. At first, he fancied himself on board the Glory, and that he had been put in irons for some misdemeanor, and asked if he had been cook of the mess, and if Captain Firebrass was very savage; but by degrees, and with admirable tact and delicacy, Susan made him aware of his actual situation.

Jack was broken-spirited and excessively weakened, so it must not be an impugnment to his manhood that he cried like a child, and, like a child, for some time, would not be comforted. He viewed the chain round his waist, and, in very truth, the iron entered his soul.

When he entreated for his liberty and some decent apparel, his friends acquainted him that it was absolutely necessary, that, for the present, his keepers should not be apprised of his recovery; and that if he would be in all things obedient, there was for him the hope of immediate freedom. They cautioned him, when the keeper made his rounds, which would be shortly to appear to be sullen, and on no account to speak.

Freedom! The word was like the gushing forth of a spring of water to his feverish soul. He promised, and then Susan, kissing his hand, tripped away. The miserable man followed her with his eyes, and, when she disappeared, shuddered with apprehension. At length he turned to Grimm, and said to him, "Dear father, may I speak a little?"

"No, you must hold on all fast—I'm one of the keepers, and I am to start you preciously if you aint quiet."

"O my living God! has it come to this! But I will speak, if you—you—my heart's brother—my old father—were to cut my heart out—I will speak. Where is Susan gone!"

"That angel has gone to look after the other patients. Jack, hold your tongue, and be d——d to you; if any one comes, mind your eye—look a little wicked or so. The lord love you, my dear boy, d'ye think I ever laid hand on you? No, my darling, when you have been most rombusticus, I have only held you in my arms, and tried to stifle your cries by my own voice. That thong has never yet touched you, though I am forced to have it by me. Now don't ye talk—I suppose I may—I should have known nothing of your having lost the command of your helm, hadn't it a' been for Susan."

"God Almighty bless her with all goodness—with all prosperity—I can't help it, father!"

"Amen! but trouble enough she had to trace you from one den of darkness to another, and here she is—got herself hired at low wages as nurse. She is Susan Smith here, and I'm her father—proud of the title, Jack—so she got me the place of underkeeper—she wound round the heart of the hang-dog who calls himself captain of this craft of misery. Though I've lived so long, she is seven times wiser than I, and nothing shall be done but as she directs—hush!"

At this moment, the ferocious-looking proprietor of the madhouse made his appearance; he looked angry, and, what was worse, suspicious. Jack put on a grimace diabolically wicked, old Grimm had his Bible open in a moment, and was poring over it through his spectacles.

"What talking was that I heard?"

"Talking, yer honour," said the old man; "I was

merely reading the Bible aloud—it seems to soothe the patient like—he's always quietest when I reads him a chapter."

"The lash, man! the lash is the thing." So saying, he passed on.

If the recording angel blotted out my uncle Toby's oath with a tear, must he not have rubbed out the old sailor's lie with an approving smile, although it was told over the Bible—especially as the honest creature immediately exclaimed, "God forgive me for lying, with his precious word on my knees?"

Shortly afterwards Susan returned, and found Jack so composed and rational, that she ventured to give him some nourishing food, which he ate ravenously, and proceeded to release him from his chain. How fervently the persecuted wretch blessed her in his heart!

All the livelong day she was in and out of his cell, smiling peacefully and conversing cheerfully; all subjects of painful interest she carefully avoided; and to every question that Jack put about past occurrences, her only reply was "Wait till to-morrow, when we are at liberty." This so pleasantly tempered disappointment with the sweetest hope, that the inquirer was satisfied.

That evening Susan also told a story, and we hope that she too had a good-natured recording angel, for she reported to the head-keeper and to the medical visitor, "No alteration in John Jones."

The next morning Jack was not only collected, but renovated. To deceive the people of the establishment, he consented to be again fastened up, but he walked about as much as the limits of his chain would permit, anxiously inquiring when he should be allowed to escape—professing himself to be equal to walk fifty miles at least. He was told to wait till night, and do all he could to acquire strength.

During the course of the day he was gradually informed that all his property was under the administration of his wife and father-in-law, and that it would require the greatest care and attention on his part legally to prove his sanity, and to regain the direction of his own affairs. "And now, my dear John," said Susan, "since I have done something for you, do you something for me in return—make me a promise."

"All, all that I have, is yours—my life now, my property when I get it—henceforth I will not break a crust of bread, nor drink a cup of water, but with your leave and by your bounty."

"No, no, I only ask you to forswear intemperance."

"I swear solemnly," said he, going upon his knees, "not a drop of spirits, not a taste of wine, not even the moisture of any strong drink, shall pass these lips, even if life—"

"Hold, hold!" said she "I will not have this oath—it will break itself. Swear only never more to get intoxicated."

"I swear it! May Heaven assist me to keep my oath."

"Use the Creator's gifts, freely, yet discreetly. The grape was never made to bloom on the vine, only to ripen into maturity and rot. Only promise me, John, the moment that you find yourself the least heated, to pronounce the word *madness*; and should the evil that 's in you induce you to take another cup, only say 'Susan,' and then, dear John, break your oath if you can."

"I could not. All this I solemnly promise."

"I am satisfied—it would be well, if for the next six months you regulated your diet entirely by the advice of a physician."

"This also will I scrupulously do."

Sir John then fell into a melancholy musing, and at length he sorrowfully said, "So everything is gone. The lawyer with his dragon's claws has everything. My yacht, my beautiful yacht—I hope she was not broken up?"

Old Giles stood bolt upright; he took off his spectacles, and put them in his pocket proudly, as if he wanted them no more—he hitched up his trousers, and slapped the seat of them with his right hand, and placed his left arm a-kimbo; then he sprang up and cut a very respectable caper; he was twenty years younger in a moment; he then grinned—the grin became a chuckle—the chuckle a laugh, and the laugh such a shout of triumph, that Susan was forced to thrust a handkerchief half down his throat, to prevent him alarming the other keepers.

"My son," said he, "'The Lively Ann' *is* all a tanto. I got timely notice of the law-sharks. All that angel's

doing, I believe. I up killick and away. I ses, ses I, to my pretty boys,—'They've driven the governor mad, those land-sharks, they have—he'll come to again—and should he find his craft got into the lawyer's grab, he'll be off stark again—wages be d——d,' ses I, 'in this here perdicament.' 'Wages be d——d,' said they all, men and boys. Well, we agreed to keep her right and tight for you—so away we went—well, down the Channel we goes—and when I gets to Truro, I writ to your good man Mr Singleheart, and told him what we'd done. So he writes back and says, we've done the illegel thing—that he couldn't know nothing about it—it was a bad business—that he should not be surprised to hear that the craft had been taken by a French privateer—that there were some snug little coves in the Hebrides—that he rather thought Sir John was indebted to the crew for pay and provisions, so he forwarded a bank bill for two hundred and fifty—that he advised us to give the property up to your representatives, if we were not taken—but he really thought that if you recovered, it would break your heart to find the vessel gone! but he could say no more on the matter, and must not be again written to about it—that if I called at the banker's at Truro three months hence, and said who I was, I might hear of something; and so he bid God to speed me, and pray for your recovery."

"Excellent, ill-used man! and what then?"

"I put the end of that and that together—so I victuals the beauty, and offers the chaps their wages in advance—true blue Jacks—wouldn't take a scuddick—so up anchor and off. Just gets in the Chops of the Channel, and hails a homeward bound West Ingian. 'What's that craft?' ses she. 'The Twitcham yacht,' ses I. 'What news?' ses she. 'Bad enough,' ses I; 'our consort, the Lively Ann, Sir John Truepenny's yacht, was captured this morning by two French lugger privateers; look to yourselves. Why did you leave your convoy?' 'Ran ahead to get the choice of the market,' ses he. 'More fool you,' ses I. 'Keep me company,' ses he, till I meet a man of war and I'll give you a couple o' turtle and a cask of rum, for a rakish looking craft you are.' Well, the bargain was struck, we got the turtle

and the stuff, and I sees her safe right into the Channel Fleet—spied the Old Glory, hauls my wind, and ran off like a shot—and in eight and forty hours runs the craft into a snug cove in one of the Orkneys, that I believe hasn't got a name, for there is nothing living upon the island but sea-gulls; and there the lads have nothing all day to do but play at quoits and skittles. The story of the yacht being taken went through all the papers."

"I wish I was on board of her. But how came you to find me out, father?"

"Couldn't be comfortable till I heard of you—ran over to Plymouth—landed myself, went to Portsmouth and saw Mother Snowdrop and our angel Sue—we searched you out from place to place, and here we are."

"O that we were on board the Lively Ann!"

That night the three walked quietly out from this den of iniquity—as Susan had a pass-key, and had provided Jack with a complete suit of sailor's clothes. The exulting happiness of our hero was indescribable, but he kept his transports admirably under command. Having plenty of money, the party made a few dètours, and travelled easily and fared well. In the space of a week they reached Portsmouth, where Susan was left with her mother. The two friends, by the means of a coasting vessel, got to Liverpool, from whence, hiring a decked boat, they made for the Orkneys, and in less than a fortnight Jack was again gloriouslyhappy in the full enjoyment of his health and his faculties, and the command of the "Lively Ann."

At this time, Mr. Scrivener and Lady Truepenny was lapped in luxurious security, for the madhouse keeper had not dared to make known Jack's escape.

Jack himself would have given them but little trouble. He was so superlatively happy when again afloat, that he could listen to nothing about land, or the land's doings. No sooner was he fairly on board the yacht than he put to sea, and carefully kept out of sight of shore. In this way he passed two months, the happiest of the happy; and the first uneasy moment he experienced was, when he was obliged to near the shore for provisions. He

dreaded the very sight of it, and was a little inclined to change his name, and enter on board some man-of-war going foreign.

At length, when his water was all gone, he put into Plymouth, and there he was induced to write to Mr. Singleheart. He came to him immediately, and the good man's joy was excessive to find his client so perfectly restored, and in such excellent health; the voyage had completely re-established him. But it was now time for action. Jack begged hard for another cruise, but the lawyer gained his point. With tears in his eyes, Jack saw the yacht sail without him, and he went to town with his lawyer. Lord and Lady Fortintower had lately arrived, and to them Sir John repaired, and with them remained incognito. We have now no time to chronicle rejoicings, or to expatiate on explanations.

The first notice that Mr Scrivener received that things were not going on smoothly, was his being served with a writ of habeas corpus to produce the body of Sir John Truepenny. This was at the instance of Lord Fortintower. It then transpired that Sir John had escaped. The next proceeding was the summoning of another jury upon Jack's intellects. It was a trying ordeal, but he bore it manfully and coolly. It took place at his lordship's. Scrivener had the hardihood to attend it, and with counsel. It was fatal to him In endeavouring to stop Lord Fortintower's, or rather Jack's counsel, in the examination of a witness who was fast proving that Mr. Scrivener had connived at his own daughter's adultery, and that that was the proximate cause of Sir John's temporary derangement, he was seized with a fit, and removed from the court in a state of insensibility, which, in twenty-four hours, terminated in his death. The verdict was unanimous in favour of Sir John's complete re-establishment, and the star of his prosperity was again in the ascendant. He had now grown wise, and was moderate in all things.

A suit for criminal conversation was instituted against Colonel Chacchell: the feeble cripple shortly afterwards died in the jail for which he had been cast for the damages; whilst Lady Truepenny, coming into posses-

sion of her father's wealth, seemed not only to be contented with her lot, but to live in great happiness. A divorce followed in due time, and, at last, Sir John did that which he should have done at first—married Susan Snowdrop, and, putting himself completely under her directions, became a very respectable country gentleman; and she prepared him after two years' tuition and probation, to represent his own borough in parliament. It is very true that he became a great deal too fond of yachting; but as his wife liked it, it shall not be we who will be severe in our condemnation.

With Mr. Scrivener died all difficulty about the Truepenny will. The property devolved upon Lord Fortintower. Old grandfather Truepenny passed away very happily, having lived to bless two great grandchildren, both boys; and as Lord Fortintower rapidly rose to marquis, and, though very old, may still live to be duke, he became the most amiable of men, the most attached of husbands, the best of fathers, and the most loyal of subjects.

Old Grimm got immensely fat before he died, but he died comfortably, having died at sea, with the consciousness that he would be buried in that element on which he had loved to live.

Sir John and Lord Fortintower for many years increased their families, *à l'envi l'un de l'autre*—but Jack beat his cousin in the long run by two, which is to him one source of great exultation; another is, that he might be a lord any day he likes, but he leaves that folly for his eldest son Jack, now a post-captain. However, he envies old Grimm the place of his death, and the manner of his burial, and don't half like the look of the family vault.

Though Susan was humbly born, and at first wretchedly educated, she adorned her rank, and made the happiness, not only of her husband, but that of all who came within her influence. She has always endeavoured to impress this on her children—that it is more easy to bear up against misfortune, than to support prosperity; that man's prudence and his powers are tried by the former, but his very soul by the latter; and that more woe and misery is to be guarded against from one sud-

den and unexpected good than from a whole train of foreseen evils.

She was right; for adversity tries a man, prosperity spoils him; and Pope was quite correct when he wrote

> "For Satan, grown much wiser than of yore,
> Now tempts by making rich, not making poor."

THE END.

